

I will love you as misfortune loves orphans, as fire loves innocence, and as justice loves to sit back and watch everything go wrong

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by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Tommy, Tubbo, and Ranboo try to kill something before it kills them, all while the heroes fall down a rabbit hole of "who is Theseus?"

Time is a fickle thing, so it's good that the boys are bound by something stronger than death.

ALL CHARACTERS ARE JUST THE CC'S PERSONAS, NOT THE ACTUAL PEOPLE

Notes

Who's ready for round two, bitches?

(This whole series will be divided into four parts. Wildcard is the first part of this series, IWLYAMLOAFLIAAJLTSBAWSGW ((that's a long abbreviation holy shit,)) the third will just be the boys GETTING SOME FUCKING HELP and the last will be little drabbles of this, imagine different scenarios or snippets of facts that I center small chapter-long drabbles about :))

The games begin

Chapter Summary

"I'm saying that we underestimated Tommy." She felt disheveled, and would bet her life that not even a decent shower could rid her of the feeling of wrongness that crawled under his skin. "And as a result, he's had us wrapped around his finger the entire time."

Chapter Notes

Tw:
Self blame
Mention of the scientists

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wilbur and Techno were practically foaming at the mouth when they burst out of the office.

Where's Tommy, where's tommywhere'stommyWHERESTOMMYWHATHAPPENED-

"KILLKILLKILLKILLKILL!" Chat rang into Techno's ears. He couldn't agree more.

"Boys, boys." Phil put his hands on their shoulders. "We need to calm down. I know piglins are territorial, but blind rage will get us nowhere. I'll take us back to the house, Techno, you need to transform into your human form."

"But-"

"No buts. Do you want to get home faster?" The piglin immediately detransformed into his human form, long pink hair coming down in an intricately done braid, red eyes piercing. "Let's just go."

He took the two under his arms, smiling a bit at the nostalgic feelings as he took off.

Ah, old times.

His smile fell when a thought popped into his head, unwanted.

If Tommy were here then it'd be perfect.

He sighed slightly, trying to focus on the familiar, lonely feeling of wind flying through his hair.

Shut up, brain.

Sam was furious with himself. Beyond furious. Enraged sizzling filled the training room as he destroyed his eighth training dummy of the day with a controlled explosion. He liked to pride himself as being a composed man, but sometimes his more *creeper-like* behaviors would come out. All creepers were naturally, well, hotheads. They would quite literally explode if they got too angry. That was one of the things Sam hated about himself.

Another thing he hated was how fucking dense he was. About how utterly *stupid* he was.

He should've *told* someone. Anyone.

About what? His suspicions? The possible metal plate on the boy that he and Phil had done rock-paper-scissors to adopt?

Phil won, but he'd promised the creeper hybrid that the man could be a possible godfather.

Ah well. Sam tried.

But still. There were so many warning signs. There were so many, and Sam decided that instead of telling someone like an adult, like a *hero- he was specially trained to get help and had fucked that up*, - he decided to walk further into hell with his hands over his eyes, ignorant to the plights of the boy.

I'm an idiot.

How much had he missed? Another explosion rocked the room, and he winced as he adjusted his hearing aids.

I'm such a fucking idiot.

Eret didn't know how to feel.

They should feel something, right? The missing boy wasn't incredibly bonded with the older, but it still felt as if they'd known each other for years. She'd talked to Wilbur and the man had explained that Tommy just seemed to have that effect, he sucked you in and didn't let go until you were friends. Eret had thought nothing of it at the time- why would he? It wasn't anything incredibly significant to him back then, but now the person understood.

With Tommy gone, there was a sort of undeniable absence in the office. It was more crushing than Wilbur's, it was the feeling of such utter wrongness. Everyone kept waiting on the edge of their seats for a peppy British boy to loudly announce his reappearance, to hand around coffee and snark to the others yet lack any bite. To laugh loudly and ask the right questions, to not know what so many seemingly normal things are, to ask what a birthday party or a cookie was.

He was so, so strange. He was odd, and by all means, foreign. Alien. Nothing added up with him, and it would continue not to until they found him again.

She didn't know if they would. Eret knew a lot of things, even things she probably shouldn't know.

(The sounds of retching from the bathroom, Tommy's pale, grey figure, his ever-shaking hands that explained a clear lack of malnutrition. They didn't know everything, but they thought she knew enough.)

They'd also tried to discreetly ask Technoblade about his chat, just pretending to be interested when in reality they were doing it for answers.

Well, that was basically the same thing, right?

("So, you hear voices because..?")

"It could just be a thing with my powers, it could be a mental illness, it could be my head coping with trauma. I honest don't really know, but they haven't tried any shit, so I don't really care. At least I'll never be lonely, I guess."

"Do you think they're real?"

"Heh?"

"Like- what if they were less of something that was just in your head? I don't know, I'm just speculating."

"Well." Techno looked out the window. "If they can, then that would certainly make things interesting.")

He still didn't know. He wasn't sure if they *wanted* to know. Did Tommy and Techno share a chat? Did Tommy know that Eret knew about his possible chat?

Wither hybrids have incredibly exceptional eyesight. They're able to see people articulate words

without hearing them, so when out of the corner of his eye one day, he saw Tommy telling chat to "shut up," you can only imagine how confused she felt. You usually don't brush off seemingly groundbreaking information like that, except-

Except she did.

And she doesn't know *why*.

He'd studied psychology, knew the ins and outs of a brain relatively well, but it felt strange, almost uncharacteristic of them to do that.

She'd later talked with Charlie, one of their interns. He'd agreed about how strange it was, but just now seeing it. The slime had told her that Tommy had said some concerning things every once in a while, but they'd all just... Shrugged it off.

Everyone had shrugged it off. Easily. And when she talked to him more, the more baffled he seemed to be at why they'd act so nonchalant about it- all of them. Sure, they made the funny little "Tommy sus" groupchat, but that never really led anywhere.

The more people she talked to, one thing was clear. Everyone had brushed off his bizarre behavior, and when questioned about it, they all seemed to see how weird it all was. How weird it was that they'd just accepted it so easily.

Why'd everyone just ignore it and only realise later?

He stared back at his desk.

What did Tommy do to all of us?

"I suppose you know why I've gathered you all here today."

The air was tense. Eret sighed. "Yeah, I've come to talk about Tommy." She walked up to her projector and turned it on. People stared in anticipation.

"So, I'd like to start off this presentation by asking you all something- how many people did I talk to earlier about Tommy?"

Seven different people raised their hands. He nodded. "Seven different people. Yet all of them had the same answer when I spoke to them about one certain thing about Tommy." She clicked on the next slide. "His behavior. Now, I know this may come as unsurprising to most people, but Tommy

was a bit strange. He didn't know or understand what we would consider basic things, like birthday parties, for example. However, when asked about specific things and asked to answer truthfully, he excelled in one particular thing- combat."

She clicked again. "When asked about things ranging from how to disarm an opponent with a knife to how to where people's pressure points were, he knew it all. Now, that on it's own is alarming, but not the worst part. When I asked him when he learned these things, he told me he'd started learning them at around age three."

She paused to let everyone soak the words in. "Yes, three years old. That's what I find truly alarming, so I did some more digging." She clicked on the next two slides. "In his file, it says that he's had the same foster parents for the past few years- which shouldn't be possible. People are able to foster someone up to three months before they either adopt, or get passed on to the next parent. This is the first error I noticed in his story, and the more I looked, the more mistakes kept popping up."

Another slide.

"Obviously I would go to his parents, correct? They're the ones that are supposed to be teaching him these things instead of his coworkers, and here they are." Two faces popped up on the screen. "Grey and Melody Smith. Except..." She paused for dramatic effect. "They don't exist."

"What?" Sam burst out. "Then... who took care of him?"

"My leading theory is that he took care of himself, or he was taken care of by someone he isn't registered in the system and was able to get in and put fake adoptive parents for him. It's the most probable, and would explain a lot." They nodded. "So after this, I was curious, how much of Tommy is made up?"

He paused again, this time out of fear of saying the words, afraid that if he spoke them out loud, they might really come true. "As it turns out? Absolutely everything about Tommy was false."

"W-What?" Wilbur blinked. People looked around, trying to make sense of something that they didn't want to make sense of. "What was a lie?"

"His name, his age, his place of birth, his birthday, his species. All of it was completely fake."

Quiet reigned the room once more, so Eret took that as her turn to speak. "Tommy isn't really from Britain, he isn't really nineteen, his birthday isn't actually on January eighteenth, and he isn't actually a cat hybrid. These were carefully crafted lies, all made by him." She clicked to the next slide, and a picture of his face was put dead in the center, a question mark stamped over it. He was smiling.

"Maybe even his personality was fabricated. That doesn't mean that he doesn't think of us as friends, Tommy has, in fact displayed over and over that he cares too much about us."

She sighed. "But empathy without boundaries is self destruction."

The next slide came up. It was a picture of him carrying Wilbur, a photo taken by a stray tourist that was handed over to the heroes. "Wilbur, he could've stayed away and not saved you. If it weren't for him, you wouldn't be alive right now. Not only that, but look at his face." Everyone stared. His expression was one of terror, and there were clear tear marks running down his face, as well as blood staining his clothes.

"This is what helps me decide that he wasn't pretending to care. He really does care, and he helped

us. Tommy stayed extra hours in the office, even working until two AM to help us get cases done. And so, this brings me to my next point: I don't think Tommy came here as an infiltration mission from an enemy of some sort."

"Then what could he possibly want?" Jack spoke up. "Why would he come to us?"

"He was coming for protection."

"...What?"

"Well, imagine you're him- escaping from an unknown past, you know nothing about the outside world. Zero. And then you hear about heroes, these people that can protect you, and they're hiring. Plus, if people are looking for you after you've had a probably really messed up story, where are they going to look? They're going to look at discrete, quiet jobs where people can hide. Not with the heroes."

She took a breath. "To Tommy, getting this job could've meant both the perfect hiding spot, a place where he could get a sufficient amount of money, and if worst came to worst, a place where he could be protected. It would basically be paradise."

The realisation hit everybody in the room. Tommy was hiding from people, Tommy was trying to escape from someone. Or something.

"That could also be why he put such long hours in at the office. To avoid going to his home, a place where he was much less hidden and protected. Another reason is that he simply didn't know when to stop, he didn't understand what a healthy amount of work was and just elected to continue working until he physically couldn't, or until someone told him to leave. Sam, I remember when you told him that he could take breaks, right? His response was completely confused, as if he didn't even know that it was allowed."

The creeper hybrid nodded miserably. "Yeah."

"I have more." He stated. "In your conversation with Atlas, he stated that "The scientists had already gotten to Tommy," so "The scientists" are probably who he was running from."

"That would check out, yes."

"But how would he integrate into society so perfectly?" Jack stood up. "There's no way that someone who knows absolutely nothing about, well, anything could do that."

"I was getting to that." Eret nodded. "I have to bring up another thing that Atlas said. He talked about how this case could help us solve another one of our "pitiable cases." This was seemingly out of the blue, until we went to the coordinates he sent us."

"Weren't there just ashes there? A building got burnt down, or something."

"Yes, but something significant happened there, too. Schlatt, this pertains to you."

"Huh?"

"Because coincidentally, before the building got burnt down, his son went missing."

The ram sat up quickly, seeming much more invested in the conversation then before. "What?"

"A few days before the fire, Tubbo went missing. I had to talk to one of the small stores for their

footage from years ago, but I got it. It's pretty grainy and has no sound, but I think you can see what's going on."

A man made of magma stormed the place, attempting to take the ram-like child, but sustaining injuries from... Someone.

"Who is that?" Jack leaned forwards. "Who was playing with Tubbo before this footage?"

"I have reason to believe that that is possibly Tommy."

"Wait, so-"

"Yeah." He said solemnly. "Tommy took Tubbo with him, and as a result, probably learned quite a few things. Enough things to be seemingly normal, which brings me to my last point."

She clicked onto the last slide. "There was so much wrong, so you're probably wondering why you didn't notice. Well, there's a simple answer for that- you did. Tommy knew this, and seemed to plan accordingly. He made us think that it was simply a normal thing, that he was completely normal. This shows a clear proficiency in emotional intelligence as well, he seems to have a clear understanding of what he could do to make himself seem like he'd been out and living in society for all his life. Tommy's got such fine turned manipulation skills that I've only seen once or twice in my entire career." They walked over miserably and slumped down in their chair.

It was an unreasonably nice day outside. Eret thought it should've been raining, snowing, hailing, perhaps.

Instead, it was just pure sun, not a cloud in the sky.

He hated it.

"What..." Wilbur started. "What was the point of your presentation? What are you trying to say?"

"I'm saying that we underestimated Tommy." She felt disheveled, and would bet her life that not even a decent shower could rid her of the feeling of wrongness that crawled under his skin. "And as a result, he's had us wrapped around his finger the entire time."

Chapter End Notes

Wuh oh they're starting to figure it out

Also you can't tell me that tommy HASNT learned the tips and tricks of incredible emotional manipulation after living with TANAKA and the others for YEARS

QUESTION OF THE DAY: what's your lucky number? Mine is 13, since it's the universe's unlucky number and no one wants it, I have to take it as MY lucky number

Tommyinnit, average crime doer

Chapter Summary

Don't listen to the title, Tommy is wanted in every state for horrible horrible crimes, he is the og dirty crimeboy

Chapter Notes

Tw for:

Shoplifting i guess? Is shoplifting a trigger? Tommy steals basically

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo looked around. "Why am I here?"

"We're roping you into our incredibly illegal schemes that include vigilantism, arson, human experimentation, murder, and a myriad of other crimes!"

"W-Why?"

"Because." Tommy turned the corner, tossing Tubbo what looked to be an arm of some sort. "That's what real friends do."

"Oh." Ranboo blinked. "Uh- okay- WHY DO YOU HAVE WINGS!?"

"I'm an elytrian, Ranboo. I told you this."

"I thought you said you were an avian?"

"They're the same thing, Tubzo."

"Oh."

"Oh. Sorry, I have really bad memory. How did you get wings?"

"Ranboo. We're human experiments, where do you think I got wings?"

"...Human experimentation?"

"Bingo. Also they kidnapped a lot of avians back when they were alive, forced them to have sex, and then selective bred them based on looks and strength."

"That's messed up."

"A little bit more then messed up, but yeah."

"I sometimes forget that you haven't had friends before this."

"Yeah." Ranboo nodded. "So, I'm helping, I guess?"

Tubbo's grin was wide. "Oh, I like this one. Tommy, we picked up an absolute *gem*."

"Indeed we did, indeed we did. Ranboo, let me show you around. We can spar more later, if you're up to it."

"Oh, sure." He nodded. "Also this is a very big screen."

"Thank you! I installed it myself. Also I threatened several repairmen to to it at gunpoint."

"Wait, what-"

"And that concludes the tour of our super cool secret base!"

"It's very impressive." The enderman hybrid nodded. "Good job."

"Why thank you. I'm sure we'll get along just fine, Ranboo." He cawed happily. "Well, do you want to go back to the main room? I can guarantee that Tubbo is either playing the USSR anthem, Two Trucks by Lemon Demon, or the Backyardigans."

"I want nothing more."

"Brilliant, brilliant. Let's go then."

"This is so awesome. Very pogchamp." Tommy hummed delightedly. "We should get snacks. Tubbo, can I steal some snacks?!"

"Sure! Get me gummy worms or I'll end your entire career."

"Have fun with that." He turned to the half and half experiment bobbing their head to the beat of Lemon Demon. "You want anything?"

"Can I get some MnMs?"

"How do you even spell that? You're confusing the author, xey don't know how to spell that. Anyways, yeah, I'll get you some..." He trailed off.

Think, author, think!

"Of those." He finished. *Flawless*. "Any drinks?"

"Gatorade, please."

"The tears of the innocent."

"Not sure if I can get that last one at the dollar store, but we'll see. I'll just get a metric tonne of snacks."

"Brilliant. Make sure no one sees."

"I will."

"Make sure you shapeshift into someone that doesn't look like you."

"I know, Tubbo." He summoned his deck, and with a lazy flick of his wrist, pulled *Portals* and *Shapeshift*. "Pogchamp! I'll be back in a few."

"Can you get pizza too?"

"Hell yeah. Ranboo?"

"Uh, can I get a meat lovers pizza?"

"Absolutely. I'm assuming you want stuffed crust pizza, Tubbo?"

"And plain crisps, if they have any."

"Kay. I'll be back soon."

"Lovely. Thank you, Tommy."

"Thanks, Tommy."

Tommy hummed as he snagged the delicious snacks. Discreetly unsheathing a talon and managing to create a tiny portal in the security camera to fuck it up as much as possible, he quietly swept bags of goodies into another portal.

"Hey! Lady! What do you think you're doing!?"

Ah yes, he also forgot to mention that he looked like a fifty year old piglin hybrid at the moment. Who was a woman. The boy shot a peace sign at the man before turning the corner.

When the man turned the corner as well, he blinked.

No one was there. He sighed. "I really need to get some sleep."

"Oh my god, this is so much?" Tubbo salivated over the sizeable pile in front of them. Tommy took a coke and opened it while Tubbo stared weirdly. "I thought you couldn't digest?"

"Oh, I can't. I can still taste things though, so I'm just gonna enjoy this while I can before I have to

go and throw it back up later."

"Ohh, fun." The ram hybrid's tail went in to hyperspeed mode as he caught sight of his true beloved- gummy worms. "Tommy, have I mentioned that I would die for you?"

"Same." Ranboo's voice was slightly muffled by the multitude of candies he was shoving in his mouth. "I haven't had these in so long."

"Enjoy them. Tubbo, can I have a slice of pizza?"

"Go for it, big man."

"Thanks." He took a slice and chirped contentedly at the delectable warmth that radiated off of it. "This is incredible."

"You haven't even tried it yet."

"I know, I just like the warmth."

"Of course you do, corpse boy." The brunette turned, shoving another piece of diabetes into his mouth and continued to work on his project.

"Whatcha working on?"

"I'm so glad you asked!" His grin had a few too many teeth to be considered safe by any means.

"I'm making myself a prosthetic eye. It's gonna have a compact supercomputer and I'll have access to the internet at anytime. I'll know how to build a bomb anytime I want."

"But you have both of your eyes? Why create a fake one when there's no need for replacement?"

"Oh, I'm going to take one out and out this in."

"Ohh." Tommy nodded. "Well then, don't let me stop you. That sounds exciting, you can join the artificial club with me and Ranboo." He cackled. "Oh, the day you sucessfully make a bomb is the day I lose my fucking mind."

"Prepare to lose your fucking mind soon, then!" They chirped happily. "I'm gonna become bionic."

"You do that, Tubs. I'm just gonna vibe with memory boy over here."

"Memory boy? Also I feel like I should be stopping Tubbo, but then I remembered that I don't know if self mutilation so you can put a piece of technology into your head is socially acceptable or not."

"Oh, it isn't by any means, but that's never stopped him before." Tommy turned to the other. "And if I find a single bloody hexagon on there I'm going to end your life."

"Dully noted." The shorter said, fully intending to put one on there. "I'm going to put a nucular symbol on it."

"A thousand times better."

"What's a nucular?"

They ignored Ranboo. "So."

"So."

"Is no one going t-"

"I'm bored. Can we go out on patrol already?"

"Not yet." Hooves clicked on the floor as the ram hybrid walked over and grabbed a soldering iron and thick gloves. "Patience is a virtue, aren't public servants supposed to be the most virtuous of all?"

"I hate you."

"Of course you do, sweaty." The faint sound of burst of fire echoed along to the blonde's- well, could he even be called blonde anymore? His hair, as he'd seen earlier, had fully transformed into a snowy white. The whitenette's(?) loud laughter.

"Tommy, did you know that you look so different from when I first met you? I think the only thing that stayed the same was your eyes, honestly."

"Thanks? I have changed a lot, haven't I?"

"Do you guys have any photos of when you first met him?" Ranboo questioned. "What did he use to look like?"

"I don't have a picture of when we first met, but I have one of his first day at the office." Tubbo tapped away on his phone for a moment before projecting it on the big screen. The ghost hybrid *gaped*. "No way."

"Yes way!"

"No way that's him." They turned to Tommy. "That's not actually you, right?"

"Nope, that's me."

"But- But you look so full of life! So happy!" Ranboo said and wow, who pissed in their cereal? "What happened?"

"Clinical fucking depression, along with a myriad of other fantastical things. I refuse to go to therapy."

"What's therapy?"

"You pay someone to care about you so you can talk to them about your problems and they see if you're fucked up or not."

"Oh." The monochrome boy blinked. "Therapy sounds like garbage."

"It really is." The white haired boy took another slice of pizza. "And I haven't even been to it! I don't want to talk about my problems anyways, I'd prefer to just overshare to strangers online about how sad I am instead of getting actual help."

"Woah, I do the same thing! Except I don't have any online friends to do it with."

"That's the thing- you just do it to anyone who gives you the slightest bit of positive attention. Incredible, right? That way it drives them off before you can properly bond."

"That sounds pretty cool." Tubbo had to remind himself that the two idiots were both shoved in the same, incredibly toxic environment for a long, long time.

He groaned and shook his now empty bag of gummies, tossing it in the bin with five other emptied out bags that his ravenous little teenager hands got on, courtesy of the light of his life and joy in his eyes, Tommyinnit the gummy provider.

Ah well. At least he could indulge in other things. The brunette took a slice of pizza and decided that life wasn't so bad.

His two idiot friends laughed with him as Two Trucks played for the ninth time on repeat, slowly becoming more distorted after every play, the song sinking itself into an incomprehensible madness.

Tubbo loved it, but changed the song to an offbeat Wii theme. Ah, much better.

Now it was perfect.

Chapter End Notes

I've decided that you people have gone through so much these past few chapters, please take a fluff chapter of the bench trio while I scramble like a madman to update my o t h e r s t o r i e s

QUESTION OF THE DAY: What's your least favorite type of animal? I hate those stupid fuckin tiny white curly dogs that all the annoying white girls have with the black shit around their eyes. I genuinely don't know why people like those miserable little pests they are awful and if I could exterminate every last one like a fucking ant then I would without hesitation. Why do people find them cute? Why do people want them? I have no idea but let me tell you this- if you're reading my story and you have one of those little godless abominations in your sin ridden household then know that its planning your demise as we speak and will eat your corpse like a goddamn buffet as soon as you show the first signs of death. They are heartless and monsters and I can't comprehend that people like having them around. They ruin my life just by existing

Thanks for listening to my rage fueled rant about the ugly little dogs that I want to curbstomp more than anything; I haven't gone to therapy in a month and a half

Run away, does it really matter in the end?

Chapter Summary

Tommy doesn't want to feel any bad emotions around the people he loves, he just doesn't want to be a burden.

Anything but that.

Even if it causes him to suffer, even if he really shouldn't be putting that knife that close to his arms- it doesn't matter.

He doesn't matter, as long as everyone else is okay.

Chapter Notes

Tw for:

Mentions of r@pe and human experimentation, as well as the signs of Tommy starting to dissociate at the end- he'd not gonna have it good the next chapter

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Alright, Ranboob. Today I'll be teaching you how to work with improv weapons."

"Improv weapons?"

"Yes. Sometimes in a situation, you won't always have a ready to use weapon, for example, let's say that you lose all of your weapons in combat. What will you do then? Surrender?" He shook his head. "Nope. What you've gotta do is get an improvisational weapon, or an improv weapon." He lifted up a small chair, twirled it around, and then held it out, looking surprisingly menacing.

"Sometimes they'll be easy, like using a random pipe. Other times you're going to have to resort to using things like hairbrushes and chairs." He put the furniture down.

"But first? We do what we always do- warm up!" Ranboo grinned and put his hand up in a mock salute. "Yes sir!"

"Fifteen laps around the warehouse, thirty pushups, thirty sit-ups, five minutes of plank, you know the drill."

"Yes sir."

"Excellent. Let's get started, then." They began by running their laps around the warehouse, Ranboo looking slightly out of breath by the time they were done, yet still energetic.

"Thirty pushups, thirty sit-ups."

"On it." They both dropped and completed their tasks. Tommy got up second, surprisingly.

"Alright, five minutes of plank, let me set a timer..." He tapped on a little gadget. "There we go. Down."

Ranboo struggled to hold his position a bit, but held up nonetheless. Tommy's warmup used to consist of planking for thirty minutes while Tubbo sat on top of him, but now that Ranboo was here, he wanted to be a better teacher than the scientists. The half enderman had already been through a lot, and the avian promised himself that he would never stoop so low to train his pupil like one of those dirty *mongrels*.

He refused to be a bad tutor, and reminded Ranboo that if he was being too harsh, or going too fast, the other could stop and tell him before every lesson. He hadn't gotten one of those warnings yet, but it was comforting to know that he allowed breaks, he would modify the training based on the other's state.

It comforted him to know that he wasn't like the scientists in every aspect.

The timer rang, and he went to shut it off. "Good. Now we stretch; tell me if you need any help with one and I'll come help."

"Thanks."

"Alright then, let's get started!" Tommy clapped his hands together. "We'll start out with the more easily used improv weapons, take this lamp." He tossed a long, stick like lamp to the older. "That's a simple one, it's much like a bo staff, which you're already pretty good at. Just with wires and stuff." The albino picked up an entire *coffee table*. "I'll be using this."

"I-Isn't that kind of heavy?"

"Oh, it is. But as you know, I was modified to be a lot stronger than anyone has any right to be." He grinned. "Now, Ranboo! En guard!"

"WAIT-"

"I can't believe you used an entire coffee table as a weapon."

"Yup."

"And *won*."

"I'm just built different, Ranboob. Literally." He snorted at his joke. "You went to try round two with different things, or is now a good time for a break?"

"Let's go for a round two. Please don't use anything that's over eighty pounds. And if you do, don't proceed to wield it with *one hand*. My heart can only take so much."

"I mean, it was pretty light. I can carry a lot more than just a coffee table with my hand."

"...Go off, I guess."

"I'll take that as a compliment."

"Oh my god, how are you not *tired* yet?" Ranboo was panting on the floor. Two hours of nonstop

sparring with a superhuman usually did that to people. "We've been sparring for two hours and you don't even look winded."

"I'll take that as another compliment! And uh..." The winged teen looked away, embarrassed. "...I'll clean up. Go sit down, big man."

"Thanks."

By the time he'd finished picking up, the other was asleep on the floor. He stared at Ranboo, their tail was wrapped around their figure.

Their shaking figure.

Fuck. Is he having a nightmare?

Tommy was incredibly unequipped to deal with this. He'd wake the half-and-half experiment, but how much sleep had they gotten? Two hours? Three? There was a reason he was avoiding rest, and the albino's attention was brought back to their shaking frame. "Ranboo...?"

The man in question's tail curled around him tighter, as if to protect him. Tommy sighed halfheartedly. "You're a tail. You're too small to protect anyone."

(Breathing, grasping, reaching desperately for his sister as she struggled to not die from the Scrapper.

"You're too small to protect anyone."

Isn't that what you tried to do, idiot?)

"Believe me." He chuckled humorlessly. "I know what it's like."

"I..." He made his way over to the sleeping body. "I *really* do." Talons made their way to the enderman's scalp, combing through his hair gently as he murmured words of reassurance. Tommy lifted the other's head and rested it gently on his lap. He was relatively scrawny looking, but there was definitely still quite a bit of muscle hidden under his tall frame, making for a surprisingly soft cushion when he relaxed them. "Shhh, it's alright. No one can hurt you anymore. I'm here." His free hand reached out and held his friend's.

"I'm here, Ranboo. You're alright, you're okay. You're not hurting anymore, you're a person. You're valuable, you're loved." He tripped up on the last word, but tried to continue.

His chest hurt.

"We all care for you. So much. We both love you a lot. So just know, wherever you are, you'll always have a home with us." His hand that was clasped in the other's rubbed over their knuckles, and he attempted to purr. Bird hybrids couldn't really do it like an enderman, but then again, he probably wasn't even a full avian. He rumbled deeply, in a way that was surprisingly close to an enderman's. There was a good possibility that he was part enderman, in all honesty. Other hybrids were interwoven with the process to get him, after all.

But that wasn't the point. He was purring away, happy as a clam, and soon, Ranboo joined him. The unyielding urge to preen his friend's nonexistent wings became clear, so he did the next best thing and rubbed small circles into the other's back. Happy little chirps escaped him occasionally, and slowly but surely Ranboo stopped shaking.

"Yeah, there you go." He whispers, not sure if the other could hear him. "You're okay. No one can hurt you here, you're safe. You were so strong, you were so brave, and I'm so, *so* proud of you. You did beautifully." The ghost hybrid purred louder, snuggling deeper into Tommy's lap. Tommy chuckled, grinning slightly. "It's over now. It's all over now, you made it out. You aren't gonna get hurt anymore, there's nothing left to be afraid of."

He opened his eyes to an untensed Ranboo. He looked peaceful now, and it was certainly a sight to behold. The perfectly split black and white of his face wasn't stretched taut anymore, and their mouth wasn't in a nervous clench. If Tommy looked close enough, he could see the practically unseeable seam that neatly pulled the two halves of the other experiment's face together. It was a grim reminder that the purring hybrid on his lap wasn't always what he appeared to be, and that the scientists managed to do it in a measly year.

One year.

His own creation took at least a hundred.

Manufactured, his mind reminded itself. *Not birth, not conception. Manufacture. You are a product, a weapon.*

He frowned in displeasure. *Shut up.*

Hooking two arms under the suit-clad teen's body, he hoisted the other up gently and made his way back to the lower levels to place them on a bed. Enderman didn't like when it was too warm, right? Yeah, probably.

I'll leave the heavy blankets off of them.

Tommy decided that he didn't like the feelings creeping up on him. They weren't warm and fuzzy like before, when he was speaking to his friend.

He shook his head and tried to clear them away.

I have to get Ranboo to bed. I'm just being overdramatic, anyways. If I ignore them then they'll leave.

Right?

Ranboo awoke slowly. Blinking open his eyes blearily, he sat up. His suit jacket was discarded to the side, folded neatly on a loveseat. The second thing he noticed was Tommy, sitting eloquently on a chair, posture oddly straight for someone so rowdy and rebellious. He was invested in a book with the words *Greek Myths* on the cover which was pretty much a dead giveaway to what he was reading about. His face was carefully blank, but softened when he noticed that Ranboo was awake. The boy reached over to place a bookmark in his story before turning to them. "Sleep well?"

"What happened?"

"You fell asleep while I was cleaning up. I decided to cut our lesson short, there's no use to try and teach one if one isn't at full capacity to learn." Internally he grinned in a *fuck you* kind of way, just another way he completely rejected the teachings of the sick people he grew up with. "Plus I know you didn't get much sleep, so I let you rest."

"Oh. What time is it?"

"About two in the morning. Don't worry, I sent Tubbo off to bed already."

"Shouldn't you be sleeping?" The enderman's ears flicked in concern. "You should go to sleep, it isn't good to deprive yourself of that."

"Hypocrite." He side eyed the other teen. "Don't worry. I only need around a day of sleep each week to function like regular, and I put that to good use. This is an experiment thing by the way, not just me overexaggerating something, so no need to worry. It takes about two weeks for me to get lightheaded like a person that hasn't slept in two days, so lucky me, I guess. I slept on Monday, so there's no need for me to sleep again."

"Oh." Ranboo stretched and took the paper thin blanket that had been placed on top of him off.

"Thank you. Does that mean that you can't sleep for the rest of the week, or...?"

"Oh, I can." The albino stretched as well, hearing several concerning pops *and* cracks. "I just choose not to. For the sake of convenience, you know? Why sleep when I could do something else, something much more..." He made a vague gesture with his hands. "Productive. You know?"

Ranboo in fact did not. "Yeah."

"Awesome. Let me get you something to eat, does pizza sound good?"

"Yewh, that's fine."

"Brilliant. Since we just live in one giant room, minus the bathroom, I guess I don't have to tell you that I'll be back in a minute."

"Okay, thank you."

"Of course."

Tommy paused, looking away. "It's what friends are for, right?"

Ranboo's eyes widened before he grinned. Not quite the large grin that Tommy would get when he made the other laugh, not the grin he'd get before the other broke out into raspy, loud cackles, but one that was much softer. The albino couldn't shake the feeling that a smile like that was never meant to be sent his way, he wasn't ever supposed to receive such tenderness from another person

that was real, that was *there*.

Sure, as a kid he'd dream up little scenarios where people came and saved him, where people would take him and tell him that the danger was over now, that he was safe and wouldn't ever be going there again, and then they wouldn't run tests on him, they wouldn't touch him in the bad areas that always left him feeling filthy and gross and sore, they wouldn't starve him or tell him he was a burden, he was a *waste*- they'd just care.

Maybe they'd give him a hug, maybe even tell him he was a *good person*. The boy dreamed that maybe he was worth more than what he was designed for- destruction.

Of course, he'd gotten rid of those daydreams quick, a salty, *wrong* taste in his mouth and a bloodied, broken body, sore from more than just his vigorous tests.

Why would he be worth anything more than what he was born to do? He'd asked himself the question constantly, never seeming to find an answer to it.

He couldn't find many answers for why he deserved anything nice these days. He didn't think there ever were any.

"Yeah." Ranboo looked happy. "It's what friends are for."

Tommy grinned and tried to push the bad feelings away- he didn't want to ruin this moment, he could go to the other side of the city and sob there, away from everyone he knew, because that's what he was supposed to do; that one time with Sam was an utter failure on his part, and he would make sure that it would *never* happen again.

Because that's what he was supposed to do.

He didn't want to be a *burden*, after all.

(*"Do you remember the first thing you were taught, Tommy?"*)

Chapter End Notes

QUESTION OF THE DAY: What's your favorite flavor of cake? Mine is chocolate, the chocolateir, the better.

Me, while writing this chapter: I'm going to use all of tubbo and ranboo's preferred pronouns so hard

It's cold outside

Chapter Summary

Tommy's cold.

Chapter Notes

Tw for suicidal ideation and a panick attack

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy hated the cold.

He *hated* it.

Cold meant bad things, like waking up in a sweat after a bad nightmare, cold meant no suitable shelter, cold meant waking up in a cell.

Today, cold meant sobbing his eyes out at the top of the city, away from every conceivable person he knew. In uniform, of course. It wouldn't do to go out looking as hr was right now, but he did want to spite the scientists just a little bit and go out looking not at all composed, looking like he'd just gone through a thrift store and chose the worse possible outfit instead of being perfectly well dressed, elegant.

It was tiring, and he more he tried to ignore the lessons he'd been taught, the more they came back to bite him at his worst.

He remembered reading about intrusive thoughts once. The more you try to shove them away, the more they'd come back with a vengeance. There was no true way to "get rid" of them, you could either ignore them, or listen to them.

He was fed up with listening to them. After all, he already had someone to listen to. Or, at least, a lot of people to listen to.

"Sadinnit :("

"Nooooo!!!! Tommy blease don't be sad we lob u"

"Sadinnit :)"

"WHO SMILED ILL FUCKING FIGHT YOU"

Tommy, think happy thoughts!"

"Should we get techno?"

"I'm not sure if that would work, Tommy's weird brain parasite keeps censoring us >:("

The familiar voice of [REDACTED] rang in his head. *"Because you're all little snitches! This is why toms hates you I stg, why do I have to do damage control?"*

"YOU WERE THE ONE WHO STARTED IT!"

"GUYS AS FUN AS THIS IS WE NEED TO HELP TOMMY HES CRYING :(((("

"Sadinnit :'("

"Tommy you should go back to the heroes they'll help you"

"Does anyone know something like a lullaby??? Can we give him a lullaby?"

"Some assholes gonna rickroll him I just know it"

"I hate that you're right; any other ideas?"

"Women?? He likes women right??? Can we get him a woman????"

"....Next idea"

"Tommy go get something to eat! Or drink!"

"He can't eat properly, idiot!"

"Tacos!!! Let's get tacos!!!"

"HE CANT EAT YOU STUPID FUCK"

"What if he goes to a strip club?"

"...did someone actually just say that"

"Tommy would never sexualize women like that >:("

"Sorry to derail the conversation but mad respect to strippers they get paid a fuckton"

"Also tommy isn't even allowed in a strip club he's a minor a baby boy, tiny little baby. Does he even know what a strip club is?"

"Tommy do you know what a strip club is?"

"DONT ASK HIM THAT!"

"Techno, come pick up your chat, they're drunk." Tommy muttered miserably. "This sucks. I don't wanna feel like this." He buried his head back in his knees.

"Little meow meow sad :("

"Wh- "

"Tommy is little meow meow no longer you guys"

"Tommy's fucking chimken nunget"

"Chimken nunget"

"Chickeninnit!!!"

"Please feel better nugget boy"

"We love you nugget boy!!!"

"Nugget boy is love nugget boy is life"

"Such is the way of the nugget."

Tommy sobbed harder. "I just wanna be *happy*."

"Oh fuck I forgot that nugget boy was having a breakdown"

"Comfort the child!!!"

"Why is life so hard? What ddi I do?" He mumbled on. "Maybe the scientists were right. Maybe I don't deserve anything good." He shook. "Why does it always happen to me? As soon as everyone at the office knows what a stupid fucking *liar* I am, they're going to hate me. They're all going to hate me, just like they're supposed to, I don't know why they thought I was-" He choked on another sob. "A person. A real, living, breathing person. Not just some fucked up experiment with problems who can't even do anything right."

"No!!! No no no n ono no!! You're allowed to have flawssss bb please don't cryyy"

"WE NEED TECHNOOOOOOOO"

"Comfortnoblade"

"Technosafe!"

"Technosafe!"

"We love u tommy!"

"We love you nugget boy!!!!!"

"I would give my life for nugget boys in a heartbeat who's with me"

"Nugget boy we'd sacrifice ourselves 4 u"

"(Kisses him gently) shhhh its ok"

"He's a minor"

"In a PARENTAL WAY you DICK CRAMP"

"We love tommy we love tommy we love tommy"

"I still think we should get techno is there anyways that we can convince brain demon to let us"

"I'm not letting you guys do that :("

"BRAIN DEMON LET US GET TECHNO 2 COMFORT HIM PLS"

"No!"

"Brain demon what's ur name?"

"Brain demon is brain demon they don't get a name"

"Brain demon let us tell techno now"

"All I'm saying is that if BD lets us get techno then that might throw off the trios plans"

"You guys are a bunch of pussies BD WE'RE GONNA TELL TECH WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT YOU TRICK ASS BITCH!"

"what"

"Blood for the blood god pog?"

"Blood for the blood god!"

"Blood for the blood god!"

"TOMMYS HAVING A GODDAMN MELTDOWN ON TOP OF A TOWER HE COULD EASILY JUMP OFF OF AND YOU FUCKING MORONS ARE TRYING TO START A BLOOF FOR THE BLOOD GOD TRAIN?! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOUR PROBLEMS!?"

"..."

"God it was just one thing there's no need to get so fucking bent over it, chill"

"I'm not going to "chill" when you act like a child. Get your act together, or I'm going to throw you off a bridge like the troll you are."

"Bitch."

"The one and only. Now, Tommy, are you alright?"

"TOMMY ARE YOU OKAY"

"WE'RE SORRY FOR THAT ASSHOLES BEHAVIOR, ALL OF US ARE INDEPENDENT AND WE CANT CONTROL WHAT SOME OF THE REST OF US SAYYYY"

"YA WE'RE SRRY"

"Get the bad voice cancelled on twitter, that'll show em"

"Tommy r u good"

"I'm fine." He muttered. "I'm perfectly fine."

"That doesn't sound like someone who's perfectly fine"

"Get this man a tissue stat"

"Get this man a HUG stat"

"Tommy!! U r awesom and cool ples dont b sad"

(' ; ∂ ; `) (୨∂୨ ;) "

"We love you Tommy!"

"We love you!"

"We love you a lot!!!"

He sniffled. "T-Thanks."

"Child. I do not mean to alarm you, but Technoblade is approaching at frightening speeds. Mr. Brain Demon failed to muffle one of us, I'm afraid. He's climbing the tower as we speak; make haste."

"...Shit." He strained his ears and sure enough, heard familiar grunts of exertion. "This building is so tall though. And I've maxed out my cards for now, I don't think they're gonna cooperate. What do I do..." He winced as the sounds became louder and louder.

"Boy, just fly! You've got them goddamned wings for a reason!"

"Oh." They twitched from underneath the binds, and he quickly loosened the wing bindings. "B-But I don't know how!"

"BABY BIRDS DONT EITHER, BUT THEY STILL MANAGE TO FLY! NOW, JUMP, LAD!"

"If I jump then I'll probably die!" He winced, but made his way to the edge of the building.

"weren't you gonna give smthn to the heroes anyways? Toss it to the blade and then skaddadle the fuck outta there bro"

"JUST JUMP! LEAP OF FAIRTH! LEAP OF FAITH! LEAP OF FAITH!"

"You've seen philza do it before, right? Try and copy him!"

"Yeehaw he's gonna fllyyyy!"

"POGCHAMP POGCHAMP!"

"WAIT A MINUTE IS WILBUR WITH HIM!?????!"

"WILBURS WITH HIM YOOOOOOO"

"IF ONLY PHIL WERE HERE WE COULD HAVE A PERFECT 4/4 RATIO"

"IM CRYYINNGGG"

"CHILD, THEY ARE ALMOST UPON YOU! QUICKLY, PROCURE THE USB AND HAND IT TO THEM!"

"I still think tommy should go back to the heroes"

The albino took out the USB he planned to give the heroes and didn't have to look to know that the piglin hybrids would be upon him any second.

It was a cold day outside. He heard hooves behind him and turned to face the heroes. Both were in their full piglin forms, and both looked ...intense.

They both looked like they were sad. Tommy tried to ignore how his heart clenched at the sight.

"Atlas. We're bringing you in for some questioning." Whisper didn't seem like he was in the mood to talk. "We have reason to believe you know where Thomas Innit Smith is."

"Come quietly." Technoblade's gruff voice cut in. "Make this easy for the both of us."

"Hmmm..." He pretended to think about it. *I've exhausted my deck usage for now, if I try to to another draw then I'm going to break my power. I'm not sure if that's going to be a good thing or not.* "Nah. I've got too much to do."

"You don't have a choice. Tommy was important to the company, so don't you dare try and play nice with us. Tell us where he is, *now*."

The albino scoffed. "Wow, you two are absolute pricks today. Besides, what makes you think I know where he is?"

Wilbur blinked. "What?"

"Are you deaf, piggy boy?" Tommy huffed, jumping on the rails of the building. *If I fall, there's a very good chance I won't get back up.* "I don't know where he is. The scientists took him fo-" He cut himself off. "Well, I'd hate to tell you that this early on."

"Tell us *what*?" The brunette looked furious, and his brother wasn't fairing too well either. "There isn't an out, Atlas."

"I beg to differ." His eyes twinkled under the bandages that hid them. "There's always an out if you try hard enough, Whisper." He twirled on the rickety iron railing, even succeeding in doing a slightly shaky cartwheel. "It's just that sometimes, that out isn't always safe, hm?" His heels clicked as he brought them together, facing the piglins on the rail.

It was an awfully tall building. He wasn't that scared anymore.

The twin's eyes widened. "W-Wait-"

Tommy continued. "To get out alive, one can put a lot on the line." He hummed, swaying slightly. "Even their own lives. Sometimes they come out looking like heroes, and other times-"

He grinned. "Well, other times they don't come out alive at *all*."

"Atlas." Wilbur's voice had a tremor in it. "Please, step away from the edge. Get down from the rails."

"Why should I?" He felt so carefree. "I mean, I have another hint to give you, but at that point? I'm pretty much useless. And you know what they say about useless things."

He felt so light. Maybe if he fell right now, he wouldn't even have to use his wings.

Maybe he'd float to the ground.

"You discard them when they're of no more use." He giggled. "Wow, that was such a lame phrase! The climax that I built up was super not-needed. Then again, it's my life, so who's the real winner here?" He felt like a ballerina, maybe. They did all their fancy twirls and leaps. Could he stick a leap on these poles? Probably not. Maybe he should try.

The looks on the heroes' faces were practically begging him to do anything but that. "Please. Come down."

"But I'm super completely useless! Besides, I won't die." He glanced down. How tall was this building again? Thirty five floors? Oh yeah, that'd definitely kill him.

Wait, couldn't he just float his way down?

...*Oh yeah.*

Whatever. Maybe he should stop floating. How did he turn that float thing off? "How do I stop floatin'?" He muttered.

"Don't worry, Toms!" [REDACTED]'s voice spoke in his head. "*I turned that off for you, don't worry!*"

... Lovely. So then he might actually die.

Fun!

"Anyways!" He rubbed his hands together. "You guys caught me at like, a super bad time. Like, mega bad! I was bawling my eyes out like a baby, it was hilarious! I'm a really ugly crier though, so I guess I should be grateful for this facemask."

"You were crying?" Wilbur's voice was much gentler then before. "Why?"

"Why should I tell you?" He huffed. Wilbur pressed on. "Why ddi you choose such a high building to cry on?"

"Oh!" He clapped his hands together, making a crisp smacking sound. "I was actually gonna kill myself! Crazy, right?" Could he even die with his freeze-framed body? Maybe he should try dying later.

Wilbur and Technblade paused. They were naturally warm creatures, coming straight from the nether, so they should be at least a little warm, right?

Only, the words sent a chill down their spines.

Atlas is suicidal?

"Or, at the very least I was gonna think about it really hard."

"No." Techno's voice sounded much more emotional then before. "Don't."

"Why?" His voice was blank. "I have nothing left to contribute. Actually, lemme give this to you before I completely fuckin' peace out of here." He dug in his pockets and tossed them the USB. "That's your next hint to find Tommy! Okay, now I'm actually useless now that I don't have anything you could went anymore."

To be fair, I tried to convince myself really hard that you guys cared. I really did.

I failed. I'm pathetic, I know it. Do they know it? Probably. I shoidl tell them anyways.

"It's really pathetic, honestly. My existence, I mean. It's just a whole big mumbo jumbo of.." He trailed off. "Nonsensical things. I shouldn't be here. I shouldn't do what I do, I shouldn't feel, actually. I think the scientists mucked that part up, u wasn't actually supposed to have emotions." He sucked in through his teeth. "Well, of everyone can be perfect, eh? I try my hardest, believe me." His voice got strangely serious.

"I try my hardest." It sounded like it was uttered in their ears instead of the top of the rails where their current enigma was perched. "But stil! At the end of the day, everything I do?" He sighed. "Completely useless, all of it. I think things would be a lot better if I'd simply never existed."

If I were to die right here right now, they wouldn't care. No one would. They could put a stop to the investigation about my disappearance. They could finally stop pretending to care. I don't blame them for not loving me though, I'm disgusting. I mean, who would want me?

He chuckled. The city streets looked so enticing tonight. Would his skull explode if he were to dive headfirst into the pavement?

Tempting.

Who would want this?

"Atlas." Wilbur's voice cracked. "Please." Tommy turned to look at the musician.

He was crying. "Please don't jump."

"Why?" He was genuinely interested. "What reasons do I have to not? You don't know anything about me, Whisper, and wouldn't it be so much more helpful if someone was out of the was of your

investigation?" He clicked his tongue. "To me, death sounds like a complete win-win."

"No! There are- there are people out there who love you. There are still sights to see, there are still things to do." Wilbur's voice cracked again and again. "So please- don't die."

The elytrian stared at him blankly. Stared through him. "Your reasons don't make sense to me." He said, and that was that. "Sorry."

"Atlas?" The two stared back at him. If he looked at their eyes hard enough, he could see their sins. He looked away. "You wanna know a secret?" He asked, not looking for an answer. "I'll tell you one, just for you and me, 'kay? Just the three of us."

"A-

"A lot of people say they love me." He whispered, as if it were the most secretive thing in the earth. "But I don't think they do much to show it anymore. Maybe it's just me. Maybe they're all dirty liars." He smiled. "I don't believe them either way. That's pretty funny, I think. Maybe I should jump, I dunno." He held out his arms.

Love was such a strange thing to Tommy. It's when you look at the stars, vast and improbable, when you look at someone and you think *oh* and then the galaxy seems to sparkle ever so much. When you speak each constellation, when you weave your fingers through galaxies, when each heartbeat in your chest is a supernova making itself known to everything at everyone at once, forever, dotting your cheeks with stars and speckles of Mars's dust and something that transcends simple bodies and entangles your souls so tightly in a way that no one can ever truly chalk up; the only thing that they can label it as is *love*.

Love is giving and giving, love is looking at your Milky Way with the stars in your eyes and supernovae in your chest and planets dusting your cheeks, love is adoring someone so wholeheartedly that it shines brighter than any sun.

Love is something real, yet so, *so* impossible.

"I mean, at the worst I'd just die. That isn't so bad, and it's not my first time either." He giggled. "But hey. Maybe I can still be useful. Who really knows? Maybe no one lied when they said they loved me. I don't know if I can ever believe them. It's just not how I was raised." The teen hummed, looking out over the city again. "Well, you've got your silly little hint to find your silly little friend. I do have a warning for you, though."

He grinned. "I don't think Tommy's gonna be the same as you left him."

"Excuse me?" Wilbur rasped. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"I'm just saying." He took in a breath of the delicious air, freezing against his already cold alabaster skin. "Things don't stay the same, Wilbur. You know that better than anyone, don't you?"

"You-

"Me." He turned to look at the city. "It's a beautiful night out tonight. A perfect place to hop off a thirty five story building, yeah?"

"No-" Wilbur reached out towards the wickedest man the world had ever seen with whatever was left of him.

He didn't make it in time, and the two piglins watched as Atlas flipped off the pole.

Now, how do I fly again?

It was a cold night, but that wasn't what was on his mind as he plummeted to his possible demise.

Yee fuckin' haw, I guess.

"What the-" I blink. "Oh. Hi. Again."

What are you doing here? This is a really bad place to put an authors note.

"Shut. This is my story, I make the rules. Anyways, I come bearing great news!" I do not say the great news. You wonder why I have the attention span of a waterlogged cabbage.

"Sorry, sorry-" This is an idiot in xeir natural habitat. "Anyways, me and my Tech Guy over here just came to tell you that the server is finally done! The discord server. Say hello, Tech Guy!"

Tech Guy says nothing. This is a Tech Guy joke.

"Anyways, enjoy the rest of y'all's days! Or nights. I'm about to sleep, Tech Guy is probably going to watch me, which is absolutely fucking terrifying."

Tech Guy does not attempt to diffuse this claim. You're pretty sure they haven't actually blinked in the past few minutes, which is concerning to say the least. You don't comment on it, Tech Guy will probably stare at you.

Scarily.

"I'll put the link down in the bottom notes, don't worry. Thanks again for reading, and enjoy the server!"

Tech Guy suddenly jerks to life and sprints at you, immediately knocking you out. This is a Tech Guy joke.

You privately think that you don't like the Tech Guy's hypothetical jokes.

Chapter End Notes

No question of the day today but here's the invite :D

<https://discord.gg/zQE2yR4Rec>

Leap of faith

Chapter Summary

Some people learn a super duper cool new thing
Coincidentally, some people also pass the hell out
Surely these cannot be the same individuals

Chapter Notes

Tw for:
Passing out
Needles
Attacking a pedestrian

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

What is having faith?

What is faith itself?

Is faith hope? Hoping that someone or something will go right? That someone or something will happen upon you, changing you for the better? Is faith the concept of knowing there will always be one that can pick you up and dust you off?

No.

Faith isn't hope of any sort, nor is it unfounded optimism.

Faith is complete trust; complete confidence in someone or something.

The conviction that whatever piece you play, it will play its part beautifully.

And as Tommy descended to the earth, he simply *understood*. The albino unfurled his wings, not quite a bluebird's, not quite a duck's. They were completely void of light, save for the reflective blue feathers that lines the edges and the small tufts of the wings. The boy's wings were a completely vantablack, swallowing the light that hit them, and he grinned. He did reaserch a long while ago, curious to what bird he was, as the type didn't seem to be affected by genetics, only the fact that they had wings. The only result that matched up with his was called a bird of paradise.

A strange name for such a nightmare of a person.

His wings opened, large and dark and *oh, he was getting really close to the ground*. He flapped them, adrenaline coursing through his hollowed bones and making him shiver as his decent rapidly stopped. Suddenly, he wasn't falling anymore. His decent was no more, and his stomach leapt into his throat at the sudden change.

He was soaring.

And it felt *exhilarating*.

He shouted in glee as he began to ascend, and the two heroes blinked in confusion; the vigilante fell, so why did he sound like he was getting-

A figure *swept* up from the side of the building, and their eyes went wide.

"Hey!" Tommy called to them. "What was that about no exits? Seems like there's a perfectly good one!"

Wilbur fell to his knees. Usually Techno would laugh at him, but he was staring at the winged man with complete and utter awe. Usually it wasn't that astounding for a vigilante to be a hybrid, but this was Atlas, who also apparently was a fucking *Elytrian*.

Aka the species that was only thought to have one person left for the last *thousand* years; Phil.

How was this possible?

"You seem surprised." Atlas remarked like the absolute bitch he was. "Then again I can't blame you, who would a guessed that lil' old me was a bloody *elytrian*? Me?" He didn't wait for their responses. "You know, this has been like, really fun, but I've gotta get outta here. Say hi to the old man for me." He laughed and flew away, cawing in happiness at the dumbstruck faces of the two. Meanwhile, Chat was going absolutely crazy.

"YOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO HOLY FUCKING SHITTT???"

"TOMMY FLIES FOR THE FIRST TIME LETS GOOOOO"

"IM SO PROUD"

"Never forget your roots #catboytommy"

"NO ONES TALKING ABT HOW DOPE HIS FUCKING WINGS LOOK THIS IS THE FIRST TIME WE SEE THEM"

"THEY LOOK LIKE PHIL'S!!"

"TOMMY SECRET LOVECHILD THEORY?"

"NO NO WE'RE NOT FUCKING DOING THIS TODAY NO MORE TOMMY BULLSHIT"

Tommy cackled happily as he broke through the clouds, going higher and higher.

He felt *alive* for once.

He thought he's never feel this again- the absolute burst of adrenaline that courses through your veins and seeped into your bones, the ecstasy as the world seemed to slow around you.

It was all so incredibly exhilarating, and he clasped onto every moment, refusing to let the feeling melt and slip through the cracks in his fingers. He made a mental note to switch out the bindings on his eyes for goggles instead, definitely tinted so that they couldn't see inside, but still useful enough to keep his eyes from becoming drier then Techno's sense of humor.

[REDACTED] spoke. *"YOU DID IT! I KNEW YOU WOULD! I still have no idea why you refused my flying lessons though. Wouldn't it have been much easier to learn from me?"*

"That's not fun now, is it?" Tommy laughed and folded his wings in to dive down passing the city; beyond the city. He could fucking fly now, so it seemed only fair that the elytrian flew to a much less crowded place.

"...You have weird reasons. But hey, I guess I can't judge. You're now a real Elytrian, welcome to the club."

"Glad to be here." He chuckled. "Haah, this is so.." He did a twirl in the air and giggled. "Nice. Freeing." A dopey grin plastered itself on his face as his stomach did twists and turns as he did several half baked tricks.

"I can't believe I didn't do this sooner!" He called out into the night air. "WOOHOO! I FEEL SO FUCKIN' LIGHT, BITCHES!"

It was a cold night, sure, but the heat in his chest more than made up for it.

When he arrived home, minor things had changed. When looking in the mirror, he'd noticed that his pupils were gone completely, leaving a soft cyan to dominate the entire eye. He assumed this was a bird of paradise thing, as all of their eyes looked like this. Another thing that was (hopefully) a bird of paradise trait were the small shiny blue feathers sprouting on him. They sprung up on his cheeks, on his arms, some on his wings, and a copious amount in his neck, giving the illusion of neck fluff, much like Phil's.

..It was probably just an avian thing, then.

The bottom edges of his eyes were edged with a black powderlike appearance, and he let out a few trills. Just for the sake of it. Today was a truly magnificent day; he'd finally flown, he'd both fucked with the heroes and gave them the next hint to unravelling the lab, he'd kicked a pedestrian, and he didn't get caught with any of it.

Yeah. Even though not even two hours ago he was going on and on about how absolutely useless

he was, today was a good day. The experiment was pleasantly surprised when he could purr and chirp simultaneously, and remembered the time he'd done it with Ranboo.

Oh yeah.

He thought back to the heroes faces when he'd flown and let out another purr-chirp warble.

Oh, Phil's going to flip his shit.

"Oh, Phil's going to flip his shit." Was the first words that came out of Wilbur's mouth after that possible fever dream the two had just witnessed.

"Did I just hallucinate? Was that a dream?" Techno asked confusedly to himself. "I knew I shouldn't have taken those strange, unlabeled pills I found in a random cabinet that expired two years ago."

"The *what*-"

"Don't worry about it."

"I-" He sighed, slowly transforming back into his human appearance. "Fine. Let's go. Wait, how are we even going to tell *Phil*?" He laughed, almost hysterical. "Oh yeah, by the way, you know how you're super angsty about being the last avian alive? Sike! Atlas is one too. Wait, does this mean that he's our brother now?"

"What."

"Avians don't just pop out of nowhere!" The brunette exclaimed. "I'm just saying, we've never seen their appearance, and Phil is definitely old enough to be his father."

"...Oh." Techno nodded. "Maybe he's our estranged siblin', cast out before we knew he existed."

"Why would Phil cast out any child? I've literally heard him plotting to adopt Atlas before."

"Have you seen the guy?" His brother looked at him. "I think there's no question as to why he'd be

kicked out."

"Burn." Wilbur laughed. "Right. Let's get back home, dad's definitely going to want to hear this, and I think that the the shock is slowly wearing off and I'm going to pass out in a bit."

"Awesome." The pinkette did not sound enthused at all.

Wilbur stared at the open space in the air, where one particularly troublesome vigilante once flew. "Truly."

"Phil! We're home!" Wilbur called out. "We, uh, have some news!"

"Boys!" A cheerful voice called out. "Ah, welcome back! How was patrol? Did you two find anything interesting?" The winged man was wearing a pink apron with the words *World's Okayest Father* stitched in by a seemingly novice hand. Wilbur remembered the day that he and his brother had made it.

("No!" The older piglin huffed. "We havet' put best father, not okayest! That's how you're supposed t' do it, Techno!")

"But..." The previously mentioned Technoblade, much younger than usual, stood there with a plain look on his face. "It'll be funny."

"It'll be mean is what it'll be! Gimme the needle."

"..." The younger piglin stared at the needle in his hooves before looking back to his brother. "Nah."

"Techno!")

"Oh yeah." Techno let out a humorless laugh. "We found somethin' *real* interestin'." Phil's eyebrow tilted quizzically, but he shrugged it off. "What was it?"

"A-"

"Hey Techo, I need to speak to you right now-" His brother pulled him into his room and closed the door. "What are you doing?" He hissed. "We can't just spring it up on dad out of nowhere!"

"Why not?"

"...I forgot you're a trainwreck when it comes to things like this. Anything delicate."

"Thanks." His brother's voice was so dry, it could maybe even dry Phil's eventual tears. "So then, how are we going to do this?"

"For an English major, you're both tactless and blunt. Don't you guys use flowery language?"

"I dropped out."

"Fair enough." Wilbur conceded. "So then. Uh. How are we telling him?"

"No idea. You're the theatre kid, you figure it out."

"How does being a theatre kid have to do anything with telling our father that we found another elytrian?"

"You *WHAT!*?" A new voice joined the fray, and the two piglins slowly turned to look at the new addition, standing in the doorway with an absolutely gobsmacked expression.

"Uh.."

"Um..."

Techno, master of enthusiasm, brang his hooves up in a poor rendition of jazz hands, making him look more like he was a barnyard animal with crippling anxiety and less someone who was about to give another life changing information. Nonetheless, it still added emphasis to his next words. "Atlas is an avian. Rejoice."

Phil passed out.

Wilbur shrieked before his eyes rolled to the back of his skull and he collapsed as well. The brunette's body sprawled out on the hardwood of his floor.

The only one that was conscious in the room sighed, laying on the ground and shifting into his rarely used human form. His pink hair was strewn about, having been tousled out of the tightly done braid that it was usually in in both his forms. Usually he'd get Phil or Wilbur to do it, but...

He looked at their bodies and chuffed, moving his brother to a more comfortable position.

They seemed busy at the moment, he thought bluntly. Laying back down, the man took his hair in his hands and began to redo it with swift, if not slightly clumsy fingers.

What a pain.

Chapter End Notes

Phil and Wilbur: pass the fuck out

Techno, laying on the ground with them: is this how families bond

(PS, if you're wondering, yes, Wilbur used to have the Techno Accent I will explain why later)

QUESTION OF THE DAY: wheres the best place to hide a dead body

He lied to everyone

Chapter Summary

It was supposed to be sunny today, right...?

Chapter Notes

Tw for:
Missing person case
People passing out

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wilbur blinked open his eyes and groaned. His hands were crossed over his chest, clasping together while his legs were moved together to look crossed.

This was not how he remembered passing out.

The hybrid blearily looked over to see his brother stating back in his elusive human form. He gasped. "Techno?"

"Heh?"

"It is you! Oh, I've only seen your human form a handful of times, so-" The musician cut himself off. "Wait, why were you laying on the floor next to me?"

"In case Phil woke up first I would try to convince him that we were just chilling."

"..." Wilbur laughed despite the situation. "Pfft- hahaha! But I would be out cold?"

"I'd tell him you fell asleep."

"Of course, of course." He nodded, feigning sage wisdom in his movements. "So, is dad gonn-"

A drawn out warble alerted them, and Phil sat up quickly. "...Why are you two laying on the ground?"

"Oh, you know." Techno said quickly, like he'd been waiting for this very moment. "We're just chilling."

Ranboo looked mildly confused when he saw a book in Tubbo's pile about Morse code, but he brushed it off. It's not like it'd be used anytime soon, anyways.

Why would Tubbo need a book about Morse code anyhow?

He put it back.

Not my business.

Maybe if he'd held it a little longer then the fake book cover would fall off and he'd see that it was, in fact, an illegally obtained book on how to construct and properly (was there a proper way to use them?) use highly destructive explosives.

Tommy was ninety nine percent sure he'd never get tired of flying. He laughed as he donned his newly made goggles from Tubbo, aka the builder and engineer of the group, and stood on the edge of his beloved cliff which he had named cliff Henry. There was also a cow he'd seen on it which he also named Henry.

...Not after anyone, of course.

To the point, cow Henry was a girl (not that it stopped him) and was currently off eating grass or whatever it was that cows did. He didn't know, he was an avian.

He was an avian.

It still didn't feel real, honestly. The wings, the sudden better night vision, the chirps and caws and all the rest that came with being a bird hybrid- none of it felt like reality quite yet. Some part of his brain seemed to be accustomed to being a cat, he assumed. He could do very little things that were related to cat hybrids now, the only thing was his sharp teeth, but even then, those probably came from a different hybrid entirely. He was betting on an enderman hybrid.

Maybe he could see who was involved in the incredibly long process of bringing him into existence when he eventually got his thieving little taloned hands on the paper files from the labs. For now, all he new for sure was that he was definitely an avian.

Wack.

He spotted a figure gliding through the air, it seemed to be much warmer tonight.

The weather forecaster said it would be a warm night tonight with lots of sun in the early hours, so he didn't wear any extra clothing and was infinitesimally more grateful for the goggles, though it didn't pass his friend's teasing about him "finally beginning to exit his edgy stage."

Tommy retaliated by saying that he made it when he was twelve, and shut up, the binds around his eyes looked metal as hell.

He stood up and stretched, preparing to take off. "Oi, get up."

"Why?"

Oh yeah, Tubbo was also with him.

"Because, idiot. I'm taking you to that place you were whining about all night." The ram hybrid lit up. "Really?"

"Yes, really. I don't know where it is though, turn on a GPS or some shit."

"Thanks, Atlas!" He grinned. "I'm assuming you can't take two people?"

"I can if I try. Oi, Charon, you wanna teleport, or do you wanna climb on my back like a deranged sloth?"

"I'm fine with teleporting, but the latter seems interesting."

Oh yeah, Tubbo insisted on bringing Ranboo.

This day was just getting better and better.

"No one touches my wings, shut." His wings were the slightest bit messy, considering he had exactly zero idea how to preen them besides running his hands through them and occasionally shaking them to get loose feathers out. It hadn't worked incredibly well, so when he flew there was almost always a few that trailed his flight.

"Well now I kinda want to touch your wings." Tubbo teased. "Who knows, maybe I want to study the vantablack of your feathers."

"Go get someone else's vantablack feathers then." He shot back. "Or feel free to pick up my spare ones, I don't really use them for anything."

"In your nest?"

He hissed angrily, even the thought of people coming in his newly formed nest without permission, no matter how close, was incredibly upsetting. *"Don't you fucking dare touch my nest."*

"Woah, sorry, sorry!" Tubbo held up their hands in surrender. "I didn't know it'd upset you so much, big man."

"It's fine." Tommy sighed. "More of an instinctual thing, only people I give permission to are allowed in my nest."

"Oh, alright." His friends accepted this easily. The shortest of the group pressed on. "So I don't want to push it or anything, but if we can get going now please-"

"Oh my god, just come here." He was scooped up to Tommy's chest, and laughed when he spotted the tiny sprouting blue feathers. "Oh my god, it looks like someone sprinkled your skin!"

"How is that even a taunt?" Tommy threw back. "Right, I need the coords."

"Of course, of course."

"Charon." The white haired teen looked back at his friend. "I don't want to stress you, but this might be the most teleporting you've done in your life if you want to keep up with us. You'll probably have to do it every three seconds to not splatter and die. We've only trained for teleporting ever half minute, so if you need to fucking hang off my leg because you're too tired, don't hesitate to."

"Thanks." The half and half enderman gulped nervously. "Alrht then. We're doing this?"

"We're doing this." Tubbo confirmed. "Let's scoot, everyone. I don't feel comfy staying in one place too long while in uniform."

"Got it." Tommy nodded sharply. "Tubbo, could you put my goggles on me?" His arms were currently full of Tubbo, so he couldn't do it himself. The ram giggled and slipped the tinted goggles on his friend's eyes.

Tommy nodded. "Excellent. Well then, let's not waste any more time." He leapt off the cliff with that, diving down and hearing Tubbo's excited bleat before opening his wings and rapidly changing their direction. His friend laughed in awe. "Oh my *god*."

"Charon!" The flying figure called to his teammate. "Keep up, big guy!"

"Oh, beck off!" Ranboo called back lightheartedly before leaping and seeming to disappear into thin air and reappear ahead of Tommy. "I think you might need to keep up now!"

"Oh, it's *on*." The albino hissed. "Tubbo, tell us the coords."

"I win!" Ranboo cheered. "Heck yeah!"

"Oh, piss off, bitchboy!" The faux upset elytrian called back. "You can fucking teleport, this was rigged from the start!"

"You can too!"

"I didn't know I was allowed to do it!" He turned, huffing. "Where even are we, Tubbo?" There was a large building by the looks of it, completely abandoned. Tubbo took out a small haxagon-*god damnit*- and placed it on the wall, pressing on it a few times before it glowed.

"A deal." Was his response, to which he furrowed his brow. "A deal?"

"Yeah."

"...Don't sell our souls or some shit." He eventually said. "You want Charon and I to wait outside?"

"Please."

"Great." The two awkwardly stood outside, Tommy leaned against a wall of the dumplike atmosphere.

Unbeknownst to either of the boys, two figures seemed to pop into the distance, almost as if teleported as well.

A wither hybrid and a creeper hybrid.

One wore gold and black body armour and held a heavy looking bag whilst the other wore a royal looking cape, dark heeled boots clacking against scrap pieces of metal lodged in the ground.

"Are you sure this is the place?"

"Positive."

"...Fine. Know that I'm staying outside though."

"Of course, of course." The centaur sighed. "This could be an important interaction. I don't want to botch it."

"I know." The wither hybrid waved their hand. "Call my name if you need any help, you know that I'm your escape route."

"Of course." The green man went in the building, his crown-like helmet gleaming before being swallowed in the darkness of the structure.

His companion sighed. "He'd better not take forever."

"We're done here." Aries quickly exited the door with a strange bag. Tommy stared at it pointedly. "What's in the bag?"

"Engineering stuff."

"What did you trade?"

The shit eating grin was *so* clear in his companion's voice. "I traded absolutely nothing."

"..Please tell me that you actually traded nothing and aren't just withholding information from us."

"I'm not, I'm not!" Tubbo waved his hands. "Seriously though-" He tapped on the small glowing hexagon before it detached from the wall and fell in his palm. "I'd prefer we go. Like, right now."

"Oh my god what did you do-" Ranboo's ramble was cut off when the door was slammed open by a *very* familiar face.

"*Wait!*"

"No!" Tubbo called. "Team! Scatter!"

"Yes sir!" Were his simultaneous responses, though both were also punctuated by a noise of relative unhappiness. The white haired boy scooped his friend up as per usual and the other had lilac particles dancing around him as he prepared for another set of, short bursts of teleportation.

"Wait! Please!" The man reached for them, eyes desperate. The second tallest groaned. "What do you possibly want to talk about!? We aren't saying anything more about the Tommy and Theseus case yet."

"Then how about a missing person's case?"

Tubbo eventually raised his hand. "Boys. Let's hear what he has to say. You have my (admittedly waning) attention, Awesamdude."

"Years ago there was one specific missing person case that had so many loose ends, it was practically completely made of them." The man started, trying to catch his breath.

"There were too many holes in the story. My team thinks you know something, and this case has come up again."

"Yeah?" Tubbo still hadn't gotten out of his friend's grip. "Well then, we don't have all day, who might this elusive person be?"

"His name is Tubbo Underscore."

Record. Fucking. Scratch.

It took the ram hybrid a moment to respond. "...Excuse me?"

"He's Jschlatt's son. Tubbo Underscore? We think you might know where he currently is."

Tubbo Underscore went silent. "What exactly are you implying?"

"I'm simply saying that you might know where he is-"

"Atlas, Charon." The brunette waved his hand sharply. "I believe we've heard all we need to."

"Wai-"

"I wanna go home." The ram hybrid said, much more miserably than the first sentence.

"Of course." His friend nodded, softer than the hero had ever seen him before. All the time, the heroes had only seen a bitter, afraid version, a dry and cynical one, or a manic happy one that caused more damage than good.

Sam mentally berated himself. *Of course he can feel positive emotions, why would my first idea of him be so...* His thoughts trailed off. *Negative...?*

He blinked in confusion, and that was the exact time that the three boys took off. His yelp of surprise was cut off by a sharp gust of wind from the winged vigilante, sending dust in his eyes that the creeper had no doubt was fully intentional.

"W-" His protest was cut off by a few hacking coughs, and he stared helplessly at the figures in the sky.

...I have to tell someone.

Faint cries hit his ears, and he cringed.

Oh, I'm horrible, aren't I?

Tommy waited in the trio's secret base (it was so much better to call it a *secret base* then call it what it really was- a hiding spot.) and sighed as he flipped through his book.

The muffled sounds of rain from above failed to soothe him in any real way. All he could do was listen to it and think *The weather forecaster lied to me. He said it was supposed to be sunny today.*

The realization stung more then it had any right to, and the rain continued to pour.

He lied to everyone.

Chapter End Notes

QUESTION OF THE DAY: What's yall's favorite holidays? I mclove Halloween

Also yoooo I'm celebrating my bday today I'm excited (it isn't today but the party's today)

The laments of an alcoholic, the regrets of a father

Chapter Summary

The ram hybrid's interludes.

Schlatt reflects on his past mistakes, Tubbo makes some new ones

Chapter Notes

My birthday party was shit I got burnt

Can you guys tell that I'm so so so starved for good dadschlatt content???? This is one of my favorite tropes and for what??? Two stories with it??

Tw:

Gore

Amputation (kind of)

Bugs in wounds (kind of)

Child abuse

Alcoholism

Attempted murder

Guns

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

A short figure stood in a quiet laboratory, holding something that looked to be several small electronic mites and an orb.

"Mm, this will do." The figure pondered. "Numbing agents are too expensive." They whispered. "Guess I'll have to live through the pain."

The orb-like mechanism in their hand was painted entirely with a soft cyan, comparable to the skies above on a clear day, with a sharp black symbol printed on to ensure it looked crisp. The brunette slowly made their way over to the surgical table and shoved a rag in their mouth, before reaching to their face, burn marks stretching across the expanse of the right side and stretching open their eyelid.

Before reaching in and prying the eye out, shaking at the utter pain and disgusting squelching that emanated from the now gaping eyesocket. The discarded eye fell into their palm and was quickly

tossed in a small jar, filled with an odd clear liquid. Muffled laughter came from them as they tossed the strange buglike robots into the eyesocket. "H... Ha... Ha! H-haha-HAHAHAHAH!" They laughed uncontrollably and picked up the next part of their plan- a small compact supercomputer, melded into the shape of a hexagon.

That *was* his brand after all.

Tubbo picked up the tiny supercomputer and gently pressed it into the back of the gaping head wound.

Oh god, he thought hysterically. *I'm in so much pain!*

The ram hybrid had no idea why it felt so hilarious. Maybe Tommy's insanity was rubbing off.

"A'most 'one." The rag muffled his words as he tried to reassure himself, legs shaking. "S-so cl'se." He reached for the prosthetic eye, aiming to put it in-

It didn't fit. His eyelid was in the way.

"Fuckn'g-" He pulled out a pair of small surgical scissors.

Nothing I can't fix.

When he started to cut on of his legs almost gave out, but that was fine. It was all *fine*.

The moment he was done cutting he dropped the scissors and hastily yet carefully put the new eye in, relaxing after hearing a small click.

He shakily sat down on the floor and as the adrenaline began to wear off, screamed in pure agony.

At least I have the rag to muffle it was his last thought before he blacked out.

When Tubbo woke up, he blinked his eyes as they got used to the harsh fluorescent lights.

Well, one of his eyes. He couldn't really blink the other anymore. Speaking of- did it work? He didn't exactly have much to lose anyways, his right eye was blinded in the explosion that took half of his face anyways; he couldn't see out of it in the slightest, so all that would've changed was the

feeling of having a full eye. If it had worked, then-

He looked around, wincing as he saw the blood that was everywhere. He didn't even know that people could bleed that much. His hair was all gross and matted due to the puddle of crimson he'd lied in, and there was still small droplets making their way down his face, a mixture of tears and blood.

But had he done it? Had it worked. Tubbo stood up and reached for the table.

"My hand's going to hit it now." He whispered, just as his hand hit the table. They went quiet, slowly going around and poking things, seeing if his depth perception was fixed.

It was. He whooped in joy. "It worked!" He cracked his neck and bleated in irritation as a dull pang of pain pulsed in his face. "Ugh, shut up brain."

Wait, had his *other* modification worked? The boy waved his hand. "Project." Several blue windows popped up, all made with small hexagons- *would he ever get tired of that-* and no text currently on them.

He grinned.

"He's alive!" Tommy cheered. "How's it feel, big guy?"

"Oh, it hurts like hell." Tubbo concluded with a smile, half of his face wrapped up with a sizable bloodstain on the middle. "But it was successful!"

Ranboo cheered. "That's awesome, Tubbo! I'm really glad you didn't get permanently hurt."

"Me too, me too." The boy turned back to the duffle bag that he'd received from Sam. "Sam's materials worked like a charm. I'll either have to steal some more, or we need to do another business deal with him. I might even make myself another replacement limb with it!"

"Just make sure you aren't getting yourself over your head. I heard a lot of screaming from in there." Tommy gestured to his pointed ear. "These bad boys hear a *lot*." He looked like he felt nothing short of all encompassing misery when he said the last sentence. Ranboo looked at him worriedly. "Are... Are you okay?"

"I've come to a point in my life where I think I need a stronger word than fuck."

"Oh, same." The enderman hybrid sighed. "*Same*."

They looked even worse than Tommy when they said that. For some reason, the albino found it undyingly funny.

"So, who wants to match with me and get a body mod!?"

"No!"

"No!"

"Ranboo and I already have enough anyways." Tommy snorted at his bad joke.

Schlatt had a plan. Ever since he was a teen, his plan consisted of:

Getting through high school with no mishaps.

Going to law school and getting his degree.

Growing up and retiring with enough money to live comfortably for the rest of his life.

This plan did not include his alcoholism.

At first, it was just a few shots. Why wouldn't it be? All teens snuck liquor from their parent's cabinets at one point; at least in his experience. When he first tried it it felt like it burned against his tongue, and it took all of his willpower to swallow it down. That was his first shot- ever. And then he had another. And then he had another. And then he had another.

And then he had another.

And then he had another.

And then he had another.

And then he...

And then he stumbled to his room and passed out.

When the teen woke up, his head pounded like nothing else, and he would groan. He'd get dressed with the dull thudding in his head as a reminder that *he wasn't no pussy, he'd drink as he pleased, when he pleased.*

His father was waiting at the table with the stupid scummy grin Schlatt had always hated. And then the older man had asked him how the bourbon was, and then Schlatt would ask where mom was. It turned out that she couldn't handle the "family style" and *left*.

All because he'd had some shots.

After that incident, the teen drank a hell of a lot more. When he woke up, a shot or two of whiskey, before he showered, a bit of bourbon, before he went to sleep, a full glass of the two. Soon the dull thuds in his head that he came to know were hangovers became more like loud banging on the doors of his mind, like the loud banging against the door of his room when he didn't listen to his stupid drunken sperm donor.

He realised too soon that it was a problem. By then he'd been muddling through high school, hair mussed and skin clammy. The boy had tried to stop, he swore, but going cold turkey wasn't as easy as one would think. Especially when you didn't really have a choice. His father was ecstatic he had a drinking buddy now, so every night they'd both crack open a beer and drink away, and the more it happened, the more that amber golden liquid showed up in the sixteen year old's nightmares. He tried to tell his father that he was done drinking, that he was done with liquor because it was ruining his life.

The man didn't take too kindly to that.

Schlatt had no idea his father owned a pistol until that day, it was shiny and silver and polished, obviously well taken care of even though it was stashed in a random cabinet. The deranged, drunken man had gone on and on about how the man hybrid had ruined his life, how he made his mother disappear, how he had now *abandoning* him too. The teen had desperately tried to explain that he wasn't abandoning anyone, he just wanted to *get his life together*.

Schlatt's father didn't take too kindly to that either.

"Don't f-fuckin' lie ta me, you lil' shit! Think ya can just up 'n out of here, huh!? Not on my watch!"

The surgeons said he was lucky that his father was drunk, that the man's aim would've been undoubtedly better and the bullet would've cut straight through his lung. He was *lucky* that his father wasn't *sober*.

As he watched the older man get shoved in a car, yelling and screaming with greasy hair and dirty clothes, he felt anything but *lucky*.

Something went wrong with the court apparently, and sixteen year old Schlatt found himself with no parents and no comforts, drunk, homeless, and sixteen.

He wondered if things wouldn't have been different if he'd never had his first shot.

"I can do this." He told himself. *"I can beat my addiction. I don't want to become like dad."*

He couldn't.

He'd just barely graduated from high school, and had just barely not failed any classes when an absolute *saint* had approached him. She said her name was Puffy, and that they were half-siblings on his mother's side, which explained the sheep features.

She told him that she'd been wanting to talk to him for a long time but couldn't, not until she could move out, away from mother. Puffy had guided him to a sandwich shop where they sat down and he'd eaten the best meal he had in three days. She explained that she'd seen him struggling and wanted to help.

"I know we've never talked before, but you seem nice. Sad, but nice- wait, was that too blunt? Sorry."

Schlatt laughed for the first time in a while and had waved it off. *"Nah, you're on the mark. Try alcoholism, it'll do that to ya."*

She promptly sent him to rehab soon after that, and he couldn't be more grateful. Puffy, the saint of saints let him crash at her place until he could get back on his feet, until he could get a job and afford housing, she told him it was what family was for.

It was the first time that he'd felt any real connection to a family member.

Another thing was that his sister was just so damn *patient with him*. She'd run her hands through his hair and guide him back to bed when she woke up in the middle of the night to see him shaking in an empty bathtub covered in a sheen of sweat and cold. Withdrawals, he'd learnt were shit. So were nightmares.

For a while it was going great. Sure, he'd slip up every two weeks or so, have a few drinks, but it was so much better then before in every way possible.

Until he relapsed.

Schlatt was doing so good- he was doing *fantastic*. His doctor remarked that his recovery was going quite speedily, and he might even recover the fastest she'd ever seen. Puffy was so proud of him. But one day his sister was out with a date, and he tried everything to stop himself, even ziptying himself to his damn bedpost to *not go to the bar*.

It didn't work, and Schlatt woke up the next day in a stranger's bed.

With no clothes on.

Motherfucker.

Two months later he gets a text from an unknown number saying she's pregnant and that it's his kid.

Motherfucker.

So he eventually musters up the courage to tell his sister with a shitty dollar store card with *You're a Father!* written on it, the father scribbled out and replaced with aunt. She was overjoyed, but the woman's mood dampened slightly when he told her the circumstances.

It was then that he actually realised that he desperately needed to get his shit together, now more than ever. He had a kid on the way and was still living in his sister's house, and although he was weaning himself off the alcohol, he still drank a little too much for his liking. So, he began to look for jobs. It took several failed interviews and several stressful nights for him to have almost gave up when a stray headline caught his eye. Something about a hero.

And that's when he began to think. Could he become a hero? It certainly was possible, the man was naturally muscled and bulky, and his fighting skills were nothing to joke over either. Another plus was that heroes got paid relatively well, even newer ones. Not many people wanted to become heroes, so the ones that were got paid serious cash.

Nothing of the millionaire type, but enough to keep a family afloat. He and his child (his son, Schlatt's brain reminded gleefully) could definitely stay afloat with money to spare with this career, even though it would only be them two since the mother said she wanted nothing to do with the baby.

So, with one last spark of hope, he reached out and sent an email, inquiring about an interview and license. The eighteen year old didn't expect anything back at all, so you can imagine his shock when he woke up the next day to an email that enthusiastically agreed, asking him if a meetup on Wednesday was good. The person in the email told him that they'd be doing a physical examination and a spar with one of the heroes to see if he was able to keep up. The ram hybrid responded and was sure to stretch on the day of.

He passed the physical examination with flying colors, Schlatt was quite proud of his body and the mixture of only eating Puffy's healthy foods and the days she'd drag him to the gym (he owed her a lot, huh?) gave him a rather muscular physique. Next was the spar against the hero which he was incredibly nervous about; this was the make or break.

A plainclothes hero that introduced himself as CaptainSparkles1 was his opponent. The man was a bit more lean then Schlatt but much taller then the ram hybrid, and was quite nice. In the end, Schlatt won only barely, but he'd *won*.

He'd won. He got the job, and after a psyche exam, got his licence. He got a plain black bodysuit that he quite liked and a communicator with instructions to come in the next day at eight am sharp.

He'd surprised Puffy that night with a chocolate cake telling her that he had gotten a good job, all smiles and light happy feelings that only happened when you were *really* proud of yourself. Sure, it might not have been much to others that he'd finally gotten a job. But to past-alcoholic, abused, battered, friendless and almost kinless Schlatt?

It meant the absolute *world*.

When his son (his son!) was born, the little baby was immediately handed off to the ram hybrid, and he had to pay for all the hospital expenses. By now he'd moved out and set up a small baby room for his kid (god, he'd never get tired of that) which he promptly filled out all the forms, meant to name his kid *Toby* but was just the slightest bit too tired and slurred out a *Tubbo* instead when they'd asked what he wanted to name the boy, and then promptly drove home at three in the morning, tucked the baby in, and fell asleep on the floor of the room. It was the best sleep he'd gotten in the past three days.

Tubbo was such a well behaved kid. He wasn't loud or stubborn or bitter in all the ways that his father was, he was kind and bright and so completely lovable in a way that Schlatt could only wish to be. The man wasn't jealous though, he was proud as hell. That was his *son*, that was his *boy*, that was *his* child, and he couldn't be happier. The bright boy was always flitting from one thing to another, his current obsession was bees and a show called south park, something that the older had no interest in but still supported anyways.

But still, there were certain downsides to having a kid as well. Schlatt had always worried that he would become a bad father, he'd snap and drink and yell and turn Tubbo into traumatized teen Schlatt 2.0, so he threw out all the liquor so that there wasn't a liquor cabinet that his son could sneak into to have his first shots before going upstairs in a haze and blacking out in his room.

One day Tubbo had asked his father why he didn't have grandparents. After the pained expression he'd seen the first time around, the six year old didn't bother to ask again.

Then one day it'd happened. The accident.

His boy's, his son's disappearance. Tubbo was playing with a kid, the man hadn't really been paying attention to who it was until he'd rewatched the footage to see a malnourished, bloodied blonde kid staring back at the camera. He'd thought it was just some thief that was drugged up or god forbid drunk that was causing the havoc, but then he saw his little Tubbo being carried away, screaming and burning, and he desperately reached out, only for their hands to brush; he watched the tiny ram hybrid who was so proud about his horns starting to grow in earlier that day being burnt by magma and stolen away from his father.

Still, Schlatt had hope.

His son was smart, there had to be some way that he'd gotten out of the villain's grasp. He called out frantically. "Tubbo! Kid, where are you!?" Philza had come up and asked him something, but the words just felt like cotton in his ears. This was definitely shock. "Was Tubbo here?"

"Yeah! He was playing with these two kids when that asshole attacked, and now I can't..." He trailed off. "I can't find him."

He didn't want to say what they were all thinking.

That was the last time he'd seen Tubbo. Schlatt hadn't even had the energy to go and drink, preferring to lay in bed for two days and be nothing short of mind numbingly miserable.

And now Tubbo might've been alive.

His boy, his child, his son- he might still be out there, might still be alive and breathing and okay, and those vigilantes knew something about it.

So basically, in all honesty, Mister Jschlatt himself was kind of completely and utterly *fucked*.

Chapter End Notes

Is it obvious that I've only listened to lemon demon YMCA theme song and phantom of the opera for the past eight hours

No I'm not joking

ALSO I'm not sure if anyone noticed this but schlatts hella fond of vigilante tubbo even though he doesn't know its actually his kid, so he took him to the fated Sandwich Shop!! Yeah you remember it in that one chapter; the shop is kind of a personal thing to the man since it was the place that puffy took him when they first met so he only takes people he cares abt to it : 'D

QUESTION OF THE DAY: What's one of y'all's favorite bands/ artists? I love love love MCR and lemon demon sm they're my brainrot fuel 24/7
100 geecs doesn't count even though its always in the back of my head. Lurking.

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

Trigger warning:
Dissection
Organ stealing
Gore

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The sex havers (+[-----])

Trauma! At the disco: we forgot to add ranboo to the chat also what the fuck happened to the name

Who is the plus that is apparently not sex having???

Jar of bees: wait now that you mention that it is weird

Jar of bees had changed the chat name!

Jar of bees: there we go. Good and healthy Æ

Trauma! At the disco: just add ranboo for fucks sake

Jat of bees has added Ranboo to Æ!

Ranboo: what... what is this

Trauma! At the disco: welcome to hell leave your bones at the door

Ranboo: but I'm actually quite attached to my bones

Jar of bees: That can be changed easily

Trauma! At the disco: didn't we already make this joke a colossal amount of chapters ago back in the first installment of this series

Jar of bees: what

Ranboo: what

Trauma! At the disco: anyways

Ranboo: no no I think we should address that

Trauma! At the disco: I SAID anyways

Ranboo: fear

Trauma! At the disco: ranboo you aren't allowed to have your real name as a chat name

Ranboo: why?

Trauma! At the disco: illegal or sumn idk I never watched the book

Aside from that I think we all need new names tubbo you go first

Jar of bees: manifesting a new name hold your honses

Jar of bees has changed Jar of bee's name to Thoughts off.

Thoughts off: yeah I guess you could say no thoughts head empty

Trauma! At the disco: it fits you so well (also hold your honses? Really?)

Thoughts off: just for that I decide your new name

Trauma! At the disco: wait wh

Thoughts off has changed Trauma! At the disco's name to Chimken nunget!

Chimken nunget: so uh

Why

Thoughts off: I heard you muttering it over and over again one time and thought it was funny

Chinken nunget: I was simply talking to the voices in my head, pay no mind to them

Thoughts off: tell them they need to pay rent

Chimken nunget: they live rent free in my head and we live rent free in a basement, where would that rent be going

Thoughts off: me

Chimken nunget: provide a suitable explanation

Thoughts off: I want to become a landlord tommy

Chimken nunget: no

Thoughts off: LET ME FOLLOW MY DREAMS

Chimken nunget: NO

Ranboo: while I hate to break up this heartwarming(?) interaction I apparently still need a name that is not my Scandalous Real Name

Thoughts off: I'm ninety percent sure ranboo isn't your actual name and you've just been memeing on all of us

Ranboo: you sound so sure

Thoughts off: I am, who names their kid RANBOO

Ranboo: I don't know, who names their kid *Tubbo*

That's only a few letters away from the words second degree murder you know

Chimken nunget: I'm going to COMMIT second degree murder if that chat name doesn't change within the next minute

Ranboo: ooo spooky shiver me timbers

Chimken nunget: tubbo I'm throwing him out

Thoughts off: no <3

Ranboo changed Ranboo's name to Panic! At the panic!

Chimken nunget: so tell me, what was your inspiration for this fine name

Panic! At the panic: PANIC

also I used to have a panic room where I'd panic. It was panic at the panic and I always thought that was funny

Chimken nunget: it doesn't sound very funny

Panic! At the panic: is there a reason you're a jerk or do you just have this innate unquenchable thirst for your friends pain

Chimken nunget: entertainment value is my sole motivator at this point, we're all the funny friend with secret crippling depression and anxiety

Panic! At the panic: callout post

Chimken nunget: only the best for you

Panic! At the panic: that was weird never do that again

Chimekn nunget: do what

Panic! At the panic: positive

Chimken nunget: I can always beat the shit out of you

Thoughts off: no <3

Chimken nunget: you're on thin ice ranboo

Panic! At the panic: thanks tommy

Chimken nunget: the ice has already shattered

Thoughts off: okay let's talk about something else

Chimken nunget: looks into the camera like in the office

Thoughts off: tommy you're not at you designated Done With Us hour you have to deal

Chimken nunget: I know and I hate it

Thoughts off: boohoo go cry about it

Chimken nunget: in the wise words of ranboo "is there a reason you're a jerk or do you just have this innate unquenchable thirst for your friends pain"

Thoughts off: did he just call ranboo wise??? What parallel dimension have we entered

Panic! At the panic: thanks tommy

Thoughts off: so besides that tommy I need your help with something

Chimken nunget: ?

Thoughts off: you have hyper regeneration right

Chimken nunget: oh christ

Thoughts off: answer the question

Chimken nunget: what will happen to me if I say yes

Thoughts off: I will invite you to my lab for testing

Chimken nunget: what will happen to me if I say no

Thoughts off: I will invite you to my lab for testing

Chimken nunget: so either way both answers will end up in the same consequential fate for me

Thoughts off: yup! **now answer**

Chimken nunget: ...I have hyper regeneration

Thoughts off: would you like to visit me in my lab

Chimken nunget: n

Thoughts off: great! Thanks for being a willing subject!! I knew I could count on you!

Chimken nunget: what's going to happen to me

Thoughts off: you are our surprise organ donor

Chimken nunget: do I have a choice

Thoughts off: no :)

Chimken nunget: awesome, love that

Just don't touch my lungs

Thoughts off: oh you'll regrow them don't be a baby

Chimken nunget: you are going to surgically nab my organs tubbo

Thoughts off: you'll be fine

Can you regrow limbs?

Chimken nunget: WHAT DOES THAT MEAN

Thoughts off: give me your arm experiment boy

Chimken nunget: sigh

I'll do it on one condition

Thoughts off: you don't really have a choice either way but continue

Chimken nunget: we're turning this into a group bonding experience. Bring ranboo

Panic! At the panic: WAIT WHAT

Thoughts off: I can do that

Panic! At the panic: NO YOU MOST CERTAINLY CAN NOT DONT DO THAT

tubbo?

TUBBO?

VDDSHANNV JSKAIA782;#:UVDVD

Chimken nunget: ??????

Panic! At the panic: :)

Thoughts off: :)

Chimken nunget: Jesus fuck what did you do to ranboo

Panic! At the panic: he's unconscious, come back home so I can sell those sweet sweet organs of yours

Chimken nunget: just don't fuck over his phone tubbo

Panic! At the panic: no promises :)

"I'm home!"

"C'mere, labrat-"

Tommy screeched, but it was hopeless.

Ranboo woke up to a sight.

Tommy was lying down, casually talking to his other friend, Tubbo. Usually this would not be worrying, except for the new fun addition of Tubbo rummaging around his friend's body for organs. To sell.

Huh.

"I'm just saying, your kidney would go for a lot!"

"No one's stopping you from taking it, Tubbo."

"Wh-" Ranboo gagged. "Oh my god, I didn't expect to wake up to my friend getting *dissected*, what the hell guys?"

"Oh, hey Ranboo." Tommy waved way too casually for a man who was getting his innards taken. "We're gonna make bank."

"Aren't you worried?" The enderman hybrid slowly slunk up, dragging his seat with him. "I mean, that's gotta hurt, right?"

"Oh, it hurts like an absolute *bitch*." Tommy laughed, a steady stream of blood leaking out of every hole on his *fucking* face, what the *hell*. "But hey, what's the worst that can happen? I can't exactly die twice, in case you've noticed." He grunted in displeasure as the ram hybrid carefully extracted his liver. Tubbo turned and opened a glass looking bucket thing filled with blood, placing the organ in with his gloved hands before quickly shutting it. "Alright, I think we should go for the heart next."

"Oof, the heart? Pretty heartless of you." Tommy chuckled. The brunette stared back, unimpressed. "Okay, no more painkillers for you."

"I wasn't on any in the first place!"

"Wait, he isn't on any-"

"Just hold still." Tubbo paused for a moment. "Tell me if you need a break though."

"Of course, big g-" He hissed as his friend went in to remove his heart. Ranboo watched in morbid fascination, and Tommy clicked his tongue, voice strained. "Alright Ranboo, this is a learning experience. You get to see the human body up close, and I know for a fact you didn't graduate highschool-"

"*Hey-*"

"So study your human systems now, I guess. There are a few things missing at the moment, but I'm sure we can do this again later when everything's all healed."

"I'm not really in the mood to do that right now." The half ghast looked vaguely sick, but couldn't tear his eyes away from the gaping wound. "At least now I know that you aren't super phased by getting dissected like a gorey highschool science project. One of those dead frogs."

"People are allowed to dissect frogs in highschool?" Tubbo whined. "Lucky."

"*Not* lucky. They give us the frogs and-"

"They *give* you the corpses? You don't even have to go kill one?" The brunette groaned. "*Double* lucky."

"... Something's very wrong with you..."

Chapter End Notes

QUESTION OF THE DAY: how y'all doing

Ferly

Chapter Summary

Ferly: something unusual, strange, or causing wonder and/or terror.
Tommy (was that even his name?) was ferly.

Oh yeah also Charlie spills MAJOR beans. Good going, big guy :)

Chapter Notes

Can you tell that my fucking logolepsy BLED into the first part of this chapter

Trigger warnings:

More detailed descriptions of what the scientists did to tommy

Heavily implied self harm

Dehumanization

Drugs

Forced drugging/ noncon drugging

Survivors guilt

Needles

Scalpels

Vomiting

Past sexual abuse

Past physical abuse

Past mental abuse

Surgery

PTSD like the severe shit (he don't know it yet <3)

fURIOUSLY ADDS THE KARLNAPITY TAG (kronk voice) oh yeah, its all coming together

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Eret was a simple person.

She woke up, she got dressed, she went to work and came home to a warm house. That was a relatively simple routine, right? She figured it would stay like that for a long while.

Then the new employee came in and his life slowly got more complicated. Tommy was a man so deeply entrenched in sincere irony- *wasn't that a sentence? Technoblade would be absolutely fuming, the English major*- that no one knew where the lies stopped and the truth started. He was ferly, now that Eret looked back on it. He was ferly. The therapist had a bit of an obsession with words, it was just a hobby to look for new ones in her spare time and write them down. She had a few words that she thought described the boy, described what he did and who he was.

Dern: Secret, hidden, dark. Can also refer to hidden feelings.

Zemblanity: The inevitable discovery of what one would rather not know.

Rantipole: A wild, reckless young person.

Selcouth: Unfamiliar, rare, strange, and yet marvelous.

But deeper, there were other things. Eret didn't get his psychology degree for nothing, after all. Perhaps Tommy just wasn't good enough about hiding his true self.

Atychiphobia: The fear of failure; fear of not being good enough.

Anhedonia: The loss of interest and enjoyment in everything; the feeling of not caring anymore.

Dolent: Full of sorrow.

...

Pisanthrophobia: The fear of trusting people due to past experiences of bad relationships.

The boy's body language was telling. One thing that she'd noticed is that whenever he'd gotten touched, whether it be a pat on the back or a hug (mostly from Wilbur) he'd always scratch those places. Now, Eret was no fool, he'd usually write it off the first two times, but soon enough he's seen the poor lad do it *so much* that it became suspicious.

And then they did absolutely *nothing* about it.

They knew not to blame themselves, not to say that it was their fault, but deep down there was a tiny part of their kind that screamed *you could've done something* whenever he walked by a dusty desk that hadn't been touched in a while.

Well. It had been touched recently.

She'd come in one day, just to see if there were any clues as to what the hell happened to the person they all thought they'd known, and found some... things.

Things she wouldn't share with anyone. Probably.

("Alright." It was so incredibly late, what was he still doing in the office?)

Searching for evidence, obviously. She wouldn't rifle through any of his personal belongings, but he'd still want to see if there was anything!

In the first half of his search, he'd found nothing. Just papers and a hauntingly unpersonalized desk. There were only files and papers, a few journals here and there, though they were all work oriented as well.

Then he checked the drawer that Tommy'd insisted no one looked in. They just shrugged it off because unfortunately there weren't enough lockers for the teen's personal belongings, so they just let him use one of his drawers as a replacement locker. At best she'd expected a few trinkets here and there, perhaps some snacks. They knew that everyone here kept snacks in a drawer or in their lockers, it was just common here.

What she saw was disturbing.

There was a knife, for starters. Why did Tommy have a knife? The person was confused at first, there wasn't any way that the blonde would want to hurt anyone here, and there wasn't any reason that he'd need to protect himself, there were plenty of heroes here. What was also strange was that the blade seemed used. Well loved, with albeit tiny but still visible beads of crimson dried on it.

Those queries flew out of her head when she'd found the post it notes.

Such an innocent sounding name for such gruesome notes. There were several things written on them, all so...

He didn't know how to explain them, but Tommy's self hatred seemed to really come out in them.

"Sam told me I could take breaks today. It was so weird, I wasn't allowed to take breaks at-"

"They keep treating me like a person. I don't know how to feel about it. It's different. I thought things weren't supposed to be treated like people...? Was Tanaka wrong?"

"I owe everything to these people and yet keep being a hindrance. Come on, idiot, get it together."

"Someone's been leaving me snacks lately. I can't eat them."

*"Charlie dumped water
onmehedumpedwateronmyhedumpedwateronmesocoldsocoldsocoldcoldcoldcoldcold-*

"I passed out. Sam told me to take better care of myself. How do I do that?"

"I learned about birthday parties today. The concept is so confusing. Why do people celebrate another's conception? That's weird. Humanity and hybrids are weird. Then again, who am I to question them?"

"The voices are so loud today. Now I can see why techno's always on the verge of killing anyone that talks to him for too long, these people(?) Are exhausting. They keep yelling blood for the blood god. Techno, oh my god, your chat is so annoying. I don't know what dac did to put then in here, but they'd better undo it real fuckin' quick."

"Wilbur I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry in sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry y I'm sor ry I m sorryr I mso ryy myfaultmyfaultmyfsultmyfaultmydaultmydfsaully-

"Wilbur offered me a cat collar today. Wtf big man???"

"I haven't slept in six days. This is apparently worrying? Tubbo says people are supposed to sleep every few days to keep up their strength. I don't feel the least bit tired though, has he forgotten I only need to sleep once a week? Ah whatever, I'm not actually a person so sleep is for the weak.

What's it gonna do, kill me?"

"I used the ----- again today. I'm sorry. Please forgive me"

"I used it again. What's wrong with me?"

"Sorry. At least I heal quicker than other people, eh?"

There were droplets of blood on the last one. Eret didn't have to send it to the labs to know that it was the poor man's. Most of the other post it notes just had self depreciating comments on them, some about how he was a useless coward, some on how he was a freak of nature, some just reminded him that he was worth less than nothing and that his only purpose now was to serve the heroes. There was one particular one that Eret paused at.

"Sometimes I can still feel it. The hands on my skin. When they touched me in all those horrible ways. Somehow it was worse than the tests when Tanaka would bring all his friends over and-"

Part of it was scribbled out.

"I hated that the most. Why couldn't they have just stayed in their age groups? What was so appealing about a six year old, huh? They're all awful but I only managed to bite off one of their dicks. Literally. At least that guy won't be doing that to anyone else. I still got hit a lot though. I could barely move a week after that, both from training and testing and all the drugs they pumped in me and all the surgeries and all the ex- well, yeah. I'm only starting to realise that I might need help.

I'm still going to refuse it. I don't want to be a burden, no matter what anybody says, I know I'll always be one."

And wasn't that the rotten cherry on top of the mudcake? Tommy was experimented on, and by the looks of it, he was also sexually abused. Several times.

Eret was able to make it to the trashcan to first time she vomited. By the third time tasting stomach acid in his mouth, he just brought the bin with him. They were thankful for that at least- vomiting seven different times was not pleasant, even after the third times she gagged and only tasted stomach acid.

What had happened? Who was Tommy? What had happened? How was he even still functioning? People with even a few year's worth of trauma as severe as his should've been unresponsive at this point, or at the most completely numb to everything. Ah, maybe it was the fact that Tommy apparently wasn't "designed to do that." Several times Eret had come across the sticky notes that seemed to double as a diary where the boy always seemed to mention that he was manufactured, that he was created, that he was designed to be a certain way. Never once had he said "born" or even "conceived."

Only manufactured. Only created. Only designed.

Someone who could manufacture a person, or at least make them believe they were just a product...

Eret didn't like the sound of that at all.)

Okay, maybe they did need to tell someone.

But seriously, everything was so completely fucked about this. About everything. About *Tommy*.

Because that's what it came back to. That's what it always came back to, he was the full circle.

Thomas Smith.

And that wasn't even his name.

The person "Thomas Smith" wasn't real. The identity was a fake, everything about it was probably fake. The only reason he was referred to as Tommy was because no one knew what he was actually called.

The brunette, though she'd never say it out loud, was impressed with his complete deception. As flimsily as it was broken, no one noticed anything until they *really* had to look, and even then it solidified nothing about him.

All they knew was that they knew nothing, and wasn't that ironic?

The only thing they could determine about Tommy? Nothing.

Tommy might not even have been *male*, for fuck's sake. He could've and *did* lie about everything. It was truly baffling to think you knew so much about someone, or know that someone wouldn't be in anything like this, and then bam.

They really weren't the person you knew at all.

Eret had never pinned Tommy as deceptive. He'd never pinned the cat hybrid (was he even a cat hybrid?) as a lot of things, yet now it was unraveling in the most tragic way possible.

There seemed to be a lot of "yet's" in Eret's life as of recent. They hadn't found Tommy yet, they didn't know anything about Tommy yet, they-

She bonked her head on the table. *I need to stop thinking about Tommy.*

At this point his name had been rethought in their head so much that it became a strange thing to think about, like when you spoke a certain word enough times for it to stop sounding like a word.

Tommy. Tommy, Tommy, Tommy.

..She was driving himself up the wall with this. He needed to take a breather.

A breath of fresh air would do them some good. It's not like a random gang member would sneak up, kidnap her for possible profit, and take her away to a secondary location before she got saved by a mafia boss before the mafia boss met a hero who was sent to patrol for them and the two fell in love but didn't confess until a third hero eventually joined the fray and they all fell in love with each other, right?

Eret had just been kidnapped by a random gang member from her balcony and was now in a secondary location.

Maybe I'm a psychic.

"Oh man." He lamented with all the gusto of a wronged theatre kid who's either a sad drunk, or just someone with crippling depression, which was most, if not all the theatre kids. "I sure hope someone who is a hero comes through here and saves me from my terrible fate-"

There were quiet footsteps before a familiar figure opened the door. A colorful suit greeted her and he grinned. "Timewarp!"

"Eret!" Karl, also known as Timewarp, snuck over to undo the ropes around his friend's wrists. Timewarp was a relatively popular hero, the bisexual had worked with him once or twice. They knew each other from outside of work as well, so that was nice. "How'd you even get here? This is way out from your usual patrol routes."

"Kidnapped."

"Oh, alright." Karl nodded as if that wasn't worrying information in the slightest. "Awesome."

"Not really, but-"

The wall furthest from them burst open.

I fucking knew it.

There stood a man, and before Eret could say anything, her mouth opened and said what everyone was thinking. "You're short." Said short man looked incredibly offended of the brunette's pretty accurate observation.

Karl didn't say anything, which was weird.

"Why would you say that to a stranger? Aren't heroes supposed to be kind and courteous, or some shit?"

"Not to people who explode walls, no." They said, shaking their head. "Any reason why you did that, by the way?"

"Oh, I'm just taking care of these guys. They're on my turf, you know? Usually I'd send someone,

but-" The Mexican grunted as he ripped the door off its hinges with little effort. Karl made a... noise from where he was standing and the stranger caught his eye.

In mere moments, there was an unbearable sexual tension in the room.

Eret, ever so gracious, decided to cut it. "Karl, can you stop making bedroom eyes at the guy and finish untying me? I have some work I need to get back to." Both of the men choked, though it was hard to tell with the man's plain black mask.

"Y-Yeah! Sorry." The green eyed man's hands swiftly made their way over to finish up his job, but that seemed to be the exact moment the universe had it out for him because the thick cords decided to stop coming apart. Karl huffed in exasperation, though his soured mood quickly faded when a strong hand gripped his wrists, pulling it away to reveal a knife which cut through the ropes like butter.

Ah.

Approximately less than a second later, the brunette's face was incredibly red. Just coincidence, of course. Nothing more. He kept rubbing his hand over the spot where the handsome stranger touched him, it felt as if it was burning.

Karl felt like he knew this person from somewhere, yet he didn't even know the other's name. He had a feeling it'd start with a strange letter, maybe with a Q.

(Maybe in another reality the two men met when they were younger, falling head over heels for each other; one holding a big gulp cup filled to the brim with 5 hour energy, the other wearing a frog onsie; they'd meet their finishing half the very same day after the blaze hybrid tried to flirt but instead nearly fell down the stairs.

Unfortunately, that timeline does not exist anymore.

...

~~Doesn't it?~~

"Careful there." Karl could hear the damn smirk and yet couldn't bring himself to feel the least bit irritated. "Wouldn't want you hurting yourself, gorgeous."

That probably marked the moment that the hero kind of maybe shattered into a billion itty bitsy pieces.

"Oh my *god*." He groaned. Eret took this as his moment to step in, certified cockblock. "Come on Karl, I don't want everyone worrying about us." He grinned. "I didn't know you had a boyfriend though! Adorable."

Karl choked and the mystery man wheezed out a bout of laughter. "Me perdonas, you're pretty funny, big guy! Me and *Karlos* aren't dating." He winked, rolling the r with his kissable, hidden lips. "That can change any minute though, pretty boy."

"Oh my god-"

"So." He crooned. "*So.*"

"Shut *up*. You are *evil*."

"Sounds like a *loser in love*." Eret is so proud of herself. She is *so* proud.

"Oh, just get ready for your presentation today." He socked them in the arm, scoffing. "Didn't you say that you found more stuff on the Tommy case?"

"And the Theseus case, but yes."

"We're here to discuss a few matters on both the Tommy case and Theseus case."

The eyes of everyone were on her. She nodded. "To start off, I've received some information as of late about Tommy-" He gestured to the screen. "And the Tubbo case. While I was checking through his office to see if I could find any more evidence about our human experiment theory, I found sticky notes." She inhaled.

I can do this.

"These functioned as more of a diary for him, I think. Now, I won't be showing them to everyone, but there were several mentions of a few people." She eaved her pointer. "Specifically three. There was someone named Tanaka." She clicked on another slide. "Someone named Clementine." Another slide.

"And there were several mentions of a Tubbo as well."

Schlatt perked up significantly at that.

"None of the mentions of Tubbo were past tense, and there were several instances where he used Tubbo in the present tense, writing about how he'd talked to Tubbo, or how Tubbo had told him to do something that day. There's a good chance that Tubbo might have been Tommy's roommate that he talked about occasionally."

She paused to let it sink in.

"There was also a mention of someone named Alex, though she was talked about in the same light as this Tanaka man." Eret paused. "Neither were spoken of in a good light. I have conclusive evidence to believe that these two people were his main abusers, mentally, emotionally, sexually, and physically." She grimaced.

"There was also repeated talk of being forcefully drugged with ketamine, aphrodisiacs, adrenaline, as well as a myriad of other equally dangerous chemicals. There were a few instances where he complained that being injected with mass amounts of mercury was excruciatingly painful, so I can imagine that they also injected him with things, as well as his aversion to things like needles and scalpels."

She paused. "There was no mention of pain medication of any kind being administered."

Wilbur's fists were clenched so hard that they were turning white. No one was comfortable here.

Still, Eret pressed on.

"Among his notes, I saw talk of quite a few other things. He specifically talked about another thing I'd like to talk about today- has anyone heard of power breeding?"

The entire table *froze*.

"Power..." Skeppy spoke up first, obviously wanting to do anything but. "Power breeding is when two people are forced to create a child that has their combined powers, right? Or a stronger version."

"Yes. Now, I believe you all know where I'm going with this, but-" They gulped. "Tommy repeatedly used the phrases he was "designed to" do something, he was "manufactured," he was

"created" to do something specific. There was no mentions of him being born naturally. Tommy was fully convinced that he wasn't a person and was even confused, writing down-" She pulled out the sticky note tucked in her pocket and read it aloud. "They keep treating me like a person. I don't know how to feel about it. It's different. I thought things weren't supposed to be treated like people...? Was Tanaka wrong?"

This entire conversation was fucking nauseating. Everyone looked like they'd rather be somewhere else; the brunette didn't blame them. Eventually Jack spoke up, voice shakier then a grandmother's heart monitor. "*Jesus fucking Christ.*"

"Is there anything this lil' guy didn't go through?" Puffy muttered, frowning. Niki was crying. A... lot of people were crying.

"Now, I'd like to finish this topic as quickly as possible, so let's just skim through the rest." He sighed. "Several mentions of DIY surgeries, several mentions of repeated amputation, several counts of self mutilation, several counts of dehumanization and derealization, several counts of survivors guilt, several counts of PTSD- obviously. There was also one more thing- there were several counts of Tommy talking about one more person."

She sighed. "Technoblade. I think you'll be rather familiar with this case. There was near daily mentions of-" He cleared his throat. "A Chat."

Techno decided that right there, right then, he was the most invested person in the world. "What?" It came out more rushed than expected, but he had to know- did Tommy have a chat too?

"Tommy talked several times about how "irritating your chat was," including several phrases like..." She chuckled, which was very strange for the atmosphere. "Catboy Tommy, Sleepyinnit, Teachnoblade, L, Blood for the blood god- you're probably familiar with that one, and Brain demon. Got any idea what those are?"

"Yeah." He nodded. "Yeah, I do. Uh, there was this one time actually." He sighed. "It was way back. I was out, patrollin' when chat suddenly went crazy and kept tellin' me that Tommy was still up and working at the office, even though it was three in the mornin.' I went to go check, and there he was. I never really questioned that until now, because how could they have known that Tommy was still awake, right? Unless he somehow was able to share a chat with me..." He trailed off. "Well at least I know I'm probably not havin' auditory hallucinations."

"Anything else?"

"Uh, yeah. One more thing, I guess. The brain demon thing- chat was real irritated a while ago, someone kept censorin' them when they were tryin' to tell me somethin.' Kept saying that Tommy's "Brain demon" was doin' it, so he might have somethin' up there since they didn't say Tommy was doin' it himself."

That was a lot to unpack.

"So there's no way of you finding out anything about Tommy's whereabouts?"

"No."

"Excellent." She sighed. "Well, that's all I could get for the Tommy case st the moment. Does anyone want to move on to Theseus's?" A collective round of agreement rounded the table, and she switched presentations.

"I've got a video to show you all this time, the blonde in it is confirmed to have been the official

Theseus; it was taken a few years ago so this is to just give you a general idea of his characteristics." She hit play.

Sounds of flames crackled out from the speakers, and people watched in fascination as a bloodied child talked to another, significantly less bloodied child. The exchange between the two was short, but at the end Theseus did something that did not belong to any young one. The small boy, the *child* turned his head and-

Looked at them.

Shivers ran down a few people's spines, and Eret was sure they heard someone utter *real mean stare there, Blondie*.

Theseus's face changed, contorting into absolute and utter *contempt*. He mouthed out the words *when is it my turn to be saved?* before the screen cut to black.

Most people looked disturbed. Bad look on the verge of crying again.

An intern was squinting at the screen in confusion. There was no trace of fear, or even disturbance, only a faint spark of recognition.

"Charlie." He spoke. "You look thoughtful. Mind sharing?"

"Ah!" The slime waved his hand. "Well, it's just, uh.." He looked back at the screen. "I was just thinking."

"Yesh? What is it?"

"Well," He started. "Is it just me, or does Tommy kind of look like an older Theseus?"

Chapter End Notes

Ayo?

QUESTION OF THE DAY: What's your favorite word?

Something's changed

Chapter Summary

("We should meet in another life," he says. "We should meet in air, you and I.")

Chapter Notes

Trigger warning:
Amputation
Blood

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Eret's eyes widened.

Everyone seemed stunned into silence before Skeppy, master of delicacy, screamed at the top of his lungs. "WAIT, HE'S RIGHT!"

All hell broke loose.

"WE NEED A SIDE BY SIDE PICTURE COMPARISON!"

"HOW DID SOMEONE WITH GLASSES SEE IT!?"

"OH *FUCK*!"

"NOT TODAY, SATAN!"

"SIDE BY SIDE COMPARISON!"

"SIDE BY SIDE COMPARISON!"

"OH MY GOD!?"

"IS THIS WHY THEY WANTED HIM!?"

"BUT HIS EARS!"

"HIS TAIL!"

"HE'S A CAT HYBRID, HOW WOULD HE-"

"IT MAKES SO MUCH SENSE THOUGH!"

"ERET CAN YOU-"

"QUIET!" Phil shouted. After a few breaths, he met eyes with the brunette, blue gaze searing into their bones. "Eret, can we get a side by side comparison? Just edit the slides so we can see."

"Sure." She nodded. After a minute or two, she snapped her fingers. "Here."

The resemblance was uncanny. He backed away slowly and let out a breath. "Oh *wow*."

"But Tommy was a cat hybrid?" Jack cut in. "How-"

"If he had a skilled engineer, that wouldn't be a problem." Schlatt cut in, face downtrodden.

"What?"

"Tubbo was always a builder." Schlatt started. "The last time I saw him, he was making this little contraption, supposed to mimic a dog's tail that could be put on and controlled by someone. That was when he wasn't even *thirteen*. I have no doubt in my mind that he could definitely created hyperrealistic mechanics that made someone look like a cat hybrid."

"Oh." Jack looked back at the screen. "So then."

Tommy was smiling in the recent photo. No one else was smiling with him.

"Plus his name also kinda solidifies the theory." Connor cut in. "I'm not a big believer of coincidence, so the names Thomas and Theseus? They just sound kinda similar. If I was a guy who walked out into the world for the first time, would I choose a name that sounded nothing like my own? I'd choose one that sounded similar." The theory only seemed to be getting more and more true. "So all we need to do is find out Theseus's info and match it up with Tommy's?"

"Again, everything on his birth certificate was probably a lie. But if this theory is true..." She turned back to the screen. "Well, it'd certainly tie up a bunch of loose ends."

"Atlas here. Got hurt so I'm landing down in a ghost town. I'm currently trying to avoid my feathered nemesis." He whispered into his comms.

"Are you talking about Philza, or a particularly upsetting pigeon? Also make sure to get that

looked at."

"You know who I'm talking about."

"Sorry, Sorry! Have you considered throwing bird seed at him if he gets too close?"

"That doesn't work on me, why the fuck would it work on him?"

"You don't have to eat food though."

"Fair point." A pause. "He's getting close. I'll have to update later."

"Good luck, Atlas. God knows you'll need it."

He chuckled humorlessly. "Thanks, Charon."

He watched the other avian get closer.

And closer.

And closer-

Phil dropped down to the earth and began to walk on the desolate area.

Motherfucker.

"Where?" The blonde man spoke into a... phone? Who was he talking to? Tommy strained his ears.

"I saw him on the security cameras... Uh, let me get back on them, give me a moment."

"Yeah."

Shit. Are they talking about me?

"Wait, I can hear something." Phil perked up. "He's definitely around here. Is Techno still on his way?"

"Wilbur went with him."

"Why?"

"Said he still wants to ask Atlas something's as well- ah, I'm almost back on, give me a moment-"

Fuck!

"Take your time." Phil took a step closer to the wall he was hiding behind. "I've got all day."

There was too much blood, Tommy wouldn't have enough time to clean it up-

"I'm back on- oh."

"What?" Tommy was stumbling up, biting the inside of his mouth at the dull thudding of his practically amputated stump of a leg. He did not have good luck, like, seriously. Who just randomly owned a mid evil sword and had it on hand? Tommy wasn't anywhere near something painful for him yet considering he'd gotten his insides field stripped like a pistol less than twenty four hours ago and just treated it like a minor inconvenience. Still, he should really leave.

Like. Now.

His wings were bigger than Phil's, albeit slightly, but could he outfly the man? He was able to fly, yes, but could someone who'd started flying that week begin to compare with someone who'd been flying for literal *centuries*?

He decided as Phil rounded the corner that no, he could not. He still wanted to try though.

Fuck it-

Phil gasped in shock as he took off with only one leg, gritting his teeth. He was getting a bit lightheaded from the alarming amount of blood that sluggishly dripped out of his body, but he had to persist.

Keep. Moving.

It was starting to hurt a little.

Keep. Moving.

His wings faltered for a moment.

Keep. Moving.

He had to keep moving.

Just deal with it you can always heal-

Someone grabbed his hand.

"*Fledgling.*" Phil whispered. "Oh, you're *hurt*. You shouldn't be flying in those conditions-" Strange chirps came from his mouth that made Tommy relax against his will. Fledgling? He wasn't a *baby*. Still, it felt so nice. The chirps- trills? Were unnaturally calming. Stupid bird instincts.

Phil looked as affected as he was, perhaps even more with his dilated pupils. "They weren't lying." Phil whispered reverently. Was Tommy something to be revered? "Oh my god, you're actually an elytrian- oh my *god*." Phil brought him into a bone-crushing hug. "Another elytrian aside from me- you're-" He cut himself with a delighted *chirrup* before laughing. "Hi."

Tommy giggled too. When was the last time he'd felt so light? "Hello, Philza."

Wait. The pain snapped him out of his trance. He had to go. Tubbo was going to *kill* him for ruining the suit.

Maybe I can just stay hugging my flockmate forever- what.

Flockmate!? When the hell had Phil become his flockmate? When had his stupid little brain gone "oh, the heroes hunting you would be *fantastic* flockmates?"

Speaking of, where were Wilbur and Techno? He looked down lazily. The two siblings were racing to the flying figure, Wilbur stopped in terror to stare at the teen's amputated leg and pointed his brother to it. Even though the other piglin wasn't as expressive, his face contorted in a rare show of horror.

"P-Phil-" Tommy wriggled. "I'm-"

"Stop moving." Phil muttered. "Please, fledgeling?"

Tommy thrashed harder. "I'm *sorry*, I have to go."

"Where are you going?" The blonde whispered. "Why do you run?"

"I've too much to do, Phil." Tommy muttered. "And not enough time to do it."

"Don't go, Atlas. I'm begging you here." Phil didn't want to see another avian go, not after *so very* long. Atlas couldn't have been leaving yet, life couldn't be that cruel-

Tommy thrashed, and Phil's grip lessened, and life wasn't *fair*. A whisper on the wind reached the immortals ears as the other fell, dropping though the air.

"That isn't my choice to make."

The other dived, wings snapping to his sides.

Not yet-

The albino got closer to the ground.

And closer and closerandcloserandcloserandcloser-

Phil was fast. Tommy was faster.

The Crow, Father, blinked.

The Bird of Paradise, Son, vanished.

The portal hadn't opened. Tommy opened his eyes, expecting a void, and there was everything.

Everything was in front of him.

Every timeline possible. Every conceivable outcome, where butterflies bat their wings to create tsunamis on the other side of the world, where dominoes fall and bad things happen to good people-

Theseus stared at the infinite.

Every version of him stared back.

Tommy woke up at home-

Tommy stares at you. Reality fractured...

Did you do that?

(Can you hear me now?)

He collapses.

He woke up at home.

Something's changed.

The deck glows, and planets fracture as they atomise and restructure themselves, a cacophany of noise, and everything in his infinite galaxy redoes itself.

[REDACTED] screams in agony.

Something's ~~CHANGED~~.

Chapter End Notes

Something's changed.
[REDACTED]'s doing something.
Could he be changing?
Evolving, perhaps?
(Something's changed.)

QUESTION OF THE DAY: If you were the last person, what would you do? I'd paint a bunch of cities and then die

ORIGINS

Chapter Summary

He's hiding something from Tommy.

[REDACTED] is hiding something from his *raison d'être*.

Chapter Notes

Trigger warning:

Panic attack

Blood

Fun fact: the reason why tommy was in such pain when his wings came out of his skin wasn't because his pain tolerance was low back then* it just also meant that his bones were finishing hollowing themselves out. Haha! Ow.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Before destruction, there is always creation. You cannot destroy something that does not exist.

[REDACTED], also known as Dac, knew this. [REDACTED], technically, did not exist. The entity did have a physical form, it could make itself (himself? It'd been so long since he was-) himself solid and present, he did have a body in the real world, though it was...

Well, it was, uh...

...

...That didn't matter.

There was one completely and undeniable fact about him and the card's connection- he wasn't in control.

He was never in control of the cards.

Sure, he could shape outcomes of what Tommy would pull and used that more often than usual, but he was never in full control of the cards themselves. [REDACTED] changed the outcomes, he changed the setting he was in when he floated in the void, but-

Something *changed*.

The deck, it seems, was ready for something he'd never seen it do before, and he'd been with it from the start.

("What are you?" A shaking figure stared at a black, sluglike thing lying on the other side of the testing chamber. "What do you want from me?"

It moved closer.

"Stop." He whispered. "Stop it. Stop it now. Stop it NOW, I DON'T WANNA-"

It touched him. He stopped moving after that.)

He was with it from the *very* beginning.

Tommy groaned. Were all the headaches he'd gotten so sudden? What was going on?

Blood dripped from his nose. Blood dripped from his eyes. His teeth felt sharper.

He heard someone scream in his ears, but no one was in the room.

...!

He blacked out, and he

he DI-

The only problem was that blood wasn't supposed to be *gold*.

"W-What-" The albino looked around. He was in... [REDACTED]'s void? Everything looked so decimat-

A shrill shriek ripped through the air, and he whipped his head around only to see [REDACTED] writhing in pain. "R-Redacted?"

"No, no, I promise I was good, it hurts- please stop- TARO, PLEASE-" He screamed.

"Redacted!" Tommy reached for the taller. "Hey, it's alright, it's okay-"

"No, no, please don't call me that, Taro, I'm sorry, that's not my name-"

"It's Tommy."

"T-Tommy?" It uncovered it's face. "Oh, Tomm-Tomm..y? Tommy! Tommy. Hi, Tommy." He was twitching erratically, head occasionally snapping to the side. "It hurts."

"I know."

"I'm not in control, Tommy."

"I know."

"I think I'm dying, Tommy."

"Are you?" The albino moved to look through his unnaturally tall companion. "Or do you just think that?"

"I think that you have a question you're not asking, Tommy."

"I'm afraid." He said truthfully. "Of what you'll say."

"If you spend your whole life being afraid, then you'll never know happiness. Do you want to live a life full of regrets, Tommy?" The pain was unbearable. The consequences were unimaginable.

("I'm your consequence, Theseus.")

Let's dance in hell together. Let's be sinners, you and I.

"I already do." A moment passed, and dark tar began to seep down [REDACTED]'s face. Wait, it was already there? The avian's vision was blurry. The question tumbled out of his mouth with crackling notes and whispered words, fractals of shattered timelines and broken promises filling his lungs as all the air he'd ever need.

I can afford to be wrong.

"Who was Taro? Who were you?"

Can you?

He blinked, and was back home. His leg was healed. There wasn't blood anywhere, but he felt the dull throb of a headache in his temples and a faint smell of metallic nature.

He wasn't entirely sure if it was blood.

"You can't hide the truth from me forever, Redacted." He paused. "Or whatever your actual name is."

(Tommy's headache grew.)

[REDACTED] didn't like reminiscing. Going too far back was dangerous. Thinking about Before was dangerous. The Before was dangerous.

The After was better.

He still hurt sometimes, in the After, but it was better.

He was admittedly lonely here, though. Floating in nothingness for long, devoid of sensation and devoid of companionship besides the [*****] was hell.

And then Tommy'd shown up ~~again~~ for the first time.

And just like that, [REDACTED] found his *raison d'être*. His reason to live.

Tommy had unknowingly saved it, and as strained and tense as their first ~~first?~~ meeting had been, it was *something*. Something after so long. How long had it been since he'd talked to a human? How many years had he been stuck in here? Time passed differently in his void, he knew for a fact that he was older than the Before.

...Which is pretty obvious, now that they think about it. Everybody *ages*. It's completely normal.

He was completely normal.

That's what he told himself as he convulsed over and over, body ripping itself in two in a dying galaxy.

("You'll survive. Probably.")

Where had he heard that before?

"You look like shit."

"I feel like shit." Tommy groaned. "Ranboo, when's the last time I slept?"

"I think right now you're hitting the two and a half week mark. You should go get some rest, Tommy."

"Nah." He groaned, cracking his back with what was a concerning amount of pops. "I probably just need to go get a shower or something."

"..." Tubbo stared before sighing. "Just be careful. I'm going to talk to the heroes in a few hours again, so you don't wanna miss out on that."

"Oh, fun." The elytrian's feet skidded on the ground, eyes drooping. "Come get me when you do that."

"Okay." Tubbo waved his hand as if he was shooing a particularly annoying pest. "Go, you smell like a corpse."

Tommy laughed. "That's because I am one, Tubbo. What's your excuse?"

"YOU-"

Tommy's nest was incredibly comfortable.

Incredibly.

He'd realised that the reason he never quite liked sleeping on beds was because he was supposed to sleep in a nest.

Wack.

At least it explained why he'd always taken what little personal belongings he'd had before he escaped- a pillow, two paper thin blankets, and an extra hospital gown, and turned them into a miniature, albeit crappy nest. The boy turned over and flicked on several switches, each connecting to a different heat blanket.

Now he, Tubbo, and Ranboo were well stocked in the money department. Hearts by themselves went for no less than a *million dollars*, so yeah, that meant that they'd done what any teenager would do and made a ball pit in their super secret lair.

A *big* ball pit.

When Ranboo had gotten back from his patrol and asked he the hell they'd gotten all the small plastic toys, much less made a new room in less than a few hours, Tubbo had simply shrugged and pointed to Tommy.

The elytrian seemed like the cause for most of their strange events.

The point is, he could afford almost whatever he wanted now. Tommy was tempted to sell his heart until he could buy a small island and name it Big Man island. The first thing he'd bought was blankets and rugs and all the other absolutely delightful things his little bird brain could muster. The second thing he'd done was give everyone their own spacious cave-like rooms and had gleefully gone to decorate his.

("Oh man, this is gonna be awesome." He looked around at the room. "Now, what should I do first...?" The albino snapped his fingers and tumbling out of a portal were his LEGALLY bought store items, like blankets and pillows and two mattresses that he ripped up and put in a pile.

"Nest time." He muttered, grabbing a shovel.

After twenty painstaking minutes the boy had constructed a sizable hole in the middle of his floor. The first stuff that went in was the mauled mattresses, providing padding. The second thing that he added were a few pillows, carefully lining the outer edges for added softness. Tommy lined up his heating blankets carefully, all plugging them up yet not turning them on. The feathered teen next added were the blankets- soft and comfortable. His nest was beginning to look like a proper nest (he didn't know how he knew that, it just felt right, he thought) but it still lacked something...

He added more pillows.

Perfect.)

He nestled into the pit, chirping happily. This was a sensation he'd never get rid of, honestly.

It was so nice, like a warm hug. Encompassing and safe, it was something to put him at ease when the rest of the world felt like it was going to hell in a hand basket.

Huh. That was a nice metaphor. Perhaps he should use it more often.

...Whatever. Tommy sighed and felt clouds cover his mind, ignorant to the typing of Tubbo's monitor in the main room.

It's probably nothing.

He passed out for the second time that day.

Chapter End Notes

Tommy's bedroom layout is just

Weapon rack

Nest pit (large)

And then the little glow in the dark stars slapped on his ceiling that's all he has in there

QUESTION OF THE DAY: If you had to eat one thing for the rest of your life, what would it be? I would choose salad because if you just put a bunch of stuff in a bowl (and cut it up) it counts as a salad. Fruits in a bowl? Fruit salad. Hamburgers in a bowl? Hamburger salad. Tacos in a bowl? You already what the fuck is up

LESSONS

Chapter Summary

Tommy forgets his lessons. An impromptu meet up with an old face makes them all rush back to him.

("Do you remember the first lesson you were taught?")

Chapter Notes

I'm stuck in an office depot with tech guy and one directions been playing on the speakers for the past hour and a half. Tech guy says to join the server or he'll grind your teeth into a powder and pickle your organs before forcing your family to feast on them. This is a tech guy joke (he isn't joking send help I think today is the day I die by his hand)

Trigger warnings:
Skin grafts

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"You've been pacing for two hours. You're going to run the carpet ragged."

"Ah-" Phil stopped. "Sorry, sorry. I just-"

"Was thinking about Atlas?"

"Yeah." The man sighed. Wilbur looked unimpressed. "Don't act like you haven't been thinking about Tommy for a few hours per day st least!"

Wilbur paused. "Oh, shut it, you. Can I not be worried for my br- friend?"

"Huh?"

"What?"

"I just thought you were about to say something else." The winged blonde raised an eyebrow.

"Were you about to say brother?"

"No!"

"You were!" Phil gasped.

"No!"

"Aw, is Tommy part of your pack now?" He grinned. "Don't worry, I see him as part of my flock too, there's no need to be embarrassed."

"You see Atlas as part of your pack- er, flock too."

"Be quiet."

"Nah."

"Respect your-"

"-Elders or die, you little shit. Yeah, I know."

"Oh no." The man groaned dramatically. "I've become *predicable*."

"Oh, you're getting a lot of bird seed, huh?" The woman, a short redhead cashier with kind chocolate eyes rang him up. "What kind of bird do you own?"

"Uh..." He paused, disguised as a forty year old shulker hybrid. *I don't know any fucking birds! What am I supposed to say!?* "All of them."

"I-" She stopped. "Huh?"

"All of the birds." The teen said. "I own all of the birds."

She stared, not at all believing him. "...Okay then. Which is your favorite?"

Fuck! Shit! "The one with the feathers." He sounded brimming with confidence despite the fact that this particular situation warranted *none at all*.

"Uh huh." She looked at him judgementally which made Tommy a lot angrier than it should have. This woman- he checked her nametag- *Samantha* who worked at a *pet store* was judging him.

This is why he hated socialising. He wished to become a rock.

"Name three types of birds, then."

"The..." His brain stalled. "...Okay fine, you got me."

"Just tell me what you're going to do with the birdseed, dude." She looked exhausted. "It's not like you're going to eat it or anything, uh.." She squinted at him. He, ever helpful, gave her his name. "My name's Obama."

"Of course it is."

"That is my real name."

"I understand..." She cringed. "Mr. Obama."

"Thank you."

"I actually don't have to be legally required to give you this birdseed unless I know what you're going to do with it, sir."

"That's Mr. Obama to you." He scoffed. "And I suppose I can tell you, as long as you tell no one else." He paused. "Do you know the hero Philza?"

"The winged man? Yes." She looked at him curiously.

"Well, my friend- he's a vigilante, by the way-" She froze. He carried on, unbothered. In his lane. Hydrated. Flourishing. "I'm going to give him this bird seed so he can follow Philza around and throw it at him."

"You..." She stared at him. There were tears brimming in the woman's eyes at this point. He was ninety percent sure this conversation warranted more braincells than either of them had. "*What*."

"Let me purchase my birdseed, Samantha."

She sobbed. "What the *fuck*."

"Hey, it's alright." He consoled. "I know not everyone can pelt Philza Minecraft with seeds as graciously and righteously as my friend. I know it's a lot to handle."

"Why the hell are you so *weird?!?*" She cried.

His face contorted in what might've been *offense* had he been a lesser man. "Hey, before you speak, consider- is it kind? Is it helpful? Is it necessary? I don't think what you said was any of those things, Samantha. Let's both be courteous here."

Her face was screwed up in what seemed to be both physical and emotional pain, managing to appear as if she'd gone through every stage of grief at once. "Of course."

"Thank you."

"That'll be thirty ninety nine, Mr. Obama." She wiped her face, pain making way for exhaustion. Tommy hummed. "Awesome." He took out a wad of cash, six hundred dollars at least, and tossed it on the counter. "Thank you so much! I'll be taking my leave now, Samantha."

She gaped at the cash in shock, tripping over her words. "O-Of course, sir!" The woman hesitated to tell him to come back any time, but after a considering gaze at the wad, made sure he nodded at her request before standing back at her cash register.

At least it was entertaining, she thought.

The first thing Tommy did when he got back to his room was toss the twelve large bags of birdseed into a random corner, taking the thirteenth one and settling into his nest with it, tearing into the plastic packaging hungrily and eating it by the handful. This shit? It was his cocaine. It was delicious. It was scrumptious. Birdseed was so incredibly tasty, and he didn't give a single fuck about the fact that he would have to empty out his stomach later.

Ranboo watched in abject horror from the doorway as he watched his closest friend go down on a bag of birdseed, shovelling it into his mouth with sounds that were distinctly inhuman. For several minutes the unrelenting pace of seed consumption his companion had set seemed unstoppable, but the white haired boy stopped about halfway into the bag. Ranboo approached cautiously; would Tommy bite, now that he'd had his fill of birdseed? Was he less inclined to commit bodily harm?

"Tommy?"

He received a groan in response. "Bamboo."

"Um." How does one respond to that? "I'm Ranboo, not bamboo."

"So sorry." Tommy hefted himself up. "It was a terribly easy mistake to make, pay no mind to it. What do you need?"

"We're about to patrol and were wondering if you wanted to come with."

"Oooh, hell yeah. Lemme get my suit on."

"Alright. Tubbo says it'll be a casual patrol, more for appearances than anything. He even suggested that we go out and just do stuff in our uniforms."

"I-" Tommy took his shirt off. "-see. Just donstuff, huh?"

"Yeah? Wait, what do you have in mind?"

This is how the albino found him and his friends throwing birdseed at Philza.

"Guys, I-" Atlas whispered. "Oh shit, does he see us?"

The blonde man was looking around in confusion. After a while, he just opened his mouth and let the boys toss birdseed in it which was an absolute sight to see. After getting tired of this, the man launched himself up in the air to search for the perpetrators, causing the three boys to wheeze their hearts out.

The boys laughed, unaware of the storm that approached closer.

Just an ordinary night.

That's all it was supposed to be.

Just an ordinary night.

Of course this shit can never be easy, can it?

Tubbo swayed as he finished typing something into the holographic screens his eye had pulled up, choosing to switch from the large monitor to his simple projections, claiming them to be "much more efficient" when in reality, he just wanted to sit on the beanbags.

Tommy didn't really mind it, instead electing to read two books at once which Ranboo *definitely* gave him a few weird looks for. Tubbo was either used to it at this point, or too immersed in his screens to care. Was it worrying that Tommy couldn't figure out which it was? The other enderman hybrid had no right to judge, just a few minutes earlier he'd seen the man forget he was allergic to water and attempt to take a bath.

That didn't go well, as evidenced by the fact that as soon as they'd gotten out, they wrote a sticky note and put it on their wall that said in all caps "DO NOT TOUCH WATER, IT WILL BITE YOU."

It was in all honesty, fucking hilarious. Ranboo thought otherwise.

"Alrgh, Tommy! I've got your files all ready and pulled up here-" The ram hybrid swiped his hand to let a screen float above his friend who took it gratefully. "It has all your information from the facility."

"Awesome." The albino scanned over it hungrily. It had everything on him, his gender, his height, his weight, his... uh... skin grafts.

He stared at those.

Hm... A piglin, a phantom, and two enderman.

A piglin, phontom, and two enderman were used as his skin grafts.

Joy.

At least the enderman part wasn't that disturbing, due to the fact that apparently, his heretige consisted of some enderman. Quite a few, by the looks of it. Did that mean he was enderman enough to get a few of their traits, but not enough to actually get hurt by water? Tommy wondered if that was intentional.

Probably.

The profile photo they'd taken stared hatefully back at him.

He eventually got to the relationships part of his bio, and the elytrian decided to skim through it just for fun.

My Grandmother and father? Both deceased. I don't know what I was expecting there. My mother? Deceased. My father? Damnit, same. Ariadne, very positive, Tana-

He paused.

Huh?

But Clementine was *dead*. He'd watched her die. So why didn't it say deceased as well? Tommy lips pursed.

What's going on?

"You alright, big man?"

"I'm good." His eyes flicked every which way around the room trying to connect the dots.

Okay then, let's say she's alive. He thought to himself, grinding the spark of hope underneath his metaphorical heel into the dirt. *How would she have even been revived? Dream's able to do that, but he has no contact with the sci-*

A feeling of dread started to form in his stomach. *I rescued him from them a while ago. Of course they were going to capitalize on his appearance, as forced as it might've been. So then what would they want from her?*

(The pain was unbearable. The consequences were unimaginable.)

Leverage.

(*"I'm your consequence, Theseus."*)

Bait.

(The storm was only beginning to hit.)

They want me back.

(Don't you know-)

Because they would never let me go that easily.

(-that heroes don't get happy endings?)

"Tubbo." He rasped. God, his voice didn't even sound like his own anymore, *fuck*. "I need you to open the security cameras for the site you got this from. Now."

"...Alright."

(*"Do you remember?"*)

No, no, this wasn't real-

"I'm on." Tommy looked up and down in a frenzy, frantically looking at each holding cell. He only barely managed to start feeling disappointment when two sharp eyes stared back at him, a cutting blue.

("Remember what?")

They were staring back at the camera.

She was staring back at the camera.

("The first lesson you were taught.")

Chapter End Notes

I don't know where I could put this in the story, so I'll just slap it in here- the reason why Wilbur used to share Techno's accent is because Phil used to be absent a lot, causing then both to develop butchered English. When the elytrian realised that hey, he actually needed to be a good parent and started actually hanging around his kids, Wilbur (unintentionally) took on the man's British accent. Techno was a quiet kid, so he kept his original accent due to the fact that he didn't have to use his voice much, therefore never developing a british type accent. Wilbur pretends it doesn't bother him when Techno looks him in the eyes and refers to his jumper as a "sweater"

If I don't see someone talk about the seed scene then I'm going to be very upset I write it when I was so sleep deprived that I circled all the way back to being funny and that only happens once in a blue moon

QUESTION OF THE DAY: If you were a witch, what would your familiar be? I'd go with a classic black cat, or a crow

Tommy no-

Chapter Summary

Tommy is a sensible teen.

This, of course, doesn't mean that he chooses to apply his common sense to basic situations that clearly scream danger. The opposite, actually

Also known as haHa Tommy stop what you're doing

Chapter Notes

Trigger warning:

Amputation

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Is that Clementine?" Tubbo whispered. "I thought she was dead?"

"She was." Tommy stuttered out, disbelieving. "What- how's she *back*?"

She looked older. Much more worn out. Did people age in the afterlife, or was it just the exhaustion in her eyes that was throwing them off?

Huh.

The ram hybrid zoomed in. "Wow. It's really her, huh?"

"It might not be. I don't want to get my hopes up only for it to be someone else."

"So then..." Ranboo started. "What do we do?"

"We should portal her out." Tommy said immediately. "Just the right thing to do."

"We need to go about it logically." Tubbo interjected. "Yes, portalling in might be a good idea, but don't you need an afterplan? You can't just go in there, grab her, and then portal out."

"Why not?"

"..." There was no response for a minute. The boy finally sighed. "Fine. We still need to get her a room. She also needs a prosthetic by the looks of it. Look at her leg." He was right, there was a bloody stump that completely removed the limb. It lied on the other side of the room.

...Had she ripped it off herself?

Tommy hissed in sympathy. "And she doesn't have regeneration like I do."

"I guess you could say that she takes after you?"

"She's my older sister."

"Older is right." Ranboo muttered. "But aside from that, we still need to get her a room."

"And free feminine products!" Tubbo chirped. "I know that sounds out of the blue, but it is an actual pain to get them, and I doubt she's gonna tell us when she's on her period."

"Fair point, fair point." Tommy nodded. "We'll also have to get her pain medication, then. I think we just need pain medication in general, actually. Ma-" He sighed. "Okay, shopping list. Let me get a piece of paper." The teen reached inside a portal and pulled out his desired paper and pen. In a font that would put any popular white girl in high school to shame, Ranboo took the paper and wrote wrote *Shopping List For The Maybe Sister*.

After a few minutes of brainstorming, the boys had come up with a few things.

Shopping List For The Maybe Sister

- Feminine products
- Pain medication
- Chocolate
- Blankets
- Deodorant
- Toothbrush + toothpaste
- Hair stuff (tubbo says he needs shampoo for his fur so get that too)
- Skincare stuff
- Towels
- New clothes!!
- Hairbrushes for everyone honestly
- Lotion
- Pillows
- Shoes
- We can get more stuff for her later

"Right, is this good?"

"Looks good to me."

"Same here! Oh, and can I get more toothpaste as well?"

"We got you some more three days ago?"

"Oh yeah, I need it for my horns." Tommy paused. "...What?"

"To clean my horns? They're bones too."

"..."

"..."

"Why are you two looking at me like that!?"

"Horns are made of keratin, Tubbo. Not calcium."

Ranboo confusedly put *horncare??????* on the list.

Æ

Thoughts off: I just ran into whisper fjdbjsjdbdjsns

Panic! At the panic: WHAT

Chimken nunget: story now

Thoughts off: so like, I was looking for my sweet sweet fur shampoo (I use this one rlly specific brand its fantastic) and a Cliché Movie Moment happened

Chimken nunget: k

Thoughts off: I reached for the bottle and he reached for the bottle as well since it was the last one and we just bumped hands

Chimken nunget: did you stare into each others eyes as an undying romance began to blossom between you two, rose petals falling around as angels sung in the distance?

Thoughts off: no I stole the bottle and ran off

Panic! At the panic: WHY

Thoughts off: IT WAS THE LAST BOTTLE

Panic! At the panic: at least you didn't say anything to him...

Thoughts off: oh haha

Panic! At the panic: ?

Thoughts off: about that

Chimken nunget: fuckin hell what did you say

Thoughts off: well I didn't SAY anything to him

Did I hiss, grab the bottle, and then scamper off? Maybe

Chimken nunget: currently losing my fucking mind in isle six

Thoughts off: DONT LAUGH AT ME

Chimken nunget: why shouldn't I (derogatory)

Thoughts off: you are a menace to society tommy innit

Chimken nunget: and? go hiss at Wilbur or smthn

Thoughts off: STOP

Panic! At the panic: wait his name is Wilbur

Chimken nunget: yeah? What did you think it was, fucking Steve?

Panic! At the panic: I thought it was Wally

Chimken nunget: y

You what

Panic! At the panic: I thought his name was wally.....

Chimken nunget: I'm crying this is so fucking funny

Thoughts off: LMAO WALLY

Chimken nunget: ah yes my favorite hero, wally

Panic! At the panic: DONT BULLY ME

Chimken nunget: I'm going to bully you so hard

Thoughts off: oh yeah that reminds me

Chimken nunget: ?

Panic! At the panic: ?

Thoughts off: I found a duck I'm keeping it

Panic! At the panic: NO

Chimken nunget: my brethren.....

Panic! At the panic: PUT IT DOWN

Chimken nunget: name it lemon

Thoughts off: I don't want to name it lemon

Chimken nunget: why not

Thoughts off: I want to name it Benson :/

Chimken nunget: hm

I HAVE AN IDEA

Thoughts off: ?

Chimken nunget: his name is Benson but you spell it like lemon

Thoughts off: ????

Chimken nunget: like when you say "oh yeah my duck's name is Benson" and people will ask you how to spell it and you just "l-e-m-o-n"

Spell it lemon but pronounce it benson

Thoughts off: oh my god you're a genius

Panic! At the panic: we are not keeping the duck

Thoughts off: his NAME is lemon

Chimken nunget: (pronounced benson)

Thoughts off: yes pronounced benson

Panic! At the disco: we don't even know how to take care of a duck????

Chimken nunget: actually

Panic! At the disco:

Chimken nunget: I know a guy

Thoughts off: yeah isn't your brother a duck hybrid???

Panic! At the panic: his what

Chimken nunget: yeah

Panic! At the panic: WHAT

Chimken nunget: don't worry about it do you want beef ramen

Panic! At the panic: you're insane

The both of you

Chimken nunget: that wasn't a no I'm putting it in the basket

Panic! At the panic: sigh

Chimken nunget: don't worry I'll get you some chorus fruit too

Panic! At the panic: :0

Chimken nunget: its actually p good

Panic! At the panic: wait, only enderman/ enderman hybrids can eat it without getting affected???

Chimken nunget: ...

Panic! At the panic: ??????

OH

YOU'RE PART ENDERMAN?????????

Chimken nunget: not as much as you but yes

Panic! At the panic: oh my god this makes so much sense (I thought all enderman hybrids were a bit taller?)

Chimken nunget: elytrians are naturally short, it balances out

I'm taller then average anyways

Panic! A the panic: ohhhhh

Chimken nunget: well there is this one guy I know who's an elytrian but is 16'9

Panic! At the panic: what

Thoughts off: whisper found me again I'm running

Panic! At the panic: WHAT

Thoughts off: he's fast

Panic! At the panic: really living up to my name right now

My life is too much of the panic and not enough of the disco

Chimken nunget: you signed away your soul when you agreed to be our friend

Panic! At the panic: I want a refund

Chimken nunget: overruled

Panic! At the panic: can I at least get a

Chimken nunget: no

Thoughts off: this specific conversation feels very familiar and I don't know why

Chimken nunget: probably just a dream you had or smthn

Thoughts off: yeah

Probably

It was late at night.

Tommy should be sleeping right now. Why was he up? Why was he out of his nest? Why was he leaving the warehouse?

Clementine's in danger, his mind screamed. *She needs to get out of there soon.*

He tensed as he flew into the air.

I have to provide that.

This was a bad idea. This was a horrible idea. Both Tubbo and Ranboo were both sound asleep at home, and the risk of getting caught was far too high.

It doesn't matter.

(They'd be sad, Tommy.)

Chat blared in his ears, begging him to not do it. [REDACTED] blared in his ears with the same pleading request.

("NO!!!! GET TECHNO GET TECHNO GO GO GO PHIL GET PHIL")

"GO!" [REDACTED] screamed. "NOW, NOW, NOW! TELL THEM! TOMMY, YOU'D BETTER STOP RIGHT THIS INSTANT!")

He ignored them.

(You'll have to face Tanaka and Alex again.)

He ignored that too, and proceeded to fly closer to his personal demise.

I can't fail her again.

Chapter End Notes

TOMMY STOP YOU IDIOT

QUESTION OF THE DAY: do y'all have any headcannons about the characters? If so, what are they?

Hermano

Chapter Summary

Quackity's ready for family bonding, even though he and Tommy's meet up situation was... less than ideal.

Hermano means brother in Spanish my heart is doing entire backflips

Chapter Notes

WOOOO LETS FUCKING GOOOOO I PROMISE MAKING QUACKMIESTER
TOMMY'S BROTHER WASN'T AS IMPULSIVE AS YOU THOUGHT
OHOHOHO

It was actually incredibly impulsive but I'm KEEPING IT ANYWAYS
also can you imagine what quackity's gonna be like when he hears that he has an entire
extra fuckin sibling just "oh shit theres more of
you?? What the
fuck??" Needless to say he's
gonna be v confused

Trigger warning:

Religious imagery(?)
Blood
Panic attack

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

This was so stupid.

This was *so* stupid.

Unfortunately, Tommy had a special little thing that he liked to call his *dumbass override*. It's where he didn't make any plans whatsoever and instead went in, guns blazing. He found it funny that he, such a calculated and planned out person, threw any sense of rationality out the window

when it came to the people he ~~loved~~ cared about.

(What he does not realise is that it extends far beyond a simple foolish act, it is an absolute show of devotion, of loyalty. Theseus is not a trusting man, but he'd put his life in a select few people's hands.)

He remembered Wilbur's rescue and chuckled. It sounded bitter.

(Getting off the floor of the Minecraft's house didn't require thought. Bursting through the door didn't require any thought. Weaving through the flames didn't require any thought.

Picking up Wilbur's body was practically second nature, and he feared the concept of becoming familiar of hoisting up his friend's near-dead bodies again.

~~When you picked up Wilbur's wasn't the first time you did that, that's why it was so very gut wrenchingly familia-~~

His feet moved on their own; his brain stopped comprehending what he should do, and in most cases, he only got what he wanted, who he wanted done through a haze of violence. The rose tinted glasses he'd never had melted into his eyes, turning into a red haze of anger that settled into the hollows of his bones and made him the version of him that he desperately hated.

Cruel. Detached. Unforgiving and unmerciful, only feeding off of everyone else's suffering.

Perhaps he was the parasite, he thought as he scanned the city below. Perhaps he was the thing that drained the life out of anything and everything he loved, in the end it was the dregs of his humanity (hybridity?) that caused everyone so much pain.

When he was young, he desperately prayed to any higher power that he could one day be able to feel love- the emotion that he'd seen wars waged over, blood spilt and hours poured into secret letters their secret loves would never lay eyes on. Love was something so incredibly real, yet so, so impossible.

But his love was wrong. It wasn't safe- everything he did, it was all for love. It was all to save the people he would burn the world down for and laugh, and that was a dangerous feeling. Tommy was a motive, waiting to happen.

(Hands clasped together with blood running down his face, Theseus begged with his whole unfeeling heart to be able to love, to know what it was like to truly care for another. The words burned on the tip of his tongue, dancing like the gleeful imps of hell and scorching the inside of his mouth. Back then, he'd wondered why it felt less like a prayer to a god and more like a deal with a devil.)

Now as the weight of his shame felt like stones in his stomach, he wished he wasn't such a foolish child.

(How can you fly when the weight of your sins is a constant presence?)

The voices shrieked in his mind, all begging for him to *stop what he was doing*, that he wasn't making the right choice. He knew that they were right ~~stupid little Theseus, always getting ahead of yourself, aren't you-~~

No, no, no, no. No. No? Nonononono. No.

No.

No.

No

No

No

No

NO

NO-

His wings stuttered, and he had to make an emergency landing on the rooftop of a bakery. The air was frigid, and he didn't even stop to question whether it was his own ~~dead-cold-undecomposable~~ ~~freakish-disgusting-horrifying~~ body.

(Just his body just his body just his body nothing was wro-)

"What am I doing?" He whispered. "No, no, I- I need to *go*." His legs decided to do the exact opposite, collapsing under him as he curled up. Why were his eyes watering? Why was he letting out broken little chirps that sounded less like the content ones he'd always had, why did they sound like they were calling for help? He didn't need help. He didn't.

~~("There's nothing to be ashamed of, Toms." She'd said warmly. "Everyone needs he-")~~

Fuck off, fuck OFF. *Help?* He didn't need any goddamn *help*. He didn't need anyone, he didn't need anything, what- what was going on? Why was he shaking why were his eyes watering why why whywhywhywhywhywhywhywhywhywhywhywhywhywhy-

"This was a bad idea." He said. "I should've stayed home." He said. "I don't want to be here anymore." He said.

His legs refused to cooperate. His eyes refused to- why were his goggles fogging up? Why was his vision fogging up?

He had so many questions, couldn't he just get an answer?

Tommy ripped his eyewear off and threw it on the other side of the roof. He felt like a *child*, curled up in his stupid, foolish little fetal position, head on his knees as his wings wrapped around his body; a crude imitation of what he tried to remember a hug was like. When was the last time he'd been hugged? He tried to remember, thinking back, and back, and back, and back

And back

And back

And back

And ba

 C_k

A

And

Bac

K

And

Back

And-

And he stopped trying to remember after that.

"I'm supposed to be the mature one." The elytrian wiped his eyes to no avail. "I'm supposed to be the strong one; why can't I get up? I don't want to be faulty-" His body jerked to the side as he covered his masked mouth and wailed.

"Oh god, what's wrong with me?" He couldn't stop shaking, why was he so terrified? Everything was too much, the lights from buildings, the music playing in the distance, the person getting closer-

What?

Who was getting closer, what-

They knelt down in front of him, eyes soft. He couldn't tell who it was. All he could do was force out a sentence, creaking his vocal cords into action and rasping out, "Please just get it over with."

"What?"

"Just hurt me and leave." Tommy whispered. "Please."

Warm arms enveloped him. He froze.

I know who this is.

"Huh?" Was what he managed to say instead.

"It's okay now." Quackity whispered. "Your big brother's here." Internally he was both seething and cheering because one, *who the fuck did this to Tommy*, and two, *oh shit I've wanted to use that sentence for so long fuck yeah I'm now an official older brother!!!!*

He crooned softly, but didn't let up. "Just let me *die*." Darkness edged his vision. He wasn't sure if he should've fought it.

He was so tired.

"I would never do that to you, *hermano*."

The albino gave into the call of sleep, and Quackity was left with a snoozing boy in his arms.

He sighed. "At least I was in the area..."

(Coincidence doesn't exist though, does it?)

It was quiet in the house.

Wait, this nest didn't smell like his regular nest. Where was he? Didn't he fall asleep? Wasn't... He racked his brain. Quackity was there, right? How much time had passed?

Through the power of his fantastic deduction, he was able to determine that Quackity had taken him to his home (one of his homes? You can't just be a mafia boss and also not be rich as balls, he reasoned.) where the man had put him in his nest, which definitely didn't make Tommy trill happily. The thought of someone trusting him with something so personal...

It was flattering, in a word.

(He was not embarrassed. Anyone who says otherwise is a fat fucking *liar*.)

Liar, liar, liar, liar. He didn't like that word, and cut off his train of thought before it became too dangerous.

Aside from that, where was Quackity? The man-

As if summoned by the mere thought of his brother, Quackity popped his head in through the door. "You're awake! I was worried. Your little amigos have been trying to message you nonstop, man." A baton with flickering lights on it was tossed to him- his bo staff? "I think they're going to skin me alive."

"Don't worry." He tapped on the hexagon absentmindedly, watching a small screen pop up. "I'm sure Charon wouldn't. The opposite is probably true for Aries though, he stole my organs." The twenty year old choked. "*What*."

"I have hyper regeneration. We sold my organs and got serious money, I can always regrow them. Did you know that hearts by themselves sell for at least a million dollars?" He paused. "Let's hope Aries doesn't decide that yours is worth selling." It was a joke, but the way the other man paled made Tommy tack on a, "Don't worry, I won't let it get to that. He has a consistent organ donor at the moment, so I don't think he'll want to. He might take one of your fingers though."

"Your teammate is a fucking psychopath, Tommy."

"I mean, we all are." Tommy paused. "Did you think my sanity would be completely intact after the shit that happened?"

"Fair enough. I brought you some tacos." Quackity changes the subject and gestures to the little platter he had brought when he walked in. Tommy blinked confusedly before bringing his brother's entire world to shambles.

"What's a taco?"

The air is permeated with a tense silence before an outraged shriek emanates from the Mexican sitting across from him.

"YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT A TACO IS!?"

Chapter End Notes

QUESTION OF THE DAY: do you have any funny childhood stories? I can't think of any of mine at the moment, so you get one of Tech Guy's! "Both my parents (except dad, as per usual) were home and I had a master plan to steal a bar of chocolate I knew was in the pantry. So I was VERY mischievous about it, I ran into the kitchen, immediately grabbed the chocolate while making eye contact with everyone to show that I was the alpha male, and immediately ran out. I went to my office and hid under the desk. I then ravenously shoved the entire thing into my mouth, shovelling pieces of it into my gaping maw like I was a new york rat who'd just stolen a homeless man's slice of pizza. My mother came storming in for the chocolate, as she wanted to eat it and not my grubby little seven year old self. (It is at a point which I, the author, interject with a simple " Typical.") I'm still packing in the delectable diabetes inducing bar but fucking vaccuming it down my gullet a bit quieter. In the midst of of me absorbing the bar. Then, I don't really know how to describe this, but it's like that one moment in movies where the villain finds the victim's hiding spot and you can just see their feet. Then like the psychotic shit she is, she goes "Ohhhhhh I wonder is she ISSSSSS" like miss trunchbull, except she does not call me a rude name like in the movie. She is still as wrathful as the woman, and I wholeheartedly beluve she did this on purpose. Then, I hear creaking like a saloon in the movies because she's an old bitch, her head peeks down to my field of vision. She silently stops to mervel at my pure insanity, only rivalled by Dionysius himself. Then, in a stunning moment of clarity, she thinks, "Wow, this would be a fantastic moment to take a picture." And then she did. Then she just. Laughed at me. And took my FUCKING CHOCOLATE BAR THAT BITCH! SHE ATE THE REMAINING BUT IN FRONT OF ME GLEEFULLY, AND THAT IS WHY I COMPARED HER TO MISS TRUNCHBULL BECAUSE OF THAT ONE SCENE WHERE THAT SHIFTY BITCH EATS ALL THE GODDAMN CHOCOLATES! IN FRONT OF MISS HONEY! Anyways, that's the end of the story. Wait, why are you typing this?" -tech guy

I got mauled after lmao

Clementine POV? In MY chapter? It's more likely then you'd think

Chapter Summary

Clementine's a smart girl.

Chapter Notes

Trigger warnings:

Suicide attempt

Mentions of Clementine's past

Skeletons

Ridiculous amounts of corpses

Body horror

Bodily fluids

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The fluorescents were annoying.

Flikker. Flikker. The sound practically drove her mad.

At exactly 11:30, 12:45, and 2:10 they'd flicker. No, not flicker. Go out for a minute or two. On the 2:10 dot, they went out for precisely three minutes and forty six seconds.

Those were the numbers Clementine seared into her brain.

She didn't know why they flickered, probably bad wiring if she had to guess. The scientists were irritated about it, the experiments were elated. It was just a few minutes each day that there were (usually) no tests. Her friend was a small creeper hybrid in the cell next to her, he was the "test run" to see if Dream could truly revive things. He barely retained any memory from his past life, but the boy had talked about a kind man named Sam. He'd died not even a year old, yet when he got revived he was six. The explanation was most likely that whenever someone would get revived, their body would rapidly grow and mature to the age they were supposed to be- if someone had died at three and got revived two years later, they'd physically be five.

Physically.

The funny thing was that after you died, time worked a lot different. Yes, Clementine was physically seventeen, but...

Uh, she was actually *fifty six*. The afterlife was a strange, strange place, and time was practically an illusion there. So yeah, after aging fifty years in the void (she'd seen it, it was not a place she wanted to go back to) and being a dope-ass ghost for a while, she got sucked right back into her body (which was alive now? Did she count as a corpse?) Which was both fun and frightening. Frightening because, well, she was a fucking human experiment, but also fun because she was a

fifty six year old woman back in her seventeen year old body. Almost anyone would be ecstatic.

It was an incredibly strange thought to think that she was old enough to be her brother's grandma at this point. Celestine then decided that she didn't want any of those thoughts in her head tonight, and instead waited for nightfall.

"Miss Ariadne?" A voice whispered. She smiled. "Hello, Davie. What's up?"

The small creeper hybrid. "You're awake! The scientists told me some not good news."

Flikker. Flikker.

She paused. "Oh? What's wrong?"

"Um, I was originally supposed to only be the test subject for you, but.." He trailed off. "Um, they don't get as many creeper hybrids here as they went, so they said they're probably gonna be keeping me for testing." The little boy sniffled. "B-But look! They let me keep my name when they gave me my nameplate!"

She went cold. *No... Surely not..?*

Alas, she didn't have control of the situation. Watching in horror, the teen saw the little boy stick his hand out of its cell and show off the plate.

Flikker. Flikker.

It was a plain silver, unlike her and her brother's which were more golden. They'd assumed that she would be as useful as her brother, but unfortunately she was below average in strength and they cared not for her smarts.

Celestine was different now though. Stronger. Not to the level of her brother of course, but her base strength was nothing to scoff at.

Another reason why I'm glad I'm in this body instead of a fifty six year old woman's body. That would be wack.

But now in all of her infinite wisdom, she waited. Like a snake, perhaps. A predator. Sure, some things didn't mind the daylight, so what about the ones that did?

Those were the dangerous ones. Especially if it could *think*.

Flikker. Flikker.

She bided her time. Her tormentors stared through her, and she stared through them right back.

I will survive. I'm not dying.

(Crawling through the pit of dead bodies, organs smearing what was once a only slightly pink concrete. Bodies decomposed here, and the six year old was terrified at what she saw. A woman's decapitated head with the face eaten off, someone's body, completely nude with two too many arms and legs stitched to them, a body with no arms and no legs, and eventually, the completely decomposed bodies of avians.

Hundreds of avians. Possibly thousands.

This, she noted with amounting terror. This is where everyone went, then.

Clementine stared at the corpse and pretended that she wouldn't look like that in less than two years as she mourned. She was a hero, in the end. She faced her demons and conquered them, even if they won in the end. In stories you always hear how the hero dies in battle, saving innocents, protecting them from the villains. It's always black and white in those tales.

Now, as she looked out at what could only be called a graveyard, a slaughter, she realises. There is no black. There is no white. There are only streaks of grey, some lighter and some darker.

Clementine died alone that day, eyes rolled to the back of her head, bloodshot and with drying tear tracks in them.

She died gloriously.

She died unknown.

Either way, one could tell that she both died a hero and a failure.)

I refuse to die yet.

(She'd always been a sly one.)

Not now. Not here. Not again.

(A scientist failed to notice the disappearance of her hairpin from mere moments ago. After talking to Ariadne, she wasn't sure if it was even there in the first place.)

After all-

("Hey Tommy?")

-Tommy had to have learnt it from someone.

("Do you want to know how to lie?")

Flicker. Flicker.

Perched on the edge.

He was perched on the edge.

This was nothing worrying for Nathaniel Douglas, though.

As far as the man was concerned, he had no more worries. Who would have any worries when they lived on the edge? Who could possibly suffer while they toed the edges of a thirty story building? He couldn't. His life had taken a downward spiral, you see. First it was his job, then it was his girlfriend, then it was his house. His friends and family came last. So he came up here to see all the pretty sights before he went downward too-

"Hey." A voice came from behind him. "Maybe don't do that."

He turned to face a man (boy?) who covered his face and had a set of impressive wings on him. Wait, wings? Nathan tried to focus on that but the stranger was already speaking again. "Could you step away from the edge for me?"

"Why?" He whispered. "I have nothing left. There is no more. My house, my love, my family, my friends, my job..." He sniffled. "It's all gone."

"That doesn't mean you can't become someone new." The other spoke, "There's always hope to be found."

"What?"

"There's always hope to be found. Believe me, I'm a testament to that. You can be one too."

"I just want to jump." He whispered. "Please let me jump."

"You and I both know that it won't solve anything, will it? All that would happen is you splattering on the pavement; you'd become nothing but a number."

"What if that's what I want?" Nathan spat. "What if I want to become a number!?"

"You don't." The other said with such a tone that he believed it for a moment. "You're shaking."

"Huh?" He looked down at his trembling hands. Trembling? Why were they trembling? He wanted to die, so why was he-

"It's alright." The person cooed. "It's gonna be alright. You can always start again, you can always start anew. There's always a new beginning."

"You don't know what it's like." Nathan shook. "You don't know what it's like to lose everything!"

"I do."

The redhead shut his mouth. "Mm?"

"I-" The other sighed exhaustedly before letting out an embittered chuckle. "I really do." He moved his hand up to his face and removed his goggles to show-

Oh.

Two sad, sad eyes stared back at him.

(Are we really all that different?)

A few minutes later, the man finally creaked out his question. "What happened to you?"

"...A lot. It's not easy to get through."

"That's okay." He muttered. "I've been through a lot too." A moment later he blanched. "Um, what is your name? I'm Nathaniel."

"I'm Atlas. Pleasure to meet you, Nathaniel."

"You as well."

The time passed by quicker than he thought was possible, and the two eventually watched the sun set on the horizon. Nathan got up and grinned weakly at his company. "Thank you. I think I'm okay now, Atlas."

"You sure?"

"Yes."

"Right."

It was almost time.

Tommy waited eagerly. He waited so eagerly. At the same time, the boy felt as if he could take a thousand years to prepare and still not be ready, but it wasn't his choice to make, never his choice to make-

He bit his tongue. *Focus.*

"*This is Charon speaking, is everyone ready?*" The com flickered to life in his ear. He brought a finger up to it. "This is Atlas speaking, I'm ready."

"*This is Aries speaking, I'm ready as well.*"

For a second it sounded like there was someone else on the line, but that couldn't be right, no one else was supposed to be connected to the comms.

Right?

Right?

"*Right then. Atlas.*"

"This is Atlas speaking." He cut himself off. "I'm going in."

"*Atlas, one more thing- if you don't make it out, then...*" An awkward silence filled the device.
"*Just know we love you.*"

"*Love you, Atlas.*"

"...Thanks, guys. Okay, I'll have to go stealthmode for this. If I do die, know that I love you too."
He took a deep breath in and out. "Right, let's fucking do this. This is Atlas, signing off for the moment."

"*Good luck, soldier.*"

"*Good luck, soldier.*"

He quietly opened the portal and stepped inside.

The lab- the main lab- was just as fucked as he'd remembered. It felt eerily reminiscent of Dream's rescue, the only reason why he powered through. "Where am I..." Tubbo wasn't able to get the exact coordinates for where Clementine's cell was, so he was stuck wandering the enormous facility for the moment.

Well, the plan was to wander it. It seemed as if all the scientists had gone for the night, but-

A groan sounded behind Tommy. His comm crackled to life. "*ATLAS, DO NOT LOOK BEHIND YOU. JUST RUN AS FAST AS YOU POSSIBLY CAN! GO, GO!*" He broke into a sprint to hear wet, meaty slaps on the pavement behind him.

...?

He kept running.

"*Oh god, oh god-*" Tubbo's voice echoed in his ears. "*What the fuck, was that thing a person?*"

"What thing?" His voice was breathless as more of the disgusting slaps echoed behind him.

"*Just don't look behind you. Keep going, for the love of all of us and the objective.*"

It must've been horrifying for Tubbo, stomacher of all things gorey to be so flipped out about it. Tommy didn't want to look behind his back, he didn't want to see what abomination was chasing

him-

He turned around.

Calling it a person would be a *very* misinformed statement. Perhaps that thing was a person once; no, multiple people once, but now he could only run faster as the sack of stitched together flesh bowled on after him. There were eyes peeking out from all sides on it, and even the way it maneuvered was disturbing; throwing it's weight in such a way to advance greatly in bursts. He privately thought it looked like a slug, if slugs were made of human matter and oozing bloody pus.

Then it opened it's gaping maw to politely threaten it's rows and rows of yellowing, rotting teeth, some unnaturally sharp and some were flat molars, all of them were displaced. He felt a strange kinship due to the the fact that it also had multiple rows of teeth, even though one shouldn't usually feel kinship of any sort when faced with a human pus slug. Speaking of- he stepped in a puddle of the repulsive mixture of fat, pus, and blood and refrained from gagging when it stuck to his shoe.

It's rude to gag when you step in one's bodily fluids, Tommy! Which was an odd thing to even know, but knowledge came with the experience of being a human experiment, he was grateful that he at least had shoes on this time.

This time.

(Disgusting.)

It opened it's reeking mouth to make a groan that wounded like multiple people, some female, some male, some he couldn't make out. Victims all the same. All of them- he counted at least nine- begged him to kill them. (It? Should he call the monstrosity in front of him an it since they could still think?)

Wasn't that a nice though, he shuddered as the achingly familiar spew of blood dirtied his hands; he ripped it apart into little meaty shreds with such force and they died with a thank you on their lips, that they could still think. How many people had he killed at this point? How many others would die by his hand, how many of them had wanted him to kill them? This certainly wouldn't be the first time he'd slaughtered an experiment and Tommy refused to get his hopes up and assume that it would be the last.

The dripping of blood filled the room, and Tubbo's end of the comms received sound a moment later, though it was only violent retching. Ranboo didn't react; he was used to it.

Both he and Tommy were used to it. Tubbo would learn to get used to it.

He stepped over the flesh mound and continued on his way, only to hear a similar growl a moment later.

Tommy turned to be face to face with *another one*. He groaned back, opting to dash away from it. "I've already committed a lot more murders than I thought I would today, let's be honest here." He put his hand on the comm on his ear and spoke. "You guys seeing this?"

"Yeah, Jesus fuck, do they just make those abominations for fun?" Ranboo made a sound of agreement. *"In all honesty, I wouldn't put it past them. Don't know if you've noticed, but these people aren't exactly the shining upstanding moral characters you'd think, I wonder why?"*

Tubbo snorted in amusement. *"It's the human experimentation for me."*

"It's the human slug for me." They all laughed, though it seems Tommy's mic was acting up again

or something, because he seriously could've sworn he heard another person in the call with them. Tommy sighed, quickly skittering up the wall to hide in the rafters, watching the newly dubbed "human slug" pass under. He sighed. "I don't want to alarm you guys, but I might need a bit of backup."

"Hey, it's no problem! We're on our way now, yeah?"

"Thanks. And remember, *stick to the objective.*"

"Of course I will! Who do you take me for, Charon?"

"Hey!"

"I'm right, you know."

Chapter End Notes

I am sorry that I didn't do daily updates for a hot minute there's some plot stuff coming up that I need to just try and figure out how I'm going to break it down and write it properly, and I was starting to get really burnt out from writing a new chapter every day. Thank you for understanding, I'm not sure if my updated schedule can go back to normal (updating every day) since it was quite draining but I'll try! In the meantime, enjoy this extra-long chapter I made :)

QUESTION OF THE DAY: Mountains or beaches? I'd choose mountains :/

Ps- readers who saw the sad fun fact abt Sam I put a while back I am so sorry but yes I put David in here

(To those who didn't, Sam adopted a tiny baby creeper hybrid but a robber broke in and choked the child to death. Sam never got to name him properly, but he was very attached to the idea of naming his child David. Sam keeps a photo of the small boy in a locket on his person 24/7.)

Here comes the boy!!!

Chapter Summary

Hello boy!!!

Chapter Notes

Trigger warning:

Blood

The human slugs part two electric boogaloo

British people's speaking patterns

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It took *so much* running to get away from the second slug. Once he'd jumped back down from the rafters, it'd shown it's ugly mug again, and unlike the other one this one had *arms*. Dozens of arms. This, provided it with the albeit slow but still steady ability to climb, which was really irritating. He didn't want to kill it, but whenever he got close to finish the thing off, several of it's arms would just grab him. Whenever he his in the rafters, it would clamber up to meet him.

Tommy eventually got tired of this little back and forth game that the two played- it had been going on for at least an hour. The boy once again climbed to the rafters and thought. What could he do? The building was extremely tall, and the slug, as terrifying as it was, was somewhat fragile; stitches could only hold together so much. What could he use? All he had was a knife, his bo staffs, and some other trivial items that he highly doubted would be of any use.

Wait.

He scavenged though his utility belt quickly, looking for a certain item. Chat was going rampant, but that was nothing new.

"Kill the slug! Kill the slug!"

"Slugs for the slug god?"

"KILL THE SLUG KILL THE SLUG!!!"

"A-ayo..... Is the slug single??? Like damn shawty get you a partner who likes to EAT sheeeeeeeeshhhhhh"

"what"

"Oh my God they want to be vored by the human slug what the fuck dude"

"BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD! KILL THAT STUPID WRETCHED LITTLE THING!"

"KILL KILL KILL!"

"SHUT THE FUCK UP"

"Hey Tommy say chips"

"He's British, he has to say crust or else he'll combust and die!"

"Does this mean that all British people call the chips in their credit cards crisps, or...?"

"We need a British voice on the scene now"

"What the fuck"

"Blood for the blood god! I want to see him rip apart another human slug :D"

"But why the way he rip apart human slugs kinda....?"

"This is a fucking mess deadass"

"Tommy needs therapy after this :/"

"I think we crossed that threshold a long while ago"

"Therapyinnit arc?"

"Lmao that's never gonna happen let's be honest here"

"This man would probably run away screaming from a therapist if they said they wanted to help"

"He didn't run away screaming from eret??"

"I think you and I both know that it was REALLY close; you saw how tense he got when the hero even brought up the mention of getting help"

"He looked like he was about to die on the spot..."

"Twice?"

"Yes, twice."

"Okay but imagine if the heroes just came bursting in rn how would he react"

"Just fuckin' "zoinks! it's the feds!""

"Zoinks! it's the feds is my new catchphrase"

"You can't just steal it from tommy like that bro"

"Bro...."

"Tommy I don't want to alarm you but the slug is CLOSE"

He looked below and *oh that was a lot closer then it was a few seconds ago-*

He took the bo staff and clicked them together, making a long pole and mentally thanking Tubbo for making them attachable. He sighed. "To be fair, it's nothing personal."

The slug groaned back, and he pushed it from the rafters, covering his ears so he didn't hear the stomach curdling splatter of it hitting the cold concrete.

"All's well that ends well." He grunted and hopped down, narrowly missing the puddle of human matter. "Well boys, I think I'm ready to continue. You're alright?"

"I'm fine, I got used to it after the few months of being in the labs. Not sure about Aries though."

"I-I'm good. But like- holy shit, you lived with this?"

"That was tame compared to what I saw, can't say the same for Charon."

"I count myself lucky to not have seen the full extent of the gruesome works of the scientists. What I saw was still pretty bad though, not gonna lie."

"Be glad you never saw the Scrapper." Tommy shuddered. "No one comes back after seeing that shit, trust me."

"I'm assuming you've seen whatever that thing is, then?"

"I was six." He started. "Didn't sleep for a full week and had vivid hallucinations of what happened for a few months after. And that was just the first time."

"Yikes."

"Yikes is right." He muttered. "That motherfucker is why I have issues with anyone over thirty."

Ranboo snorted. *"Way to make a joke of hypercompressed traumatic events, Atlas. Only you, my friend."*

"Why thank you-" He stood in front of a door that was quite technological looking. "-You could say that I've got a bit of practice- oh, holy shit, you guys seeing this?"

Rows and rows of vats, all filled with the same strange liquid and a body floating in them, preserved. Some were obviously tampered with, the others were seemingly unblemished humans or hybrids.

"I'm checking now-" Tubbo's voice cut off. At first Tommy thought it was from shock, but after a long few moments, he hesitantly spoke. "Aries?"

No response.

After a few moments, static buzzed in his ear and his eyes opened. "Wh-"

"Who might you be?" A new voice cut him off and he whipped around in shock. The newcomer was a tall man, soft black hair tied back and blaze rods floated around him. More importantly, he had a white lab coat on, that of a scientist. A name popped up into Tommy's mind on instinct.

Eudaemon, a well known hero that he had yet to encounter.

What was he doing *here*?

"You must be one of the guard dogs." The man said grouchily. "Sorry, just got lost on my out out of here; had to work a bit later than expected. Think you could show me the way out, little guy?" The man made a few cooing sounds, not unlike calling a dog. Tommy blanched.

Does... Does this man think I'm an experiment?

"Huh? They said that'd work with the night guards." Eaudaemon blinked, irritation becoming clear in his voice. "Are you faulty or some shit?"

Tommy scoffed. "Aren't heroes supposed to be the most virtuous of all, Eaudaemon?"

The blaze hybrid paled, flinching as if struck. "You..."

"Yeah, me. Also it was so rude to call me that. Maybe I should just let you wander, or leave you for the human slugs to find." The vigilante turned to leave.

"W-Wait!" The man called. "I thought they said that the guard dogs weren't capable of coherent thought?"

"..." The elytrian stared. "Do I look like one of those guard dogs?"

"Oh." He said plainly. "Do you still know where the exit is, though?"

I'm this close to doing both morally and socially unacceptable things to this man. "Yes."

"Could you lead me to it?" He smiled.

"No."

"Why not?" The man whined, lazily walking over. "I wanna go sleep."

"Sleep on the ground, jerkface."

The man snorted. "Ah, you're funny. So, since you're not an experiment, who sent you? Was it Phil?"

"Huh?" What was this guy on about?

"Well, someone from HQ sent you, right?" The blaze hybrid tilted his head. "I'm just curious as to who, I wasn't notified of anyone joining me on the infiltration mission."

Infiltration mission. Hm. The boy filed that information away for later. "...Wilbur sent me."

"Ah, good old Wilbur. Wasn't expecting him to want to send his brother on a mission this dangerous, weird."

Tommy choked. "Wh- we aren't b-brothers."

"Wait, really?" Eaudaemon looked Tommy up and down. "But you're Phil's kid? You have wings?"

"I'm not Phil's kid." He sputtered out, clearly embarrassed. "Oh my god."

"Oh, come back to HQ with me! We can do our reports together!" The other grinned widely, changing the topic. "It'll be awesome, we can even go out to eat after! My treat, for being a dick earlier."

No! Very bad idea! "I-I'm fine, I still have some stuff to get to, haha." The laugh came out a lot more strained than it was supposed to, but the other man either didn't notice or simply didn't care. "I'm serious, bro! Besides, it's like, really fuckin' creepy in here."

Tommy actually laughed that time, though it was equally nervous. "Oh yeah, absolutely. Nothing like getting up in the morning to good old vat of *people*." He watched amusedly as the other choked on another round of laughter. "Alright, um. Entrance? Go?" His voice cracked at the end which solidified his *intense* need to go out and live in a hole forever and ever.

"Yeah, let's go."

My one weakness is people trying to socialise with me. It sounded even more pathetic in his head as the older man blabbered on about someone named Karl. *When I don't have time to plan out a conversation, this is what happens. An extroverted hero thinks I'm one of them and tries to invite me over for dinner.*

He sighed quietly. *I just want to go home; why must social anxiety do this? Is this what I get from being isolated from society for so long that I can't hold a proper conversation unless I'm stringing it along?*

"Oh, I totally forgot to give you my name!" The man smacked his head. "I'm Sapnap."

"Cool."

"...Can I have your name?" *Sapnap* asked after a few moments, grinning confusedly. Tommy flushed again.

I have no idea how to answer! Holy fuckin' shit! Zero idea! Do I just say the first thing that comes to mind? Wait, zero... "My name is Zero."

That was a good enough name, right?

Chat didn't think so, as [REDACTED] screamed out of nowhere. He flinched as Sapnap hooked an arm around the man before quickly letting him go. "Woah, you good?"

"Just cold, haha. J-Just cold." To be fair, he was pretty cold. He was always cold. Tommy couldn't produce any of his own body temperature, so he was stuck eternally being freezy-freezy when he wasn't being heated by someone or something else.

Unfortunately, this was the wrong thing to say, as the twenty year old man grinned wider and gave a thumbs up. "Don't worry! Blaze hybrids are naturally warm, so-" Tommy squeaked as he was suddenly being carried by Sapnap. "There, now you're all warm 'n toasty!"

Tommy let out a strange bird-like warble but quickly slapped his hand over his masked mouth. Sapnap, the bastard, chuckled. "Better?"

"Yes." He squeaked out. Tommy considered himself usually reasonable- sometimes there were silly little things like repressing his instincts so harshly until he couldn't feel them because they made him embarrassed, or the fact that he could barely handle any physical contact, or the fact that he absolutely fucking *loved* the warmth.

So when those three things combined together, it was absolutely mortifying for the boy. Maybe he could live in a hole and ask [REDACTED] to undo the freeze card on his body or something. The reason why was because he was snuggled up to who was supposed to be one of his enemies, trilling happily and purring while the man made a few rumble purrs right back, humming.

Hm. Okay.

So maybe this was a bad idea; he didn't care at the moment. Tommy was crying from how nice this felt, and that was saying a lot since, again, this was his *enemy*. He forced himself to sober up, even though the other man looked like he had no intentions to do the same. What if Sapnap had decided to snap his neck all of a sudden? He'd be caught completely off guard, and though he wouldn't die, it'd still be both disorienting and painful.

He couldn't stop crying. He knew that the hero knew, he couldn't bring bring himself to give a shit.

So warm. Feels safe.

When was the last time he'd felt this, when had the circumstances been similar? That one time with Technoblade? They were both warm, cuddly, and made him happy. He absentmindedly wondered what it'd feel like if he cuddled Phil, but shook away that thought quick. The boy reached out to shimmy out of the man's grip, grabbing onto a floating blaze rod to steady himself.

Sapnap looked floored by that simple motion, and Tommy realised a moment later *oh yeah, blaze rods are probably one of the hottest things on earth and I just touched one with nothing more than a flimsy glove, okay*. A quick look at his hand showed that there was definitely a hole in his glove, though he knew his skin would be mending back quickly (quicker than ever before, what was that? Was something going on with his deck?)

"C-C'mon, i'll- uh, exit. I'll lead." He sputtered out incomprehensibly. "Let's go, 'for it get's too late."

"Following!" He grinned.

Soon enough, they were at the exit. Tommy squished down the feeling of utter joy he got from exiting the facility, though it wasn't hard, as guilt outweighed everything else.

You should've saved her you should've saved her you-

"We're here." It was too late to try and get back in, it took at least a few hours minimum to try and actually find where his sister was being kept, and he'd rather not be found by his nemesises- Tanaka or Alex. *Plus, what was he supposed to say to Sapnap? "Oh yeah, by the way, I actually lied to you about being a hero and also my name and I'm actually an incredibly volatile experiment that could without a doubt wipe out you and everyone you love?"*

People who say that are usually *not* heroes who also got sent as a surprise to help you out with your case, so he wisely kept his mouth closed. Sapnap sighed, "Oh, I'm feeling so much better already, I can't wait to change outta this stuffy feeling coat." He looked at Tommy for a moment. "I actually have a question, why were you in your uniform smack dab in the middle of the site? You know that we aren't supposed to do that, Technoblade warned us that it was a one way ticket to experimentville, bro."

"Uh." He looked around nervously. "I was confident i-in my ability to switch out between my uniform and stuff. Bro." He tacked on the *bro* at the end awkwardly. "Anyways, I really should be going- got my team and stuff."

"Bro!" The other scolded. *Do all Americans use bro this much unironically? Is this my life now? Eternal bro-ing?* "I've still got a dinner that I owe you- and like, I know you're saying it's all good, but like, I would feel guilty *forever* man. Seriously, I know a great pizza joint."

"U-uh..." His voice wavered weakly. *what the FUCK DO I SAY FUCK FUCK FUCK* "I guess I wouldn't be o-opposed to it a-another time?" *NO THAT WAS THE WORST POSSIBLE RESPONSE. FUCK. SHIT I WISH MY PARENTS HAD NEVER FUCKED-*

"Awesome, dude! Here, lemme write it down- does Wednesday at four work for you?"

"Sounds great!" It very much did *not* sound great. "S-see you then, big guy!" That was tomorrow, what the *hell*. He agreed to a dumbass idea that could out himself at jeopardy- and for what? Pizza that he couldn't even eat? He prayed that that would be the end of it, but no, fate was crueler. Sapnap pulled out a pen and paper from his breast pocket and scribbled it all down in honest-to-god terrible writing. "Here, the deets. Can I have your number though, bro? I feel like we bonded, and I know for a *fact* that if you tell me then I'm totally gonna forget."

"Uh. I don't. Remember my number. At the minute?" It came out flimsy, but Sapnap accepted it. "How about your email, then?"

Please take the hint that I wish this conversation had never happened and go away! "S-sure?"

He scribbled in one of his vast alternate emails and gave it to the man. "Here."

I'm an idiot.

"Thanks, Zero! You won't regret it- promise!"

I already regret it, honestly. "Thanks, Sapnap." He said exhaustedly. "Thanks."

Chapter End Notes



👁️ snapicusnapicus? Is that u dude?

Also yes. He's crushy crushy on Karl but doesn't know quackalacka exists yet

Tommy meets a friend next chapter!! His name starts with s no it is not sapnap

QUESTION OF THE DAY: if you were a minecraft mob which would you be, I'm going with mothafuckin:

Glow squid

Piglin

Glowsquid

Uh enderman

When the imposter is sus

Chapter Summary

Some punk steals an identity more at six

~~Regret regret regret regret regret blood is thicker than water water is purer than blood-~~

Chapter Notes

Trigger warnings:

Mention of corpses

Identity theft

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sapnap groaned as he sat down, frowning. "You're a bunch of asses."

George snorted amusedly. "And what brought this striking realisation on, Sapnap?"

"You never told me you sent another guy on the infiltration mission! I completely embarrassed myself out there, Jesus."

Just then, Niki walked in. She looked slightly dishevelled, and the gleam in her eyes wasn't that of her usual demeanor. No one caught it. Eret asked her if she was back from her little excursion outside, and she just responded with a laugh.

"Huh?" Dream turned to him, and Eret looked on curiously. "We didn't."

"Wait, what?"

"We didn't send anyone out there with you." Wilbur cut in. "You were the only hero we sent to check it out."

"..." He sat up, eyebrows furrowing in confusion. "Then who did I meet in the facility?"

"..." Everyone in the room looked at each other before they all scrambled to Sapnap as he took off his bandana. "Chill, chill! I kept my body camera on the entire time." He set it on the counter. "Can I go get some food first though? I'm like, *really* fucking hungry."

"Oh! Niki chirped. "I made some great pastries! Do you guys wanna try them out? I left them in the break room." Her smile was a tad too wide to be considered normal.

"Oh, do you have any cinnamon rolls left?"

"Cupcakes is where it's at, you're insane if you don't like her cupcakes."

"Churros!"

"Oh, I hope she brought doughnuts."

"I brought lots of stuff, I know you all have different pallets."

"Ohhh, pallets." Wilbur grinned. "That's an eloquent word, Niki."

"Why thank you." She did a little bow before waving her hand in such a way that was strongly reminiscent of what Tommy used to do, for some strange reason. "But aside from that, who'd like some pastries?"

"Hell yeah!"

Sapnap patted her on the shoulder. "Hey, thanks for always baking for us. I know it might seem trivial, but I always love what you make." The bandana was forgotten on the table as they all paraded out of the room. Niki looked entirely too pleased with herself, and watched them leave. "Oh yeah," She chuckled darkly. "I'm glad you like them. Oh, Sapnap, I have to go to the bathroom, don't wait up for me!"

"Kay!" She waited until they were out of sight to turn back into the room.

She walked over to where the bandana was discarded and held it in her hand before clamping down on it, shattering the small thing in an unnatural show of strength. Her hand wasn't damaged by the glass shards, and she took her heeled boot and grinded it into a fine dust beneath it. "I'm *real* glad you like what was made, hope it distracts you for long enough."

A quick trip down the hall proved to show where all the files were, and she hurriedly flipped through them, taking the ones that interested her. After a good minute, she shut the cabinet.

The woman walked to the window and hopped out of it, landing thirty six stories down perfectly undamaged. She walked over to where there was muffled sounds and moved a dumpster to show someone of identical looks to her. "Hey Niki," The fake grinned with teeth sharper than the real one had. "Thanks for letting me borrow your appearance. It was *really* handy with distracting your coworkers."

The real Niki squirmed harder and the imposter sighed. "Okay, please be nice. I didn't hurt them or anything, I just needed them to be out for a couple of minutes. I had a few things I needed to grab, one could say." They held up the vast amount of files they took, Niki paled drastically. "It's really sweet how much they trust you. I felt loved for a second, to be honest, it's a really nice feeling. Oh, before I leave-" They reached for something in their pocket, revealing a syringe.

Niki's eyes widened, and the other sighed. "Please make this easy. I'm going to get this syringe in your neck, one way or another." Niki let out a muffled scream as the syringe pushed into her neck, after a few moments the noise died down. The fake got back up and looked back at the window.

"Mm... I should take care of the other problem. Niki's gonna wake back up in only a few minutes though, so I should be quick. Well then-" They grunted as they scaled the wall at a frightening speed. "Let's get to it." They muttered, leaving the window open. "SAPNAP!" Fake-Niki screamed, hiding behind the door. Less than a minute later the man burst in. "N-Niki! What-"

They plunged the syringe into the man's neck; he collapsed but his eyes did not close.

They stared at ~~Nik~~ Tommy, accusing.

It reminded him of something else.

~~(" No, no, no no-" He hiccuped curling up in a ball in his prison. "W-want Clem, I want help, I want-I just-I just want-"~~

~~He just wants.~~

~~And that will always and forever be his undoing. He wants when he has no right wanting, and he desires things he will never be allowed to have.~~

~~Family. Comfort. Safety.~~

~~At the end of the day, Tommy is still a person, and sometimes that's all people know how to do- want. Some are worse than others, some are horrible monsters who want a worse future and some don't have anything. Some just want to be loved, at the end of the day. They're all people. Tommy is a person.~~

~~He forgets that sometimes.~~

~~"Please, Clementine, I'm sorry."~~

~~Guilt is the thing that is worse than hate, worse than loathing, worse than anything else because it is all encompassing. You can't escape guilt, you can't drink it away, smoke it away, fuck it away. That guilt will be in your mind forever you disgusting little par-~~

~~Tommy stares into Sapnap's eyes and the memory of a life past where they weren't on opposite sides comes just as quickly as it fades.)~~

~~Tommy leaves through the window and pretends he isn't aware that his reckoning is coming in the form of hacksaws and vats and all the other things that he doesn't care to remember anymore.~~

~~He can't bring himself to care about much these days, and dissociates halfway through the walk back home.~~

~~(Things have changed. The chessboard is set.~~

~~You can't run from fate. You can't escape what was coming for you since the very beginning.~~

~~Somewhere, somehow, Technoblade wakes up in a cold sweat.)~~

There was a... Spider?

There was a spider in front of Tommy at the moment.

He deduces that it was obviously made from the —— labs, due to two things; it has a nameplate and also is probably bigger than his entire body and Tubbo's combined. Maybe if he added Ranboo into the mix things would balance out. "Oh, *hello*."

It blinked at him unsynchronised, all eyes closed and opened at different times. "You came all the way over there to *me*?" He looked at the pile of bodies that were twitching in the corner of the alley, enormous puncture marks decorated their bodies. It was kind of adorable to the teen. "Awh! Do you like women, Spider?"

It made a vaguely spidery sound that was far louder than it needed to be. Maybe it was just Tommy's hearing. Was that a yes? He assumed it was.

This was the best day of his life. He met a spider who was bigger than him and his friend, and it liked women. *And* it murdered people. "AWH! I'm gonna name you *Shroud*!"

The spider made another hiss and hobbled over to rub its face against Tommy, getting a bit of blood on him in the process. He didn't care. Shroud was his friend now, he didn't care if Tubbo or Ranboo didn't like it, they could deal. Tommy dealt with Lemon (pronounced Benson) so Tubbo and Ranboo could simply cope. It was Ranboo that Tommy was afraid for, mostly, as the albino was fully convinced that Tubbo couldn't feel mortal fear. He wasn't an expert on people, but he was thirty percent sure that gouging your eye out to replace it with a mechanically advanced replica wasn't super normal, but then again he hadn't been raised around people so he wasn't completely sure. Maybe Ranboo knew.

"Come here Shroud." He smiled. "It's time to introduce you to your new roommates."

"What's that?" Was the first thing he heard when he met back up with the group.

"His name is Shroud, thank you very much. He's an escaped experiment from the labs."

"Huh." Ranboo spoke, sounding like he was nearing his fifth breakdown of the day. "Okay."

"I thought he was machinery." Tubbo spoke, amazed. "Was about to disassemble him. Do you have a place to keep Shroud at the moment?"

"I'm keeping him in my room for now. He can make himself a web to sleep in, the room is big enough."

"Alright. Wait, can Shroud even spin webs?"

Tommy looked over. "Shroud?"

The spider had curled up against a panicking Ranboo.

Tommy turned back to his friend. "Yes."

"I will need to have a talk with him later then." Tubbo grinned. "Spider silk is one of the toughest fabrics on the planet if it's woven correctly. If the strands are thick enough then I think you could stop a flying plane with it."

"Oh, that's pretty neat. I'm assuming you're going to weave it in with the kevlar?"

"Oh, absolutely. Welcome to the team, Shroud." The ram hybrid walked over and patted the spider on it's head. "My only rule is that you do not eat my duck."

The aforementioned duck stuck it's head out of Tubbo's room, quacked evilly, and then ducked- hah- back in.

"That duck."

Shroud made a poor imitation of a quack back, and the shorter grinned. "Excellent! Ranboo is up for grabs though-"

"No I most certainly am *not*-"

"Speaking of, when are you gonna get your own pet, Ranboo?" The winged boy settled down next to his pet and his friend and chirped. "Tubbo has Lemon, I have Shroud, who do you have?"

Ranboo suddenly looked very nervous. "...Ranboo?"

"I don't have a pet."

"...That sounds like something someone who has a pet would say." Tubbo said immediately.

"Tommy, storm his room!"

"Don't!"

"Off we go!"

"Is..." Tommy started. "Is this yours?"

"Yes." Ranboo returned weakly. "Yes it is."

Tommy stared at the egg that laid on the floor, possibly as big as Tubbo. "You laid it?"

"No!"

"Oh, good, I was about to ask how that thing would've come out of tou." The albino pretended to wipe sweat off his brow. "So, what's it's name?"

"I was thinking of naming it Keith-"

"Absolutely not."

"...Ender?"

"Oh, that works fine." Tommy nodded. "A good name. I like it."

The ram hybrid who'd been staring at it for a while finally spoke up. "Are you just saying that because you're part enderman?"

"Shut up, Tubbo. I like Ender, and I'm referring to the egg on that. It just..." He stared. "I dunno. My instincts go fuckin' batshit crazy when I look at it. Maybe it's a weird type of enderman in there?"

"You wanna candle it later?"

"NO!" and "WHY WOULD WE BURN IT, WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU?!"
Were his responses. Tubbo shook his head. "Guys, candling something means shining a light next to it so we can see what's growing inside. It was commonly done with *candles* way back when, so it's called *candling*."

"Oh." Tommy blinked. "Then yeah, okay. Ranboo?"

"If it's just shining a light then I'm fine with it too, I guess." The half and half creature nodded. "But does anyone have a-"

"I'm unsurprised that Tubbo out of all people had a huge damn light. Jesus, how bright is that thing?" Tommy groaned, squinting as his taller companion's irises shrunk significantly. "Wh- oh!"

Tubbo put on tinted goggles which effectively protected his eyes before gasping. "Guys! Look!"

A small figure, hazy through the dark shell, was curled up in the middle. The two enderman hybrids gasped in unison and scrambled over to see it. "Oh *wow*."

"That's so extremely pog." A whisper came from Tommy. "Look! Baby Ender is in there."

"Ah, enderman hybrids. Actually, Tommy, that reminds me, how come you don't have a tail?"

"Huh?"

"Well Ranboo has one." He pointed out. "Why don't you?"

"Eh, I'm less enderman than him. Maybe I'll sprout a tail out of nowhere, who knows. Let's hope that if I do, it's nothing like how my wings came out."

"Ugh, yeah, that was kind of mortifying."

"Your wings weren't outside of your body when you were born?"

Tubbo's question of "were you born in an egg" went unanswered. "Nah, sometimes when you've got big ol' trauma happening in your life, the hybrid part of you might not show until your brain thinks it's safe. Mine didn't, but it couldn't hold that shit off forever. So. Wings. Tubbo had to nab a shutty blunt boxcutter to open my back up because they didn't have an out-way. I think." The blue eyed boy blinked in confusion. "Yeah, I'm ninety percent sure that's what happened."

"Oh, okay."

"Yep." The winged teen looked at the door where Shroud and Lemon were trying to crowd in, and he snorted. "Hold on." He opened the door properly and the two shuffled in. Shroud hesitantly walked forward and tilted his head at the egg before crawling to settle around it, curling around the oblong thing. Lemon quacked; Shroud helped him climb up to sit on the top of the egg. Both pets looked content.

Chapter End Notes

By the way it's fully cannon that Ranboo blacked out (went into his enderwalk state) and when he woke up, he had this egg. He has no memory of acquiring it, but there was a post it note stuck on it. Scribbled on the note in messy ender was the word "protect" and nothing else. He borrowed some heating pads from Tommy to keep it warm, and yes, enderman hybrids all have a strong sense to protect the ender egg. Yes the dragon is in there. No it's not natural.

Extra bit of lore: tommy was supposed to be born in an egg (both avians and enderman let eggs) but the scientists took him out early because they were impatient and just finished developing everything on baby tommy's body through science (various surgeries)

Also shroud the spider let's fucking goooooo

ALSO ALSO fun fact the forget juice in the syringe is called plot juice. Tommy insisted that tubbo name it that when it was first created that, and though the ram hybrid called it "brain forgetty juice" he eventually started to call it plot juice as well. Tommy is infinitely pleased with this new development.

QUESTION OF THE DAY: What's y'all's favorite drinks? Do not yell at me in the comments but..... Monster energy

Don't do drugs, kids

Chapter Summary

Sapnap does drugs, kids

Wilbur is sad

Tommy is only technically bleeding out

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry for the dumptruck full of timeskips I don't know how to write in between scenes ☹️

Trigger warning:

Bruises

Blood

Injections/talk of injection wounds

Cray cray science stuff (no, not Tanaka's veritable shitfest)

Medical inaccuracies, probably

Alcoholism (schlatt makes a joke about it)

Derealisation

Nukes

Gore

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Where the hell is Sapnap?" Dream muttered. "He's usually foaming at the mouth for these donuts."

"Yeah, that's weird, now that you mention it." Eret frowned, empty eyes casting themselves upon the doorway. "He just dashed out of the door with one after there was a shout. I couldn't hear what was said, though."

"That's suspicious." Techno remarked blandly. "I'm gonna go check it out."

"I'm coming with." Dream stood up. "That's too weird to ignore."

"Alright."

"WHAT THE FUCK!?"

Phil looked up curiously. "WHAT IS IT?"

"COME HERE EVERYONE- SAPNAP'S DOWN!"

"What happened, big guy?"

"I..." The blaze hybrid trailed off, eyebrows furrowing in confusion. "I don't remember."

"What?"

He scoffed. "It means what it says on the tin, fuckstick. All I remember is grabbing a donut. Why am I in the main room? Why does my neck hurt so bad?"

"Your neck?" Sam frowned, looking closer. His face dropped. "Oh *fuck*."

"What? What is it?" The man asked. "What's wrong with my neck?"

"I think I might've just found a solution to your sudden memory loss."

Wilbur stepped forward. "What's happened?"

The creeper turned his coworker's head to reveal a small bruise; a small indent that signified an injection stamped there.

The musician's eyes widened just as Sam spoke. "Syringes is what's happened."

"Syringes?" Sapnap questioned. "You mean like- someone put something in me?"

"Or took a blood sample." Techno chimed in, ever the unhelpful one. "It would make a lot more sense if they injected you with something, though. What drug works on people that fast?"

"I don't think any are supposed to." Wilbur frowned. "I think we need to go see labs."

"Everybody!" Ponk cheered. "I'm assuming this isn't a friendly visit with the entire office?"

"Nope." Sapnap popped the p. "I got drugged by some punk, we need to figure out who."

"Oh, ouch, come with me." He nodded his head inside. "Tell me what happened, Eaudaemon."

"I have no idea."

"Hm?"

"I've got no fuckin' clue, I think they shot me up with some sort of memory loss shit. I can't remember anything, aside from the fact that I remember that they were smiling."

"Oh, that's creepy."

"Yeah- ow!" Sapnap made an annoyed sound. "Can you tell me before you stuck needles in me?"

"Nah." The man with the balaclava snorted. "You remember last time what happened? I had to get *four* people to hold you down. And I just had to take some of your blood."

"You're taking some of my blood *now*!" He outraged. "This is ridiculous- I want a new best lab

guy."

"I'm the head analytical scientist, Sapnap. Not the best lab guy, however I do appreciate the sentiment."

"I'm depromoting you to the worst lab guy."

"Depromoting?"

"Yes." The blaze hybrid said seriously. "Depromoting."

"Okay, Sapnap."

"You'll lose your job."

"Okay, Sapnap."

"You'll have to go out on the streets because you don't take blood samples nicely."

"Okay, Sapnap."

"I hate you."

"I know, Sapnap."

"...Do I get a lollipop after?"

"Cherry or blue raspberry?"

"You got any orange?"

"I've got lemon, but you aren't allowed to have those."

"*Lemon lollipops?*" Sapnap questioned, both disgusted and curious. "Those *exist?*"

"Yep."

"You eat them? The lemon lollies, I mean."

"They're tasty!"

"Who even makes lemon lollipops?" Sapnap muttered as the needle was taken out of him and rubbed over gently with an alcohol wipe before he was wordlessly given a my little pony patterned bandaid.

"I have no idea; they're pretty good."

"Are they sour?"

Ponk stared at Sapnap.

Sapnap stared at Ponk.

"Are you seriously asking me if lemon lollipops are *sour?*"

"It's a genuine question!"

"No it isn't!"

"Are they sour!?"

"Yes? Of course they are? They're lemon lollipops, Sapnap!"

"I was just curious, you asshole!"

"You're the one asking me these obvious questions!"

"I hate you."

"I hate you too."

"..."

"..."

"So, do you actually have any orange lollies?"

"Yeah, you want one?"

Phil rubbed his nose bridge to ward off the incoming headache.

Stay strong, Phil. Don't voice your displeasure.

Schlatt, however, had none of those concerns and promptly spoke. "Today is the day I relapse into alcoholism."

Me too, Schlatt. Phil thought helplessly. *Me too.*

Wilbur chimed in. "Can I get a lollipop too?"

Only vodka would be enough to stave off the upcoming headache, it seemed. Phil only hoped that the ram hybrid was willing to share.

"Good news- we got the tests results back!" Ponk cheered. "Bad news- we uh, we got the test

results back."

"What?" Sam looked confused. "Mind clearing that up for us?"

"I think it's easier if I just show you guys. Come with?"

"Of course."

"Alright, Sapnap, I want you to be sitting down for this because it's kind of terrifying."

The blaze hesitantly took a seat, swirling his tongue around the lollipop he'd been given. "So, what'd you find?"

"Well, I found some weird chemicals unlike anything I've ever seen before to start off, I don't think I could find any of them in any sort of market. This means that whoever drugged you up either has a supply of this stuff, or they can make it. Either way, it isn't good. The second part is what's scarier." He took a deep breath. "Sapnap, while I was searching through your blood sample, I found something. It's a double whammy, if you will."

"Care to explain?" Eret spoke, taking a seat next to his coworker.

"There's a lot of questions today, isn't there?" The scientist grimaced. "Yeah, I'll explain. First off, I can conclude that there was something put into your bloodstream, even though I can't pinpoint what all of it was- there's one tiny thing that I'm worried about. Well, two. For starters, what was put into your blood wasn't entirely just chemicals."

"Huh?"

"I found these incredibly tiny microbots swimming through your bloodstream. Sam, I was actually gonna come and get you to see what they were made out of, but then they kind of... Dissolved? I'm not sure how to explain it. I think that once a timer goes off, they dissolve."

"Oh." Sapnap looked like he was about to start describing the kind of music he wanted to play at his funeral. "Awesome."

"That's not the worst part."

Phil sighed. "What could possibly be worse?"

"...For most chemical compounds, people need bases. To support them."

"Yeah?"

"I don't know how." He started. "I don't know why. It shouldn't be scientifically possible for this to happen, but there wasn't-" He cut himself off. "T-there wasn't a normal base holding the compounds."

Ponk took a shuddering breath. "I really don't know how to sugarcoat this, but it's a two tier shitshow. First off, the base was actually human blood."

Sapnap looked horrified. Wilbur looked horrified. Dream looked- *everyone looked horrified.*

Ponk continued. "You know what's better than that? Since this shit never has to be easy, I decided to do a DNA test, yeah? And- and I got a match." He seemed to wilt, sitting in a spinning chair. "Guess who's blood it is?"

It was Wilbur who spoke this time. "Who's?"

"It was Tommy's."

No one dares to talk after the words register.

Wilbur wants to ask why. He knows he won't receive an answer.

Why, why, why.

(Why?)

At the end of the day, no one knows.

(Hubris is not the downfall of man. It is the lack of care that will kill them all.)

Why, why, why why why why *whywhywhywhywhy-*

He doesn't *know*.

That night, he is dreaming.

Tommy sits next to him. The sun is setting.

"A lovely sunset, eh Toms?"

"Oh yeah, for sure." The boy chuckles as his tail curls around him. "It's so warm outside- absolutely lovely."

"Now that you mention it, yeah. I only just realised."

"That it was warm outside?" Tommy grins. "Age has deteriorated you, my friend! You're practically a *fossil* at this point." The conversation feels forced, he doesn't understand why.

"Wh- Tommy!" He fake punches the boy on the stomach. It doesn't feel real. "Don't be an arse."

"I will if I please." He huffed victoriously, but the spark of *something is wrong* lingers in the back of his mind. He tries to ignore it.

The sunset is uncomfortably warm. Maybe he shouldn't have put on a jacket?

He looks down. It's his self pity jacket.

Didn't Tommy decimate this to shreds a while ago? When did he even put it on?

"Wilbur." Tommy's voice is serious now. "You've realised, haven't you?" Tommy isn't a cat hybrid anymore, Wilbur cannot see his ears, he cannot see his tail, *Tommy is a lie-*

"Wilbur, you've realised."

"No." He whispers. "No, please, I want to go back." Wilbur begs, but it is no use, his little brother is already bleeding and he can't move, and nothing is right.

"Wil." His voice sputters a little, getting choked up by the blood. "Do y-you remember the trick I taught you? To escape someone's h-hold?"

"No!" He screams. "*I don't want to go!*"

The sun is boiling him alive. He's dying, he's dying, he's dying, he's dying he's dying he's dying he's dying he feels his skin start to slough off of his body from the heat. He does not burn, he melts.

"WILBUR!" Tommy screams. His entrails are everywhere, they're splattered on the pavement, on the rooftop of where they were watching the sunset. Wilbur distantly realises that it was where he punched Tommy, and he can only wonder *did I do that?* The tatters of Tommy's skin are bruised, dusky dark red wine smudges the cuts and pours out of him like a wine glass that's been shattered on the pavement and is spilling out. It has no use anymore, he realises dully, you can't drink the wine off the ground unless you want to cut your tongue.

(You can't care about him and not get hurt; Tommy's a monster. He does not know love and hurt individually.)

He tastes fermented grapes and blood in his mouth but he hasn't drank wine in years, so what-

Tommy's crying. The city below them is on fire, and there a bit of icing staining Tommy's cheek. The boy seems more upset about the icing then his organs spilling out of him. "Wilbur, you've gone and ruined my birthday party."

He is moving before he realises, his legs go on their own. Tommy reaches out, eyes terrified. "WILBY, PLEASE DON'T GO! PLEASE!"

"I have to go, Tommy." The words are out of his mouth. He can't stop them. He begs to apologize, but his lips have other plans. "The citizens are in danger. They're more important then you."

"Please." The cry is just a tattered beg now, equally hopeless and useless. "The scientists are coming for me. Please stay and protect me, Wil."

"You can die." He isn't controlling what's coming out of his mouth, *please*. "I hope it hurts when they get to you. I hope you die painfully."

His body seems to relish in the betrayed expression his closest friend shows before he is leaping away. The man doesn't even go to help citizens, his body simply decides to sit on a different roof. It seems to want to make sure that Tommy can see.

His skin is melting, melting, m31t1n9-

(You left him.)

He turns. Tommy is standing there behind him, only six years old. His eyes are just as hateful as the moment he'd seen them in the footage, and a haunting line burns itself into his head.

"When is it my turn to be saved?"

(When is it his turn to be saved, Wilbur?)

The sunset isn't a sun, he realises dimly. A tiny child that looks like a ram hybrid sits on a different roof, staring at him. Half of the boy's face is blown off, and the skin is bleeding; it looks like someone hit him with a firework. He's pressing a button, and the nukes Tubbo sent to kill them all have just hit the earth.

The heatwave kills him immediately.

(Wilbur wakes up in a cold sweat for the twenty-sixth night in a row.)

Chapter End Notes

Hmm yes this nightmare will certainly not have any lasting effects on Wilbur's mental state or cause him to start remembering bits and pieces of his somewhat brief existence as ghostbur

Nah, that wouldn't happen

QUESTION OF THE DAY: What's the best rock to throw at someone's head to one shot ko them? This is just a question for the fun of it haha I'm not planning on throwing a rock at anyone's head haha

Girrlight gateboss gaskeep idk I never read the movie

Chapter Summary

Diamonds are a girl's best friend...?

Chapter Notes

Trigger warnings:

Human slugs (This one's for you, discord user lilac #3852

Fainting

Body horror

Decapitation

Blood

Throat-cutting

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"We need a spy."

"For who?"

"The pesky heroes. Don't get me wrong, I love a lot of them, but like..." He sighed. "They're getting in the way. I have an idea of who we could get, and they could be useful on other missions."

"Who?"

"You'll see. You in?"

"As long as they don't fuck us over? Always."

"Perfect. I'll go ask Ranboo."

"After you do that, I need you to go empty yourself out at the tank, we need more plot juice and you know what the main ingredient is."

Tommy groaned. "Could you really not have found a better alternative then my *blood*?"

"It's what works best, Tommy! I don't even know why; nothing else is able to hold the mixture together."

"..."

"You know how much we need it."

"..."

"Tommy."

"Fine!"

"Thank you!" The other cheered in a singsong voice.

Ranboo snorted. "Imagine a doctor going up to you and saying " you are our surprise blood donor" and then slits your throat."

"I had something like that happen to me once." The albino remininced. "'Cept they didn't say anything, just went for me throat."

"Big yikes."

"Yeah." He paused to lean over the tank to cut his head off. "Big yikes is right."

"Wait, how're you talking if your head-"

"Don't question it."

"You guys ready?"

"This is Aries; yeah. Remember, we're positioned outside in case anything happens. Are you sure you want to do this?"

"I have to." He said. "Aries, Charon, this... I'm sorry. I just have to."

"It's okay." Ranboo cut in. "We know she means a lot to you. It's just that we're a bit worried of some trauma resurfacing-"

"Chillax, it's all good." Tommy scoffed. "I can always just portal out if I need."

"Still-"

"Come on." He chuckled. "I'm Atlas. I've got this."

"Call for us if you need any help."

"I doubt it, but thank you. Right, I'm going in. Wish me luck."

"Just grab her and get out; don't stay any longer than you have to. These are extremely dangerous people, whether you want to admit it or not."

"... Okay. Thanks, you guys." He took a deep breath in and a deep breath out to hopefully ward up the taste of vomit in the back of his throat away. "See you on the other side, I guess."

"Don't get caught. You know what'll happen if you do, and I'm not sure if we can save you in time."

I'm not sure if we can save you in time before you become unrecognizable.

"Yeah." The terror snuck its way up his spine in a precise manner, just as it always had. "Of course."

He entered.

"Fuck, it's so dark in here." He whispered. "Eh, I guess it makes sense. The facility is shut off."

His eyes glinted in the dark. "On the bright side, I can see in the dark real well, so there's that. Hah, *bright* side. I'm fucking hilarious."

"Your hubris will be the death of us all, worm."

"Well no need to be a pissbaby about it- ohhh, what's this?"

"Atlas-"

"Don't worry, don't worry, it was only a passing fancy. I'm very smart, you know."

"Really now?"

"Don't sound fuckin' skeptical of me you fake-humble prick, if this is one of the only times I'm gonna be in here then I'd better find some interesting shit." He made an unironic *harrumph* before continuing. "I think you'd be interested in whatever this is, Aries. It looks-"

Something was standing behind him.

"-really cool. Should I get you a sample?"

"...*Tempting offer. Pass it back here in a portal, I'll bring it back to loser central.*"

"Don't call our base *loser central*. Even if it's accurate."

"*Fizzl- Fizzl-*"

"Aries?"

The comm sputtered in his ear and he groaned. "Shit."

"Sorry, my rods have that affect on some devices." Tommy turned around, preparing his mind for the worst. It was Tanaka, it was Alex, it was another slug, it was ****-.

It was Eaudaemon.

Again.

He'd gotten a new headband which had an obvious camera- obvious to Tommy, at least. The teen could hear the tiny communicator in his ear as well, a tiny voice that sounded suspiciously like Skeppy's yelled to "kick his knees in." Another that sounded precisely like someone he'd never met before chimed in to agree enthusiastically. When Tommy said enthusiastically, he meant that whatever they said was punctuated by several cusses which immediately put him as one of Tommy's more preferred people.

Mad respect he dimly thought, almost feeling his brain rotting from the inside out. "You again. Hello."

"What do you mean again? Sorry, my memory's a bit fucked up at the moment." He took a step closer. "You know anything about that?"

"Perhaps I might. What's it to you?"

"It's-"

"Oh, lemme guess." He held out his hand to silence the older man. "It's " highly dangerous" and you need either the recipe to make it, or you're gonna kill me so my comrade'll stop making it."

"We found one of our employee's *blood* in the serum. You have him, don't you?"

Fuck, I forgot they can DNA test! Shit!

"*Have* is a funny way of saying it, but sure. We "have" him." He put bunny ears around the word have. "Not like you can reach him, anyways."

"What does that-" Sapnap stopped. "You *killed* him."

"What?" All the focus he funneled into being unnecessarily edgy and cynical was swept away at the wild accusation. "How'd you come to that conclusion? No, we didn't *kill* Tommy."

"So he's alive." The older sagged in relief.

"Alive I'd also a funny word for it. Hey, why are you here?"

"What?"

"Like..." He started. "Can't you just. Leave?"

"No?"

"Oh. Why?"

"Because my boss put me here, and also that would go against my moral code?"

"Kinda lame, no? Maybe you should leave; it isn't safe for untrained people."

"You're untrained!"

"Nah, I'm a goddamn pro at this shit. Growing up in this place will do that to you- oop!" He covered his mouth. "You know what? Ignore that. You should leave, I'm busy breaking someone out of here and I don't want you interfering like last-"

A loud groan sounded behind them.

"-timmmmmeeee- huh?" He looked behind Sapnap.

What was possibly the biggest human slug he's seen stood there. Or, more accurately, slithered there. It didn't look like most others, it seemed to be made like the others but colossally bigger, and a stony human face was stitched on the front.

It opened its mouth and bellowed; Tommy watched in mild irritation as half of its body seemed to split open and show a mouth that could definitely fit at least five school busses in it. He absentmindedly wondered how the scientists fed it.

"Ah, shit. That's the biggest human slug I've seen in a long while."

"Human slug?" Sapnap turned around and screamed in terror, his coworkers didn't fair much better as the albino heard them all shriek in abject terror at the mere sight of it.

Pussies.

"Well, you have fun." Tommy bade him goodbye and leapt up, perching on one of the rafters not unlike a bird would.

"A-ATLAS-" The slug moved swifter than its counterparts and opened its gaping maw to no doubt tear the man to shreds in an instant.

He's an enemy he's an enemy he's an enemy he's an enemy-

The slug was fast, Tommy was faster.

(This feels reminiscent.)

Sapnap felt an iron strong grip on his wrist before he was pulled into what seemed to be a starry galaxy, infinite in its beauty. The camera caught a blurry figure in the distance before he was pulled out to the other side.

"Fuckin' hell, do I always have to fix things?" Tommy scoffed. "Look away for a second, won't cha?" The elytrian turned away and took off his goggles, mask, and hood before ripping his entire head off and tossing it into the slug's mouth. It was content, and continued on with its journey, much to his relief.

The feeling of regrowing his head was always a strange one. He put his disguise back on and turned to see Sapnap's ashen white face, terrified.

"Oh, you motherfucker-"

The other passed out.

The vigilante just barely caught him, gripping the front of his suit with a strange type of ferocity. He pulled the limp man back up to hear concerned words being spoken in Sapnap's earpiece. He took it off and inserted it into his own ear. "Hello, Lgbtq+ community."

It seems that the greeting he offered was funnier than he'd expected since a bout of laughter encapsulated his audience on the other side. *"Atlas? What was that?"* Eret's amused voice cut over to him and he leaned over to untie the body camera from Sapnap. "Oh you know, just a friendly greeting." The boy shot a peace sign at it.

"What happened? Is Sapnap...?"

"Don't worry, he's not dead, just unconscious." Tommy grinned. "Next time get a hero that can handle the neutron style."

"Wha-" Eret's confused tone was cut off by Skeppy. *"WAS THAT A FUCKING JIMMY NEUTRON REFERENCE?"*

"Perhaps. Mayhaps. Perchance, if you will. Anyways, what do I do with-" He gestured vaguely to the unconscious figure. "Him?"

"I need you to make sure he gets out safely."

"Why would I do that?" He queried. "Ah, fine. Just because I am by far the most charitable person you might know of, ev-" He cut himself off.

The slug was back. Did it hear him?

It let out a guttural screech and continuing. Tommy huffed unhappily. "Fucking- Shit. I can't watch your coworker, this isn't babysitting hour. I'll drop this motherfucker outside of your building, you get to grab him."

"What-"

He opened a portal. "Actually, does he have a tracker on him?"

"Yes."

"Great. Go get your pickup crew to get him. I have no idea where I'm putting this guy."

"Keep the earpiece." Phil spoke this time. He made an irritated clicking sound. "No. I'm crushing this thing. Bye."

"A-"

He tossed it on the ground and crushed it under his foot, it fizzled and popped for a moment. Okay, focus on the objective."

Where was she located? He swivelled his ears, if it'd be any help. It wasn't.

"Where are you, Clementine..?"

He grinded the bit of technology under his heel a moment more and continued on his way.

The sun was coming up, and he was getting restless.

He couldn't find her damned containment *anywhere*. The experiments that could still think were eager to direct him to where it was supposed to be, but he felt himself getting restless. The lab would be opening up any moment now, and he-

And he...

And he stumbled upon a sealed room.

Tommy stared at the room with the small label "Ariadne" on it with nothing else. There were chains decorating it, but all of them seemed to be opened.

...?

Oh.

He turned around. *She was always so smart.*

Standing there in all her glory was Clementine, ratty blonde hair pulled back in a ponytail as she twirled a hairpin between agile fingers. The outfit she wore looked less like an experiment's and more like a prisoner's.

His sister grinned. "Took you long enough."

Chapter End Notes

AAAAA MOTHERFUCKER IM SO EXCITED TO DELVE DEEPER INTO CLEMENTINE'S CHARACTER HOLY SHITTTTTT FUCK YEAH LETS GOOOOOOOOOO SHES IN HER BAD BITCH ARC AND I REFUSE TO END IT ANYTIME SOON ALSO YES IM MAKING THE FACT SHE STOLE A HAIRPIN FROM A SCIENTIST IN THE FIRST CHAPTER WITH HER POV RELEVANT SHE WAS GOING TO BREAK OUT HERSELF

Also fun fact; tommy and Clementine are twins! This has no real bearing on the story but it was just cool

Cursed au concept: tommy breaks out of the facility but he's never met tubbo so he finds a discarded computer from way back and so when he tries to act like a normal person almost everything is the same except he doesn't know modern slang. Charlie quite literally collapsed and had to be taken to ponk when he heard the boy unironically use the word gnarly.

This is not cannon in any way I just thought it was funny

Sapnap, to Tommy's face: so Tommy's alive?

Tommy after having retained full control of his body after he died, including thought process: sure

Question of the day: what's something that other people do that makes you unreasonably upset? I hate it when others don't close doors behind them

The Gucci gang gets two new rad members and also Wilbur please be a better father and be there for your son come on dude this could have lasting effects you know this look at how techno turned out man he's wack as shitt

Chapter Summary

Tommy reaches out to someone to invite him on over which basically shows Fundy's tragic past and that Wilbur really needs to break the habit of "monkey see, monkey do" immediately

Like.... Cmon bro. I know you're angsting over sally leaving you years ago but please. your son is in the middle of his viva la revolution arc because you decided to cha cha real smooth out of his life

Chapter Notes

Quick note: clementine does have an american accent I promise there's a very good reason and not because I wanted to see cowboy clem
I promise

Also BARK BARK BARK GRR THE BEST THING ABOUT OCS IS THAT NO ONE CAN STOP YOU FROM GIVING THEM AS MANY PRONOUNS YOU DESIRE there is a criminal lack of neopronouns in my story so I'm amending that with my gorl clementine and redacted (Dac uses they/him and it/it's pronouns)

Trigger warnings:
Child neglect
Fundy's spooky daddy issues

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"This is your place then?" She grinned. "Crazy. My little brother is so smart." Clementine ruffled his hair. "So. You have friends?"

"Yeah, lemme introduce you to them. Tubbo, Ranboo! It's time to meet Clementine!"

A ram hybrid sped around the corner, falling flat on his face for a moment before getting up, brushing himself off, and continuing at the two the same speed he was before. They stuck out a hand when they were face to face with Clementine. "Hi! I'm Tubbo, but call me Aries in uniform. I use he/him and they/them pronouns!"

"Awesome. I'm Clementine, I use any pronouns, along with it/its pronouns. I have no idea what my vigilante name would be."

"That's okay!" A tall half and half man turned the corner, and Clementine's face turned into one of confusion. "Um. Hi! I'm Ranboo, I also use he/him and they/them pronouns. My vigilante name is Charon."

"It's nice to meet you." She frowned.

"Is something wrong?"

"Oh, don't worry it's none of y'all, just..." She trailed off. "I feel like there should be one more of ya little buggers here."

"I have no idea what you're talking about. Also Tommy, why does she sound American?"

"I have no idea." He turned to it. "Clementine?"

"Oh yeah." Her grin fell a bit. "That's actually something I wanted to talk to y'all about."

"So-" Tommy started. "You're saying that you're actually fifty six because time passes differently in the afterlife and that you were a ghost who communicated with an American through a Ouija board? And you accidentally got their accent through association?"

"Yeah, pretty much."

"I..." Tommy laughed. "Don't even know how to comprehend that? I was gonna ask you how hell was, but I guess that's a bit of a useless question now, innit?"

"Yup." She popped the p. "I was a fuckin' ghost for fifty years. That shit's *wack*. You ever float through a wall? You ever scream so hard you crack a window? You ever possess someone?"

"Wait, pos-"

"Aside from that." It dismissed. "How's the little Gucci gang doing? Can I get a report on how all of this is coming along?"

"It's going great; we've a lot on our agenda. Gotta get a spy, gotta get you a suit assuming you maybe want to join us on our plan-"

"I also have to introduce it to our *brother Quackity*."

"That too, that too."

"Well then!" Tubbo clapped his hands together. "What's your favorite color?"

"I quite like yellow."

"Excellent. I'll make you up your uniform. Tommy, go introduce your weird family to each other."

"Oh boy." She grinned. "I'm so excited to meet this Quackity guy; you said he was our brother?"

"Yeah, he's twenty, so I guess that would make him the middle child. He also runs a large portion of the underground."

"I see, I see." She hobbled over and splayed out on a beanbag. Tommy frowned. "Actually, Tubbo? I think the suit can wait for a minute."

"What? Why?"

"They only have one leg, Tubbo."

"...Oh yeah!"

"This is incredible." She marvelled. "How long did it take you to build?"

"Oh, I originally was building it a long while back, so I just used this project's wiring and tweaked the leg design a but so it looked more like your other leg."

"Oh." She nodded. "Still, impressive."

"Thank you!" He smiled. "It's resistant to most heat, and if you flex a certain muscle, a blade will come out of the heel, it's detachable!"

"Now that's what I like to hear, scrub!" He ruffled their hair. "I can murder people with my kickass new leg, how cool is that?"

"Very cool." Tommy nodded seriously. "I can also murder people with my leg, but mine is much less metal than yours and a detachable blade also cannot come out of the heel."

"Lame!" Ranboo called at the same time Tubbo yelled, "I can change that!"

"Your friends are an absolute delight, Tommy."

"Thanks, they're going to be the death of me."

"Quackity?"

"Tommy! What's up, little man?"

"I have got some phenomenal news, my man! So basically, my older sister died when I was a kid but then Dream brought her back on accident and so now we're on our way so you can meet him?"

"..."

"Also we're twins, even though she's fifty six. It looks seventeen though, so just warning you that you're the middle child now."

"Oh my god, I'm the middle child now. Can you pass the phone to her? Uh, them? What pronouns can I use?"

"Any pronouns, along with it/its. Here, I'll pass the phone to him."

"Hello?"

"Hi!" Clementine chuckled. "So, how's it feel to be the middle child?"

"Horrible. I can already feel my parents neglecting me."

She snorted. "Oh, I already like you. By the way, Tommy is a batshit insane driver and I'm doubtful that we're going to make it to your place in one piece. He's swerved around at least eight different pedestrians-"

"I'm going to try and drift, Clementine!"

"NO TOMMY, DO NOT- AAAAAA-"

"WOoooooooooo!"

"So."

"So."

The two avians stared at each other. Tommy got up noisily. "I'm going, be back in like, thirty. Have fun, you two."

He came back to an absolute mess.

Lettuce was strewn over the floor, taco shell fragments and popcorn kernels littered the ground. Tommy dreaded to see what happened. Clementine and Quackity both hunched over an iPad crying and eating tacos and popcorn, both singing something in an amalgamation of Spanish and English.

"YOU MAKE ME UN POCO LOCO!"

"Cle-"

"*THE WAY YOU KEEP ME GUESSING!*" Quackity shouted, voice filled to the brim with an unidentifiable emotion. "*I'M NODDING AND I'M YESSING!*"

"Q-"

"*I'LL COUNT IT AS A BLESSING!*" They sang simultaneously. "*THAT I'M UN POCO LOCO!*"

"HOLY SHIT!"

The two older siblings burst out laughing. "S-Sorry-"

"Are you two watching *Coco*?"

"Yeah?"

"..."

"..."

"..."

"...Can I watch too?"

"How do you feel about him?"

Quackity smiled. "It's great; I'm glad that she's here, Tommy. Thank you for introducing me to my new sibling."

"I mean, she's not really new-"

"Are you calling me old?" Her head turned ominously, much like a priest's after a small child admitted that they like the same sex. The boys quickly amended their statements. "NO, NO, NO, NO-"

"Good. Toms, you ready to leave?"

"Yes." He said feebly. "I am ready to leave, Clementine."

"Are you sure he's the one we should invite?"

"Yes, I'm *absolutely* sure."

"But he's one of the hero's kids!" Tubbo aggressively whispered. "We can't just-"

"Don't worry, Fundy has *daddy issues*, he'll join."

So that was how Fundy found himself stuck in a room with three of the most prominent vigilantes known to the city, as well as some lady who he'd never seen before.

"Um." He started awkwardly. "Are you going to kill me? Because there's so many things on my bucket list I haven't done yet."

"Kill you?" Atlas said. "No? Why would we kill you?"

The fox shrugged. "I don't know, do you have some secret vendetta against me?"

"We'll see. Do you particularly enjoy your fingers?" The shortest, and by association, the person who was supposed to be the least terrifying said ominously.

In a shocking twist of fate, Charon was actually the least terrifying. They were, quite possibly, the most awkward Fundy had ever seen someone. The vigilante had asked them how their day was at least three times, obviously not remembering whenever they repeated themselves. That was something he could tell Wilbur when he got back.

Well. If he was even telling anyone what happened that afternoon. He was incredibly compelled to agree to the deal they made. The trouble trio (and mystery lady) had offered him a spot in their ranks and assured him that there would be perks. The one he was most interested in? Top surgery,

legal name change, and financial support to continue his hormone replacement therapy.

Things that *Wilbur*; *his father* was supposed to be helping him with.

So yeah, sue him for drinking the vicious cocktail that was a foul mixture of bitterness towards Wilbur and a sweet shot of the undoubtedly fantastic perks. He was drunk on the taste of bitterness, Fundy also quite liked making lame metaphors, a favored hobby of his when his father replaced bonding time with more practical activities like working, or falling into a coma for five in a half months.

Wilbur was not a perfect parent.

(Just like his ~~father~~.)

He got a tour. He met the pets.

The entire place was supposed to be *scary*. Wilbur had painted this big picture of the vigilantes being some sort of psychopathic insane puppet masters, completely unhinged. The more that Fundy looked around, the more that it looked less like that and more like kids who just got backed up into a corner by life. Everyone's rooms looked more like caves, the lab had tiny plaques etched into the table that looked like they had been scraped over with a pocketknife several times.

He thinks his breaking point was when Charon explained gently that he had a memory book because his amnesia was so severe that some days he woke up with no memory of anything whatsoever and couldn't get any medicine for it.

All of them were just *kids*.

All of them were beaten down by the world and decided to beat back.

Who knew that they had so much in common? Maybe they knew what it was like to be forgotten and abandoned. Maybe they wouldn't cast him aside.

That's why when all was said and done, he shook their hands and accepted the offer into their group.

"Yeah." Fundy said easily. "Yeah, I'll join."

Chapter End Notes

Clementine has joined the custody battle for ranboo and tommy and also maybe tubbo; it's not giving up without a fight

PS whenever Fundy gets found out by the heroes?

THAT'S WHEN THE FUN STARTS I've already got some delicious paragraphs typed out

QUESTION OF THE DAY: coke or Pepsi? I don't like fizzy stuff besides monster so its a no for me either way

This is just the calm before the storm part two electric chair-boogaloo also twitter shenanigans

Chapter Summary

Haven't you heard?
You haven't...?
Oh yeah, Tommy's kind of fucked.

Chapter Notes

Its cannon in this story that Wilbur has forgotten Fundy's birthday; his son doesn't bother to try and remind him anymore. It's a waste of time to try and remind someone about something when they'll just forget it the next week.

TRIGGER WARNINGS:

Neglect
Fundy's daddy issues (part 2/463827282829)
Twitter :(

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"But how do we know you aren't lying?" Tubbo suddenly looked distrustful. "Hmm..."

"Don't worry." The albino, tapping his ears. "He isn't lying. Heartbeat didn't speed up."

"Oh yeah."

The fox hybrid frowned because didn't Tommy also did that?

(Pieces start to connect.)

"So." Fundy started. "I would *love* some answers, to start off."

"We can answer some of them."

"Okay. So uh, what the fuck happened to Tommy, to start off?"

Tubbo and Ranboo looked at each other but the elytrian beat them to it.

"What do you mean what happened to him?" The winged man removed his mask and goggles before flipping down his hood. He grinned, sharp teeth on display. "I'm right here?"

"..." Fundy's eyes went wide. "*No.*"

"*Yes.*"

"No way. *Tommy?* But- But how?" Fundy looked him up and down. "I mean, now that you took off your stuff I can see it, but- *how?*"

"Same reason that the scientists want me, duh." Tommy slouched into the beanbag. "My skillset is incredibly widespread."

"Just tell him about your weird magical card deck, Tommy."

"You make everything infinitely less entertaining, Ranboo- oop." He covered his mouth. "Uh. Fundy?"

"I won't tell. So. Your name is Ranboo?"

"Guess the jig is over, huh? Yeah. Tubbo, you can take off the uniform." The fox hybrid flinched again.

"Aww! Seriously? We were having such cool moments though, it was so fun."

"You- You're Tubbo."

"And you're Fundy."

"..." Fundy let out a disbelieving laugh as he sat down. "This makes no sense at all, and yet so much."

"Welcome to the crew, Fundy!" Tommy waved his hands in an imitation of what he once saw on TV called *jazz hands*. "Everything here is always fucked all the time. Come to the vigilante side, we have cheese balls and a ball pit."

"You have a ball pit?"

Tommy snapped his fingers and part of the floor caved in on itself to show a ballpit. It was filled with lots of miscellaneous things as well- was that a bag of birdseed?

Does... He looked over at Tommy. *Does Tommy...?*

"Oh shit, there's my birdseed."

Ah.

He watched in a sort of distant fascination as the aforementioned teenager stuck his hand in a portal, pulled the bag of birdseed out, and proceeded to rip it open and scarf it like there was no tomorrow.

"Tommy!" Tubbo scolded. "You can't eat, that's gonna be hell on your stomach later."

"Wait, what?"

"On yeah. Uh, Fundy, remember when I said everything was fucked all the time here?"

"Yeah?"

"I'm dead, so I can't digest food."

AH.

"I used my incredibly cool powers to kind of make myself immortal and now I am like Philza Minecraft because I can't die. Or, I can't die twice- you okay?"

"Are you Phil's secret lovechild?" The question slipped out before he could stop himself. Tubbo practically burst into hysterics on the spot.

"No, I am not Phil's secr-"

"FUNDY CAN SEE IT! I CAN SEE IT! EVEN RANBOO SEES IT! DON'T DENY IT ANY LONGER, BITCH BOY!"

"YOU SAW MY GENETIC FAMILY TREE, HE WAS NOT ON THERE!"

"THST'S COS IT ONLY SHOWED THE LAST HUNDRED YEARS!"

"SHUT UP!"

Ranboo sighed. "Sorry, they're a little competitive at times. Do you like spaghetti?"

"Y-yeah?" A plate of linguine was solemnly handed to him.

Fundy sighed. "Thanks, man."

"No problem."

"Fundy! Where were you?" Charlie sighed. "Dude, I've been trying to cover your shift for the past ten minutes!"

"Sorry, sorry! Some asshole decided it's be funny to pour water on my head, so I had to run back home and change. Really sorry, big guy."

"It's fine, it's fine, just don't do it again."

"You act as if I had a choice." He did, Tubbo insisted that Fundy shower before he leave so that he didn't smell of anyone in case the hybrids of the office could tell. It was a good idea, Hbomb was

looking at him a little bit weird, but that was probably just Hbomb being Hbomb. He looked at Fundy "a little bit weird" twenty four seven.

But aside from that, he had things to get to. Files to peek through, meetings to record, father to neglect right back.

The usual.

He wasn't bitter. He... He *wasn't*. Fundy was not *fucking* bitter, he did not miss Wilbur. He didn't.

Even so, the dull ache in his chest failed to dissipate.

"Oh my *god*." Phil tossed his phone back on his desk and groaned into his hands. Sam looked on in confusion. "What's wrong?"

"Check twitter."

The creeper hybrid blinked but obeyed the request. He opened the app to reveal "*THE SQUADRANT OF HOOLIGANS*" trending. "The squadrant of hooligans?"

"Atlas, Aries, Charon, and two other new vigilantes that we haven't heard of yet made a twitter account."

Sam groaned and tossed his phone on the desk, verbatim to Phil's actions.

"Hey guys- what's wrong?" Dream walked in, obviously quizzical.

Sam looked up at the green clad man with barely concealed suffering. Maybe if he prayed hard enough, he'd drop dead on the spot. "Check twitter."

"Okay?" A moment later. "Oh, motherfucker."

THE SQUADRANT OF BAFOOLIGANS @theogfools

HEY TWITTER WE'RE BORED!!!! I HAD A FUCKIN GREAT IDEA AND NOW WE'RE HERE!! The people who'll be running this account will be as follows:

Me (Aries, vigilante extrodinare)

Atlas (self proclaimed "sexiest man alive;" we'll get back you on that)

Charon (just a little guy. Just a fellow. To be cherished)

As well as TWO NEW SUPER AWESOME SEXY VIGILANTES that haven't been introduced to da pub yet!!! Get ready for their grand reveal ;)

19M retweets

18.4M Likes

REPLIES:

Wiblur soup @Whisper is online

Oh my god who let them on the internet

Velvet is going apeshit @Thewholeredvelvetcake

I sense a disturbance in the force. When is Phil seeing this

Ph1lza is going to assault someone @Ph1lza Minecraft

I'm about to break the heroes oath and use excess force. I am crafting a belt. I am hitting the kids.

Technoblade @Technoblade

Isn't the age requirement for twitter 13? @theogfools come back in a few years

Big guy @Jschlatt

Uh oh here we go

Cool guy! Is upset @SammyWammy123

Children should not be on twitter >:(

Frosted Ant @Auntiefrost

I.... Have no words

Dreaming of quitting @Dreamwastaken

Everyone's just going to skip on Phil's reply? Okay... (Let me join in Phil I will pay you)

Let me IN @Nikiishere

Welcome to twitter you three (five?! I suggest you log out this place is awful

Puffy @Therepuff

Oh this is not going to be good for their mental health I can tell already

Screaming in fear but in a cool way @Therealeret

This is going to be fun

Gogy is tired @Georgenotfound

I wake up and see my tl in absolute shambles. I see that the vigilantes have made a twitter account. I see that there are two more we haven't even met yet. I go back to sleep.

Snapynappy @SappitusNappitus

I-

In due time @Karljacobs

Oh this is going to turn out so incredibly funny

On a different note guys I didn't break the coffee machine in the break room

Bone guy @SImccI

Woah!!! So many people with bones and meat, which I also have yes

C-C-C-Cherry bomb @Hbomb

I knew it!! @CONARISDONE YOU OWE ME TEN DOLLARS

Also foolsquad. Hello :)

I Connor @CONARISDONE

HOW THE FUCK DID YOH KNOW THEY'D MAKE A SHARED TWIT PAGE?????

Muffins in the freezer @Badboyhalo

O_O

Just ducking with you @BigQ

laugh track

Sgep @Skeppy

Ruh roh shaggy

Call-me-later-ahan @Callahan

(Disappointed silence)

Life gives me rocks so I make rockade @Dropsbyponk

Hm! Terrifying!

Trending

THE SQUADRANT OF BAFOOLIGANS

Atlas, Aries, and Charon, along with two other unknown members of a well loved and well known vigilante group have made a shared Twitter account

UNKNOWN?

Twitter is curious about the two unknown identities of the popular vigilante group "THE SQUADRANT OF BAFOOLIGANS"

DADZA UPSET

Fans react to Philza announcing he will beat children publicly. Great job, Phil!

HARRY STYLES

I don't even know what to put for this caption. Twitter may fire me but I'm an unpaid intern, so I don't care anymore. Harry styles did a thing I guess and now people are going apeshit about it

TWITTER UNPAID INTERN IS SALTY

okay fuck you guys

THE SQUADRANT OF BAFOOLIGANS @theogfools

Hmm..... Teumessian and Nemesis :)

Chapter End Notes

WOooooooooooooo VIGILANTE CLEM (Nemesis) AND FUNDY (Teumessian)
Clem is named after the goddess of divine retribution and revenge whilst Fundy is named after the Teumessian fox, a large fox that was fated to always evade it's hunter; a punishment sent by one of the gods to the city of Thebes
I had a lot of fun coming up with these names :D

Unpaid twitter intern is definitely coming up later in the story lmao

I swear to god one day clem's just gonna fuckin
Clementine: PARKOUR! (Jumps off a building and falls to her death)

QUESTION OF THE DAY: what do you consider the best quality in a friend? I think that being funny is a good trait, that's usually what I seek out in a companion

Dream, Dream, Dream, Dream, Dream, Dream....

Chapter Summary

Fast asleep fast asleep fast asleep fast asleep fast asleep fast asleep
(It's getting closer, Tommy. You have no clue, do you?)
Nice things don't last forever.
(You rise to fall, stupid, stupid child.)

Chapter Notes

I'm glad everyone likes the unpaid twitter intern, maybe they're the real protagonist /j

TRIGGER WARNINGS:

A shitty and short chapter I was really tired y'all

Amputation

Wounds

Blood

Pus

Bones

The crushing constant realisation that everyone you know is going to die one day

Nightmares

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Clementine, why did you rip off your leg?"

It frowned.

("It's just a precaution." She shrieked as she felt a burning pain in her leg and her ear. The girl looked down in horror to watch the surgeon cut open her hip and put a small metal square in. Crimson gushed out of the wound, and after a few minutes of the wound not being stitched up, she started to feel dizzy.

It hurt incredibly bad, and he swore he felt it burrow it's way through muscle and fat to cling firmly onto her bone. The girl temporarily wished to any higher power that she had the pain resistance of her brother, but alas, that was not the case. She looked at the doctor in confusion. "W-Why?"

"God, shut the fuck up. The other freak will come get you eventually. You'll understand, if you're even competent enough to. In all honesty? I know you can't."

Oh, she understood.

Fuck. A tracker?

Two days later she looked at the wound. It oozed blood and pus, and it was starting to go green around the edges.

Tommy's going to come get me, huh?

Ripping off her leg was easier than she thought it'd be. Fumbling and grabbing one of the matches she'd stolen for this purpose to set her only blanket on fire and cauterize the wound was easy. She set her mind on a goal and would do it. They could do it, they could do it.

It still hurt like shit.

As she stared at her leg lose blood she couldn't help but wonder where Davie was.

He hadn't been in his cell for a while now. It hadn't heard anything of the boy for a while. She hoped it didn't mean what she thought it meant.)

Good things don't last forever. That was something Phil had learned millennia ago, though the lesson always seemed to sneak up on him when he least expected. Sometimes he'd joke around with his sons, sometimes he'd laugh so hard he cried but when he opened his eyes all he saw was *if they're lucky then they'll have fifty five years left to live.*

The fact that you'll outlive everyone you know; your children, your possible lovers, your friends, your family. Your enemies won't last either, not even hate can perpetuate forever. The people you despise, the people you love?

They'll all die one day.

You will be alone again; not even bitterness can fuel you. Nothing will keep you going, at some point. At the end of the day; the world, he'll still be here. He'll be the only one left. He'll be cursed to float through time and space until billions of years later, a new civilization will start to form.

(He's seen it happen once. He doubts that it won't happen again.)

"Do you guys ever have nightmares?"

The question is sudden, Ranboo turned to look at his friend. "Of course. Doesn't everyone?"

"I guess. I had a nightmare, but it was weird."

"How so?" The half and half teen sat down. "Sometimes I get chased by a huge version of toad in Peach's castle in my nightmares. I can't really remember the other ones."

Tommy looked at him strangely. "What?"

"I... am not going to comment on that. But yeah, this dream was so weird- like, do you mind if I tell you?"

"Go for it."

"Kay, so, it was a really mundane scene, but it still felt really sad. Well, it was multiple scenes. The first one was Tubbo and I sitting in our apartment, and it was my birthday party. There was a third figure too, but their appearance was like a shadow." He frowned. "It was like they were completely blacked out, but I could see their eyes, which were white. Whenever someone addressed them, it was just like, a burst of static in my ear. I couldn't hear their name. You still with me?"

"Yeah?" Ranboo looked interested, so Tommy continued. "The next scene was me as a child, and the inky looking person was bandaging me up, and they were telling me that I was an idiot-"

"They aren't wrong-"

"Oi. Anyways, it was weird because I was a kid back then too, but even then I still had my hyperregeneration. They asked me why I didn't just heal, and I said that I wanted to bond. I didn't mean to say it, it was just like, dream me said it. The next scene was a bit weirder. I was talking to them and they were holding up a pink skirt. Now, don't get me wrong, I do not judge people for wearing skirts, but dream me was so confused; I asked them where I got a skirt and they told me they found it in a dumpster, to which I told them to wash it. After a second I was like "oooo I'm so gonna tell tubbo" and they were all "don't you dare" then lunged at me."

Ranboo snorted. "In the dump? Isn't that unsanitary?"

"That's why I told them to wash it. Anyways, the last scene was just them kinda." He paused. "Looking at me. I was in a completely white void, and they were just staring at me. Their eyes were unsettlingly realistic. They had pupils 'n shit now, but the eyes were just looking at me blankly. The person opened their mouth and I woke up."

"What?"

"I think they were about to say something." Tommy spoke. "But I woke up before I could hear it."

"Oh, big yikes. Have you tried sleeping again?"

"It was such a weird dream, I woke up panting and shaking even though I don't actually need to breathe."

"At least you weren't sweating that hard?"

"My sweat glands don't work anymore, Ranboo."

"*Oh yeah.*"

"Clementine?"

She opened her eyes.

"Clementine." A figure stood there, incredibly tall and incredibly familiar to someone she'd seen before.

"What-" She jolted. "T-Tommy?" The person (Tommy?) that stood in front of her was enormously tall, over sixteen feet. They wore black and gold, and their dress(?) faded into a gradient at the bottom. their eyes were dark with a strange black liquid dripping down their cheeks which displayed golden feathers. She blinked. Golden feathers?

A quick look behind the person showed outrageously large wings which were much like her brothers, but a dazzling gold sat atop them like it was dripped on the person's wings. They grinned and opened their mouth. "I believe it was about time to introduce myself."

That was not Tommy.

This person's voice was far deeper than any person's voice had the right to be, and hearing it gave her a headache. It fizzled at the edges, and occasionally their voice would seem to glitch and yet still sounded elegant.

"What the fuck?"

"Your brother let me out here to uh, introduce myself to everyone."

"Out?"

They grinned with too many teeth. "I'll explain that in a minute." They held out a clawed hand.
"Call me Redacted."

She hesitantly reached out and shook it. "Pleasure to meet you."

"Likewise."

Chapter End Notes

What the figure (who you've probably guessed is the first timeline's sapnap) said in Tommy's dream was "Do you still not remember?"

OG timeline sapnap and new timeline sapnap are slowly happening not clickbait

??????????

Twitter unpaid intern is also going to make another entrance. Soon.

On another note, where's Davie..?

Huh.

Weird.

QUESTION OF THE DAY: Settle the debate. Did the chicken come first, or did the egg?

Recovery is never linear

Chapter Summary

Sam doesn't want anyone to know what happened.

What he did.

His guilty conscious leads him to make strange decisions in the dead of the night.

Chapter Notes

You guys: Sam lore!! Sam!!! Lore! Lore Lore Lore! Sam lore :D

Me, whipping out the angst card: no one is allowed to have a happy past. Fuck Sam happy lore. He isn't allowed to have a family

TRIGGER WARNINGS:

Overdosing

Suicide

Almost panic attack st the end

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Have you ever wanted something so badly that you'd do anything to get it?

Sam knows the feeling.

He's wanted a lot.

When he was a child, he wanted small trivial things. The cool looking shoes that he couldn't wear, the last bite of the ice cream, for his brother to let him win once while they played games on his old GameCube.

Of course, Daniel wouldn't let him. Despite that, he looked up to his older brother like nothing else.

("Hah! Eat shit, Sammie!" A large creeper figure stuck his tounge out playfully, turning his controller to the side. "Just hit me, it's not that hard.")

"You keep moving, stupid!" Sam groaned. "How am I supposed to hit you if you just keep moving?"

"You'll figure it out!" Daniel laughed. "C'mon, you've got this! Don't worry, it's easier when you

get used to it."

"Ehh?" The shorter sighed and tossed his controller on the ground as the words "YOU LOST" popped up on his side of the screen again. "This is the fifth time!"

"Hey, it's-" A shout came from the kitchen, and Daniel's face dropped. "Okay. Hey, Sammie-boy, how would you feel about going to the carnival today? I saved up enough cash."

"Carnival?" The nine year old marvelled. "Oh- yes please! I really wanna! Let's go now!"

"Now?" Daniel laughed. "It's eleven, isn't that your bedtime?"

"It's the middle of the day! Come onnnn! Please?"

"Fine, fine." His brother ruffled his hair and leaned in close, as if to whisper a secret to him in his ear. "But you gotta pay for your own ticket."

"But mom and dad don't give me allowance."

A moment of anger passed on the older's face before he schooled it into sly cleverness once more. "Well then, I guess I can pay for yours just this once." The teen winked. "Go get ready, and bring your backpack. I'm gonna teach ya' how to not spew chunks on the roller coasters."

"Fuck yeah!"

"Language!"

"But you say fuck?"

"Well you're not me. Wait until you're fifteen too, scrub. How long is that? Maybe... Nine years?"

"No! It's only gonna take-" Sam counted on his fingers. "Six years!"

"Close enough.")

He wished he realised what Daniel was doing ahead of time.

("It's easier when you get used to it.")

How long hadn't he noticed Tommy's suffering?

How stupid did he have to be to not say anything after the horrid panic attack he'd coaxed the other through? Apologies weren't enough, if the boy was even alive. Tommy would never forgive him, Sam was a monster.

He promised himself after the first time that he'd notice of something was wrong with someone he'd loved.

He promised himself that after the first time, he'd do something, *anything*.

("Daniel?"

His brother wasn't moving. Sam kept shaking him. "Daniel? What's wrong?" The strange orange bottle the other held in a strangely pale, sweaty palm fell onto the bedspread. The now eleven year old frowned and picked it up daintily. "Huh? Painkillers?"

Didn't they get a new bottle a few days ago? Why was this one empty? "Daniel, you jerk! You hogged all the painkillers, what am I supposed to take when mom hits me now?"

His brother didn't respond. Sam grunted in anger. "Daniel, I shook you like, twenty times! I know you aren't sleeping, stupid! I'll forgive you right now if you just wake up and say you're sorry."

There was no response. Sam frowned worriedly. "Daniel?"

The empty bottle fell off of the bed and rattled on the floor; Sam didn't know why it felt like an omen.)

He woke up with a jolt, breathing heavily. "Wh-h-" The man gasped and turned to his bedside table. The digital clock on it read 1:02.

He sighed. "Just... just a nightmare."

His house was so cold. Did the heating go off?

"Only a nightmare..."

He decided to go for a walk.

The creeper hybrid shrugged on two hoodies, yet the chill crept through them both and clung to his body relentlessly. He frowned, but continued on his way through the night. He pulled out his phone and clicked on the digital shopping list. "Maybe I can finish some shopping now. Where's a place that's open twenty four seven?" He ended up going to Walmart.

Mysteriously, several boxes of fishsticks end up in his basket. He blinked. When did he put those in there? He didn't even like fishsticks. That was Daniel's favorite food, so why..?

He ignored it and continued with his shopping. More and more comfort foods made their way into the basket, tiny compared to him. Oh, his stomach would so kill him, but it was either this or destroying his knuckles at the hero's gym again, and they were still healing.

He'd settle for sobbing his eyes out over a tub of cookies and cream from Walmart. And fish sticks. He frowned. When was the last time he'd even eaten them?

He thought back, and back, and back, and after a while, stopped trying to think about it.

Things just were awful, and he hated himself, and he decided that he was going to sob his eyes out over a tub of cookies and cream *and* fishsticks, because he was feeling nostalgic. He dropped a bottle of ketchup in his basket as well. "I'm not going to eat plain fishsticks..."

He was seated at home, groceries sufficiently stored. Only thirty minutes had passed, so the man had cracked open a red bull and got himself to make something to eat.

Now, of course, in his confusion he somehow managed to put a pot of spaghetti on the stove. It was actually quite disorienting, he felt as if he'd just blacked out for twenty minutes and when he'd arisen there was a vat of noodles in front of him. He blinked but his brain felt like mush and he quietly and quite shamelessly added the fishsticks into the noodles before squirting ketchup and barbeque sauce onto it.

The next hour could only be described as ugly crying in the floor of his kitchen whilst he inhaled his unholy spaghetti amalgamation which actually tasted pretty okay.

From Walmart.

He'd definitely be going there again, as evidenced by his sickened expression a moment later, followed by violent wrenching in the trashcan and a rasped out,

"Oh god, I didn't cook the fishsticks all the way through, did I?"

Minutes later saw him heating up another pot of spaghetti and putting careful rows of fishsticks onto a tin to put in the oven- for the *recommended time* this attempt. He'd realised something humbling, and that was that as clever and mathmatically gifted as he was, he was *not* immune to uncooked fish, and hubris over fishstick cooking times was never a good thing to have.

The creeper hybrid watched in fascination as the bread prickled up on the sticks, and only did it briefly cross his mind that he might've been getting a little too invested in his fishstick madness when he knew how long they'd be until they finished cooking without looking at the timer.

I'm putting my math skills to good use, he reasoned, this is what my teachers prepared me for.

... To calculate the logistics and times of his fishsticks so he could put them into spaghetti.

Yes, that is what they taught him for. It all lead up to this.

He turned and jostled a cabinet, causing a bottle to slide off. It was plastic, nothing too breakable that would shatter.

The clicking of it hitting the tile reverberated in his ears and he shuddered.

(Daniel had tile floors.)

His eyes grew cloudy and he shook.

(Does it-)

My fault.

(-remind you of anything?)

MY FAULT.

"No." He muttered. "No, no, no, no, no-"

The oven beeping broke him out of his trance. He stared dazedly at the thing.

"Oh."

(Recovery is not linear.)

"T-The sticks are done."

(His hands were shaking.)

Anyways Sam fun fact: he has two phones since he always accidentally wrecks his main one. The spare is MUCH smaller and he can't type properly since his fingers are too big for the keyboard which ends up in constant typos
He does not like the spare phone but is too lazy to replace it and just suffers every time he has to use it while he's waiting for a replacment to ship in
Unfortunately, he breaks his main phone quite often.

Me: okay this is going to be a serious chapter that focuses on serious topics
Me halfway through: fishstick spaghetti go brrrr

Another Sam fact! He named David after Daniel, but didn't want it to be too similar of a name because he didn't want to feel like David was replacing his brother

The room where it happens

Chapter Summary

Tommy wasn't ready; no one was.
... What's Wilbur doing?

Chapter Notes

Let's be honest the last chapter was me just seeing if I could make something ridiculous sad

Anyways get ready. Remember what the title of chapter twenty one was?
:)

I totally bet you were about to/did go check just now lmao

TRIGGER WARNINGS:

les drugs

Kidnapping

"Hey, is something wrong?"

Clementine looked up. "Huh? Oh, I'm fine. Why do you ask?"

"Dunno." Tommy looked at his nails appraisingly. "You just look kind of... disturbed."

"I do?" It blinked. "Huh. Don't sorry too much, I just..."

He looked through Tommy. "Have a bad feeling in my stomach, is all. Like, I don't know, do you know what Spiderman is?"

"Uh." The albino tried to recall. "Tubbo likes it, right? The guy who dresses up in a latex spider suit and has danger sense, or something?"

"Close enough. I feel like I have danger sense." They shook their head. "It's probably nothing though; I'm just paranoid, I hope."

(Her ear hurt.)

"Hey Tommmmmmyyyyyy?"

"Hey Tubbbbbbooooo?" He parroted back. "What's up?"

"Have you seen-"

"Ranboo's out. Said something about a..." He squinted, trying to remember. "Book? He'll be back soon."

Tubbo frowned. "Damn."

"Why?"

"Oh, the egg in his room is hatching."

"wHAT!?"

"What should we name-" Tommy peeked under it briefly, "Her?"

"Nugget." Tubbo chimed in immediately. His suggestion was ignored as the two enderman hybrids muttered over themselves.

"Hey? I can hear ehst you're saying, Endy is a horrid name."

Ranboo glared at the other for a moment before turning to Tommy and continuing the conversation but switching to enderian. *"So, what do you think?"*

Tommy responded in kind. *"As much as I hate to agree with him, it is an awful name."*

"You can speak enderman?"

"I am part enderman, Tubbo. Also, it's called enderian."

"Oh yeah. Teach me enderian!"

"Only enderman and ender hybrids can speak enderian!"

"Oh!"

Tommy turned to his monochrome friend. *"Anyways, what were we talking about?"*

"Naming the dragon."

"What about Ender Dragon?"

"That is so on the nose."

"And? I like Ender Dragon."

"We should name her Keith."

"Her middle name shall be Keith."

"What's her last name?"

Tommy hummed. *"Innit."*

"What ? No."

"Yes!"

"Her last name should be something good! Like..." Ranboo trailed off. "*Beloved! Beloved is a good last name!*"

"*You do have a point... Very well!*" He clapped his hands and switched back to English. "Tubbo! The council has made a decision."

"Yeah?"

"The Dragon's new name is- ranboo, drumroll please." The aforementioned teen drummed his hands on his thighs and Tommy nodded. "Ender Dragon Keith Innit-Beloved!"

"That's a shit name."

"Better then *nugget*."

"Oh, piss off!"

"The gang's all here." Tommy spoke proudly. "We should get a group photo."

"What should we call it?"

"I have a better idea!" Tubbo called. "Everyone, get in your vigilante getup and take a photo to post on the Twitter!"

[REDACTED] spike up hesitantly, getting more confident with projecting himself out of the voidspace in Tommy's head. "I don't have a costume though."

"I will make you a mask then, easy!"

"How long will that take? My head isn't really," He gestured helplessly. "Normal sized."

"I've always been one for challenges. Come to my lab, young padawan."

"I won't fit through the door."

"Oh yeah. How tall are you again?"

"Around seventeen feet and a few inches. I'm still growing though, I'll probably end up around thirty three feet tall. That's how tall I can make myself, at least."

"You're *definitely* shifting to your full height for the group photo."

"Uh- okay?"

"Perfect. Anyways, I'll bring supplies here."

"Oh- okay!"

Fifteen minutes later a mask was constructed for the ginormous man in his full height.

"Alright, is everybody ready?" Tubbo set up the camera and sprinted to pose before it clicked.

"Say "fuck the police!""

"Fuck the police!"

"Fuck the police!"

"F-Fuck the police?"

"Fuck th' police!"

"Fuck t-the police!" [REDACTED] chimed in happily.

The camera clicked and Tubbo raced back to look at the photo. Everyone was grouped together, save for [REDACTED] who sat behind them and spread his arms out, easily dwarfing everyone else. Tubbo had laid down and held one hand on his hip whilst the other held his head up, Tommy shot a peace sign at the camera, Fundy and Ranboo both were awkwardly waving at the camera, and Clementine was flipping it off with both fingers.

It was beautiful. Tubbo said as much.

"Alright, let's put this shit on twitter."

Tommy snorted. "I honest to god can't wait to see how they react to Dac."

"Oh, me too."

It was posted and immediately started doing numbers. After an hour, the goat hybrid went to check on it and cackled. "Oh, guys, look at this!"

THE SQUADRANT OF BAFOOLIGANS @theogfools

Looking so awfully sexy 🤔🤔🤔🤔

(*Attached one image*)

20M retweets

19M likes

Cool guy! @SammyWammy123

Oh god there's more of them

Dreaming of quitting @Dreamwastaken

Okay but who's the motherfucker in the BACK?? He's bigger than MY brother jesus

I Let Me IN @Nikiishere

Wait now I want to see them duel

You aren't fooling anyone @Foolishg

"The og fools" huh??? Wow and here I thought I was special

| THE SQUADRANT OF BAFOOLIGANS @theogfools

We are so sorry, original gangster

Except *Atlas*

Puffy @Therepuff

Who is the person in the back

Snappynappy @SappitusNappitus

Woo!! Trainwreck!!

Frosted Ant @Auntiefrost

Selling popcorn for anyone scrolling in the replies

Ph1lza is about to assault someone @Ph1lza Minecraft

TWO MORE AVIANS???????? UM????

| THE SQUADRANT OF BAFOOLIGANS @theogfools

Oh he's gonna be so so mad when we tell him about the other other other avian

| Wiblur Soup @Whisper Is Online

Phil where are you going why are you leaving the house

| THE SQUADRANT OF BAFOOLIGANS @theogfools

AYO?????

Big guy @Jschlatt

Uh oh here we go

| THE SQUADRANT OF BAFOOLIGANS @the og fools

Please..... Just respond to our tweets with anything else..... I beg.....

| Big guy @Jschlatt

Uh oh here we go

| THE SQUADRANT OF BAFOOLIGANS @theogfools

He does shit like this and then wonders why tubbo hasn't gone to the police to reunite

He's chillin BTW

| Big guy @Jschlatt

Excuse me WHAT

| THE SQUADRANT OF BAFOOLIGANS @theogfools

Lol

| Big guy @Jschlatt

DO NOT LOL ME WHERE IS MY SON

| THE SQUADRANT OF BAFOOLIGANS @theogfools

Lol

Velvet is going apeshit @thewholeredvelvetcake

Looking good!

| THE SQUADRANT OF BAFOOLIGANS @theogfools

Thanks, Velvet! Now we don't want to kill you with the Ray anymore

| Velvet is going apeshit @thewholeredvelvetcake

The What

Technoblade @Technoblade

Who's the giant in the back?

| THE SQUADRANT OF BAFOOLIGANS @theogfools

[REDACTED]

| Technoblade @Technoblade

No what's their name

Screaming in fear but in a cool way @therealeret

Looking dashing, everyone!

I THE SQUADRANT OF BAFOOLIGANS @theogfools

Eret we will kiss you very lightly on the forehead platonically thank you (you will no longer die by the Ray)

I Screaming but in a cool way @therealeret

Uh? Thanks? (Am I allowed to ask what the Ray is?)

I THE SQUADRANT OF BAFOOLIGANS @theogfools

(No)

I Screaming but in a cool way @therealeret

(Okay)

Gogy is tired @Georgenotfound

Mm don't like this

I THE SQUADRANT OF BAFOOLIGANS @theogfools

Well maybe it doesn't like you either

I Wilbur Soup @Whisper is online

What does that even mean??????

In due time @KarlJacobs

Hey unrelated but I'm really sorry for what's gonna happen to you guys in approximately ten minutes (sorry especially to atlas)

I THE SQUADRANT OF BAFOOLIGANS @theogfools

Karl what does this mean

KARL

I In due time @Karljacobs

I'm sorry

Bone guy @Slimecicle

Woah! Even more people with bones! Like me

Sgep @Skeppy

Woah

Connor @CONARISDONE

hello (checks notes) awfully sexy people

I THE SQUADRANT OF BAFOOLIGANS @theogfools

Hello sexy!!!!!!

C-C-C-Cherry bomb @Hbomb

Dazzling!

I THE SQUADRANT OF BAFOOLIGANS @theogfools

Right back at you!

Muffins in the freezer @Badboyhalo

You all look great :3 (who is the stranger in the back though?)

Life gives me rocks so I make rockade @Dropsbyponk

WHO IS THE BIG GUY IN THE BACK?????? UHHHHH

Call-me-later-ahan @Callahan

(Fear)

Just ducking with you @BigQ

¡Ustedes se ven geniales!

I THE SQUADRANT OF BAFOOLIGANS @theogfools

Gracias, señor Q

Trending

WHO

Twitter users are baffled by the appearance of an enormous unknown person in The Squadrant Of Bafooligan's latest post

"What was Karl's reply about though?" Tommy squinted. "He can see the future, right?"

"Yeah, but his power is sentient and it only lets him talk about certain things." Ranboo nodded, and the winged boy hummed, uncertain. "How long ago was the tweet posted?"

"It says it was posted eight minutes ago- wait, nine."

"Nervewracking." He hummed. "But also strange. What do you think it means?"

"Honestly? Anything. It could be like, you spraining your ankle or something?"

"Why would he apologize for that? It doesn't make sense."

"True, true." Tubbo looked back at the clock. "We've got less than thirty seconds, anyone else have a bright idea?"

"...It can't be that bad, right?" Ranboo spoke out hesitantly. "If it was do you think he would've said like, 'oh my god please watch out' or something?"

"He would've sounded urgent if it wasn't supposed to happen. I think this event is going to be bad, but it's supposed to go-"

A thud from above.

"-dowwwnnnnnn- what was that?"

Tubbo coughed.

Then coughed again.

Then coughed again.

Only then did he notice the gas streaming in through the room. He quickly reached over and nabbed his mask back on, flipping on the gas mask a second too late. "W-What's happening!?" Dac had disappeared.

Tommy was still clutching uselessly onto his friend's uniform, gasping. "T-Aries!"

"Atlas! What-"

"Guys!?" Ranboo yelled. "GU-" He collapsed.

"*CHARON!*"

"*ARIES!*" Tommy screamed as everything went dark. Someone grabbed him and threw him into a vehicle, directly into Wilbur's waiting arms.

"Atlas?" He muttered, before his eyes widened. He took a closer look at the boy's unmasked face. "No... Tommy?"

The man looked outside of the padded sixteen wheeler to watch the scientists that had swarmed in overwhelm the rest of the vigilantes before throwing them in different ones. The fox he'd seen patrolling around a couple times got his mask ripped off to reveal- *Fundy*? What was his son doing?

He gaped, but jerked violently as the truck started moving. "Maybe I shouldn't have-"

In another car, Tubbo paced. Clementine and Ranboo watched him scrabble for ideas uselessly before flopping down and curling up. "God, what do we do?"

"I don't know. I-" Ranboo sniffled. "I don't know."

"How do you think they even found us?" He said frantically.

Clementine shrugged before a look of horror crossed her face. "Oh no."

(Her ear hurt.)

"Do you think-"

(Inside of it-)

That they put a tracker on me?"

(A tracker beeped, and the light on it turned green.)

Chapter End Notes

Remember that chapter when I explained why clementine ripped her leg off? She had no idea that they put a tracker in her ear as well, though it kept hurting for some odd reason...

Anyways. Why was Wilbur with the scientists?
Pretty Strange, am I right?

QUESTION OF THE DAY: there isn't actually a question of the day I just want you all to know that in the next few (probably ten, if I really stretch it out) chapters will contain HEAVY topics, such as:

Sexual assault/abuse

Gore

Abuse

Manipulation

Human experimentation

And more. If you aren't comfortable with these topics then uh

Why are you even reading this story Jesus /j

But yeah this is what Karl was warning da gang about

So many things go wrong in this chapter honestly

Chapter Summary

Today I woke up and decided to make you guys sad. Haha!

Chapter Notes

TRIGGER WARNINGS:

Implied chronic illnesses

Being pumped with led drugas

Tubes sticking into people

Implied death

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy finds himself in the wretched room again. He frowns.

He is floating in a vat of the strange, clear liquid, it is not water but he can't place a finger on what it might actually be. It's slightly green, and that's all he can tell. It feels weird on his skin, like it's rolling up against him and pressing him down. He tries to slam his fist on the glass, but he can't even move.

It only registers then that he is kind of completely helpless, and that scares him. It's always scared him, with the scientists. There's always some modicum of control he has, whether it be through his deck or his clever manipulation skills, he always was in some form of control, but now he has nothing and he is *terrified*.

Chat echoed in his head, the only thing keeping him company.

"Holy shit, what was that?"

Oh my god

Tommy are we back at the facility

Bruh

KILL THEM ALL TOMMY KILL THEM KILL THEM

THIS ISNT GOOD

Fuck Tommy, should we get Techno?

Chimken boy HORT

Fuck fuck fuck

Shit, dude, what are they going to do to you?

TOMMMMYYYYYYYY NOOOOOOOOOO

SPAIN WITHOUT THE S"

They weren't as helpful as one would think.

He couldn't open his mouth to tell them to shut up unless he wanted a face full of goop, but that was aside the point. How was he going to leave?

His was his already fragile mental state going to make it through this in one piece? All of this, it was all entirely a gamble.

It always felt that way when he was involved with the scientists. He always felt so utterly helpless. Fuck, he should've told the heroes, he should've told Phil and Techno and Wilbur that he loved them, he should've told Ranboo that despite his taunts, the boy really was one of the closest things he had to a friend, he should've told Tubbo that despite the fact he was totally batshit insane, he still cared for the ram hybrid too-

But all of that was null now.

His brain still loosely operated as a normal person's, just barely, so it at least explained why he only felt loopy and his vision kept ducking out but he didn't go unconscious at any point in time.

But fuck, that wasn't too important right now, was it?

He had so much to do, and had no doubt in his mind that the ensuing surgeries and training sessions were going to be painful. At least he got his own roo- ah, wait, Clementine was in a similar tube next to him. At least they let her share a room with him. They looked like they were sleeping though, so he went back to his current task at hand: trying to figure out a way out of there.

The vent? He could definitely snap his bones and manage to slither out, but Clementine would still be here. Wait, how many people did they take? He didn't doubt that they took Ranboo, so Tubbo was probably taken in the collateral as well. Fundy? He huffed and a small bubble escaped his lips. Yeah, they probably got him as well.

Well then, who was coming to save him?

No one, he decided.

("When is it my turn to be saved?")

No one was coming to save him.

His first surgery after years.

It'd been what, definitely more than five? Six, perhaps? Either way, they were just as agonizing as he'd remembered, though all his muscles did were twitch since they pumped him full of different types of chemicals. He couldn't move at all, and the scientists were thrilled at the new addition of his wings.

It was a painful few hours.

He rubbed the stitches that spanned up the back of his neck and into his skull and revelled in the dull, thudding pain it induced. What did they say it was for? Something about sleeping? He didn't feel tired.

Maybe that was part of it. God knew that he was tired as hell when he'd gotten there. On a better note, he was now able to move his body in the strange green substance in his tank. It felt like it prickled any time he tried to move, but that was okay. Another thing that maybe annoyed him in the slightest were the tubes sticking *out* of him.

Three were firmly put into his spine and connected to the bottom of the tank whilst other fluids were being pumped in him through needles and such, it was upsetting. He felt too weak to try and break the glass again- were they giving him more ketamine?

It did paralyze one's body under normal circumstances, but he was anything but a normal circumstance, so it only slowed him down a bit.

He always hated getting drugged with ketamine. The albino could think perfectly fine, but his body would just *not cooperate*, and that was the most terrifying part.

(He wielded arms too long and limbs too bony, hitting everyone he'd cared with strange, graphed skin that was never his.

"I am sorry," He would say. *"But I have been treated as less than a person, and that is what I've become."*)

The one good thing about this tank, he thought, was that of he cried, no one could tell.

He exploited that for the first few nights.

(Clementine did not wake up. In fact, Tommy doesn't even think he's seen her move once. He ignores the very likely chance that his sister is rotting in the tank next to him, and they are making him watch her decompose as punishment.)

It had been nearly a week, and Tommy can confidently say three things.

This place was just as awful as he'd remembered it.

He is cleverer now.

And Tanaka is nothing short of a fool.

What was that one thing Techno had said once?

("All warfare is based on deception.")

He could play the long game.

(Do you think you can tell a lie without saying a single word?)

The teen settled back down for the night and tried to ignore the fact that Clementine didn't seem to be breathing. Or moving. Or alive.

(Persist. It's all you can do now.)

Tanaka hadn't come around yet.

Tommy wasn't sure if it was a good thing.

On another note he had another surgery due. Something about the second part of the first surgery he had when he got here?

Speaking of, he hadn't been able to sleep well. He always felt like he had too much energy now, and no matter how much he prayed to any god who might've cared, his sleep schedule had gone from sleeping whenever he'd pleased to once a month. There was so much accursed energy that kept storing up in his body, and it made him restless and twitchy. The albino could no longer sleep to pass the nights, he sat in the preserving liquid and tried to talk to chat. Something seemed to have happened during the surgery, because he could simply think and talk to them now, but their voices became a tad bit more distorted.

Hey guys. How's it going?

"Tommy! Tommy! Hello boy!

Dude don't tell anyone I said this but like. I overheard what the scientists were doing to you its fucking wack

I miss Sam :(

I miss Phil :((

We miss everyone

The scientist-bastards said something about trying to "fix you" so that sleep is unneeded. I just thought you'd want to know that (also something about more skin graphs? And talons? I'm not too sure about that part big guy)"

Oh, not more skin graphs. Please.

"We know. We're sorry, Tommy.

We wish we could help (இஃஇ;)

I don't even really like Tommy but even I want him to get out of this place. No one deserves whatever the fuck this is. Persist, little man.

Persist!

Persist!

We're here for you, Tommy!

Can we get some " We love you Chimken nunget boy"s in the chat???

We love you Chimken nunget boy

We loooovvvveeee you chimken nunget boy

Bad news he has (two) ancient Eldrich forces in his head; good news is he'll never be alone again

Don't you mean: bad news he'll never be alone again but good news he has two ancient Eldrich forces in his head

I think we should force our way out of the facility! Tommy is strong enough....

They've drugged him boy he's on ketamine boy

(Mr krabs voice) spongebob me boy I've injected your parents with twenty milligrams of ketamine and now they can't move argh argh argh

We love you chimken nunget boy!"

Sorry chat, he thought sadly. I can't exactly escape when they're pumping me full of all this... Whatever. I'm ninety percent sure it isn't just ketamine. Do you guys know anything else that could be useful to me?

"I know how many of your teammates they've kidnapped! Uhhh Ranboo and Wilbur are the only ones that will potentially be getting "altered" but they have Fundy and Tubbo as well. The two aren't getting hurt as far as I'm aware, but I think the scientists are trying to recruit Tubbo cos they like his mechanical replacements"

Recruit? Good luck with that.

"We know, right? It's ridiculous

Cray crayyyyyy~~

Insane insane bonkers outta yo mind

From the windowwwwww to the wall- (gets shot)

Why are you British?"

Why am I British? Die.

"HFDHBSHSSBSHAJ DAMN BRO GET THEIR ASS"

I want a break talking to you guys, go bug techno.

"WAIT GUYS GUYS GUYS CAN WE LET THEM HAVE A SUSTAINABLE CONVERSATION???"

WAIT WAIT WAIT YESSSSEEE

WE CAN BE MESSENGERS! As long as brain demon lets us >:("

Dac groaned in their heads. "Tommy makes the final choice."

He paused. ...Yeah. Sure. Let me talk to Techno.

"WOOOOOOO! WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY TO HIM FIRST?????"

GO GO TELL HIM WHERE YOU ARE BB"

He snorted before coughing out some of the liquid. Tell him I say hi and that I'm cold as shit.

Chat went quiet for a minute. Just before he was about to aks them what was wrong, a barrage of responses came back.

"HE ASKS IF ITS REALLY YOU

HE DOESNT THINK ITS YOU TOMMYYYY

WHAT DO WE TELL HIM CHIMKEY BOY

CHIMKEY BOY :0

NEW NICKNAME NEW NICKNAME

CHIMKEY NOOG

NO WIAT THATS HIS NEW NICKNAME"

Tell him that I remember him challenging me to a fight after I told him I was an orphan and that I thought it was fuckin' stupid but also that I would absolutely wipe the floor with him.

"FUCKKKK YEAAHHHHHHHHH GET ITTTT

Can't believe Tommy quite literally did an animorph transition into a girlboss at the end there. Like ohhh yuhhh get it boy

Confidence? We love to see it

Techno wants to know something else that only you would know"

Does he want all my secrets? Jesus. Uh... Tell him that I also always wanted to know why his hair was pink if he was Wilbur's twin. And says it's natural.

"Wait but that's actually a good question????? Now I want to know

Hey hey hey hey Tommy chimkey noog can you say subscribe to technoblade

Can you say blood for the blood god

Techno asked like a final time if it really was you he sounds like he's about to cry"

About to cry? Tommy grinned. Hell yeah, say fuck you to toxic masculinity. That's what I like to see. But uh. Yeah, it is me.

Chat exploded.

"HE'S CRYYYINNNGGGGG

TECHNOBLADE NEVER CRIES

NO TECH CAN CRY ITS OK

Is tommy crying too?????"

Shut it.

"Didn't you literally just say fuck toxic masculinity?????"

I'm not saying shut it 'cuz of that, I'm saying shut it because the last time I cried in the facility, I got beat for over an hour.

"...

AH

SEND TECHNO TO KILL THE SCIENTITSSSS KILL KILL KILL

Scientits lol

Wait didn't you get out of here when you were like, thirteen? How old were you when that even happened??

THAT ONLY MAKES IT WORSE FUCK

When is Tommy's therapy arc please"

I think I was like... What, eleven? That definitely wasn't the last time I cried but that was when it happened.

"Techno says he's going to tell Phil he wants to know where you are"

Tell him that I think I'm... Wait, isn't Sapnap here? Don't you guys already know?

"They just wanna make sure. They weren't sure if this was the main facility."

It isn't. He thought grimly. It isn't. It's the one I'm st though, and I'd really like it if someone could hurry up and get me before I get another pint of ketamine in my system. Technoblade if you're hearing this I cannot fucking move.

"He looks angry

He asked if you said ketamine"

Yes, I said ketamine. It isn't permanent paralysis, but it slows me down considerably. An annoyingly considerable amount. It takes me a good minute and a half to clench my hand, if that's any indicator.

"Oh. Big L!"

Fuck you guys.

Chapter End Notes

Hmm

It only gets worse guys

Chapter Summary

DONT SAY YOU EXPECTED FLUFF THERE IS NO FLUFF

Chapter Notes

Ya like pain?

TW FOR:

Surgery

Threatening to amputate someone

Abuse

Vomit

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy isn't sure when he woke up.

Well, woke up is a funny way to put it. Came to is more accurate.

He woke up at five as usual, took some tests, took some more tests, took even more tests, and then he took some more tests. At that point he was getting tired of testing, so who could blame him if he'd snapped back a little?

(Poking at his nervous system, wiggling around his bones, fucking around with his skeletal system, they did not take breaks like Tubbo did when he'd asked, all they did was slash an incision on his face. He was ninety percent sure they'd made a tic-tac-toe board on his forehead and were being harsher so he'd flinch; so they'd get to place another mark.)

And then they brought Fundy and Wilbur out. He'd stopped struggling entirely.

"For every time you flinch or struggle, we'll take off one of their fingers."

He did not move a single muscle after that. He could only state regretfully, mournfully, as two of his friends watched in abject horror. Fundy vomited three times, Wilbur only once.

"Theseus is finished with testing for today. We will allow it ten minutes to finish healing." The fox hybrid was dragged out of the surgical room by his ears; Tommy winced in sympathy.

They didn't take Wilbur out.

Uh oh.

"Uh-"

"Oh my god."

"This is so awkward-"

"*Oh my god!*"

"Literally stop yelling, my ears are *so* sensitive-"

"Tommy!?"

"Wilbur!?" He fake gasped back. "Fuckin' 'ell, why's it hurt so much? Didn't hurt twice as bad when Tubbo did it."

"Tubbo?"

"Ram hybrid in the cell." The albino dismissed looking down at his open chest cavity mended itself back up until all that was left was his torso as per usual. He looked up.

Why was Wilbur tearing up? "You alright there?"

"Holy fucking *shit*."

"Yeah? What's the matter, big man?"

"What did they do to you?" The other whispered.

"You want that in alphabetical or chronological order? Gonna have to be more specific."

"Now is not the time to be a little shit, Tommy."

"It's simply how I cope, Wil. I have this innate, inner urge to be a danger to society, you see. Maybe it's spite, maybe it's the parasite in my body-"

"The *what*-"

"-Maybe it's the deez." He finished solemnly.

"The... Deez?"

"Deez nuts, Wilbur."

"..."

"It's a popular internet meme that circulating forums right now." He rambled. "Forms of the meme have been seen on forums like Reddit, Twitter, Tumblr, Discord, YouTube, Facebook-"

"You *child*." The brunette finally forced out. "You're alive."

"I mean, not really."

"What?"

"What?"

Tommy paused. "Moving on-"

"No, I definitely think we should address what you just said-"

"Whatcha gonna do? Post about it on the popular forum known as YouTube? You seem like a Reddit boy."

"YouTube? Really?"

"The gastrointestinal tract is the real you tube, fun fact. Why are you staring at me like that?"

"I'm going to put another hole in your stomach."

"Awh, that's gonna be the ninth time this week; yes, I count."

"What are they even doing in there?"

Tommy shrugged. "Feel free to take it up with them. Now, I'd absolutely love to continue this conversation, but we've got approximately twelve seconds left, and I wanted to bid you goodbye." He slid off the table. "Goodbye, Wilbur."

"Tommy-"

"Just Theseus. It's, uh, it's easier that way." He turned back to his friend. "One more thing. I'm really, really sorry."

"Huh?"

His questions went unanswered as the shivering teen was suddenly grabbed and dragged away, skin scraping on the chilly stone.

(All Tommy could think about was how cold he felt.)

"Have you seen Wilbur anywhere?" Phil looked concernedly at Technoblade. "It's been radio silence on his end for over a week."

The piglin was looking worse for wear. Exhausted, sleepy, and not as battle-ready as he was a few

weeks ago. He had a doctor's appointment the next day. The man was lying in bed, wincing and frowning. "Doesn't he go off by himself and do his thing?"

"Well yeah, but he checks in with me! Everyone else is saying they haven't heard from him AND the entire group of vigilantes is gone."

"Huh?" He sat up slightly at that. "Why?"

"No one has any idea. After around an hour that they made their last post on Twitter, it's been absolute radio silence. They aren't even active on it at all."

"That's unusual, especially for them..."

"I know." The blonde sighed and sat down. "Questions are piling up, Tech."

"Do you think their disappearances could have something to do with eachother?"

"I don't know. There's a good chance of that happening, but the real question is *why*?"

Techno tried to shrug, but halfway though grunted in pain. "No idea. Maybe they want someone who can control other people."

"That-" The elytrian cut himself off. "If that's the case, we're in big trouble. I'm sure Wil would never say yes though, right?"

"Do you think, even if he did, that they would just let him go? They don't want any possible resistance against whoever took him."

"So then-"

"Yes; unless a miracle happens, Wilbur is ninety-nine percent screwed."

"*Motherfucker.*"

Why was it so goddamn cold in here?

...Where even was he-

"Ah, E-3745, you're awake."

Wilbur shook his arms and legs to no avail. They were strapped down to the table with heavy leather, preventing him from moving and Aldo getting blood in those isolated parts.

"Don't worry." The nurse said, almost absentmindedly. "We're here to help you reach your full potential."

He opened his mouth to say something, anything, but his vision was fading out fast.

("Please, no-")

It was a cold night, and Wilbur went back to his cell with stitches spanning out across his torso like an autopsy scar.

("Oh god, plea-")

The concrete was chilly, and he curled up on it for the eleventh time since he'd gotten here.

Chapter End Notes

QUESTION OF THE DAY: would you be a pirate? I would but I don't want anymore pirate stds so maybe not

Uhm [Shocked face emoji]

Chapter Summary

The heroes confirm some things.

Tommy re-meets with an ~~old~~ somewhat familiar face.

Schlatt is a good father

Chapter Notes

TRIGGER WARNINGS

brief discussion of sexual assault

Gore

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"About two weeks ago, Wilbur, Fundy, Atlas, Aries, Charon, Teumessian and Nemesis have all gone missing."

The room was silent.

Eventually, Jack spoke up. "Fucking hell."

Phil and Techno were both absent from the room.

Sapnap was pacing the corridors.

He was supposed to find Antone who was missing, it couldn't be a coincidence that they had all

disappeared while the heroes were looking into the facilities.

"Eudaemon, checking in. Haven't found anything yet, but a few lights are still on; I think they're doing some late night experiments."

"Got it. Be careful."

"I will, I will-" He cut himself off. "Hold on, I think I hear talking from the cells. Permission to get closer?"

"Permission granted." The ravenette inched closer. A cell had two figures in it, both were huddled closely together. They were speaking in hushed voices, afraid.

"I'm scared."

"I know, Ran. We have to have faith in Tommy."

"Shush!" "Ran" quieted his friend. "You know what happens if we use his real name! The scientists are gonna start using it, just to get under his skin."

"Sorry, sorry!" The shorter said. "We have to have faith in *Theseus* ."

"Much better." Ran said. "Anyways, I'm assuming while I was out they tried to convince you again?"

"To join 'em? Yup. I said no, like, eighteen times."

"Oh yikes, is that why you have that black eye?"

"Yeah, once they realised they couldn't break me, they just hit me and left. Honestly a better experience then when they tried to make me take that date rape drug; the one that starts with r."

"How do they even get their hands on that stuff...?"

"No idea. Think they've assaulted experiments like that?"

"Oh definitely. I don't want to speculate, but Clementine seemed *really* aversive to affectionate contact when we first brought her back in. Besides, didn't Theseus...?"

"Yeah, big man."

"Do you think they'll do it to one of us?"

"Hopefully not." A pause. "I wouldn't put it past them, though."

"Yeah."

"Yup."

"...I'm cold, Tubbo."

"What, wanna cuddle?"

"No!"

"..."

"...Yes."

"C'mere, you big lug."

"I'm not that tall!"

"Ranboo, you are a whopping eight feet tall. Not even Theseus is that tall, and he's part Enderman."

"So am I! I'm more Enderman than him."

"Yeah, you're a perfect half-and-half. Like that one ice cream flavor, the great divide."

"What's ice cream?"

"... Goodnight, Ranboo."

"W-Wait, Tubbo! What's ice cream? Do people cream ice? How would that work?"

Oversold snoring came from the cell. "I know you aren't sleeping."

"Snore. Snore. I am sleeping so hard right now, I'm what they call a hardcore sleeper."

"You're talking."

"It's only sleeptalking, Ranboo. Can't a man sleeptalk in peace?"

"Just... Go to sleep."

"Yeah, okay."

No more speaking was heard, and Sapnap crept away silently.

A few minutes later saw an explosion in audio on his device. "Holy fucking shit!"

"I know!"

"That- that just proves some of our theories right!"

"Tommy's actually Theseus! And he's an enderman hybrid!"

"Also, Tubbo's stuck in here! Man, Schlatt's gonna flip."

"I know. Who do you think Ranboo is?"

"No idea man." The blaze hybrid exited the facility. "He could be Charon? We've seen the guy teleport before, and the heights and speech patterns match up."

"That's a good theory. Didn't Tubbo say something about him being split directly down the middle? What do you think that's about?"

"Maybe it's just how he looks? Tubbo did say he was an enderman hybrid."

"Do you think it'd be coincidence that he'd be perfectly half enderman that was split cleanly down the middle?"

"I don't think it's coincidence we're talking about."

"Huh?"

"Dream, these are two kids stuck with madmen. You've seen the skin graphs that the other experiments have."

"What exactly are you implying?"

"I'm implying that they just gave this kid new skin, straight up." He spoke. "And based on the evidence? I think it might be a bit more than just a theory."

Schlatt paced the corridors of his home, moonlight streaming through the windows. He'd gotten confirmation less than an hour ago that Tubbo was around.

The bad news? He was currently trapped in the good ol' human experiment lab.

How could Schlatt, as a father, *sleep*? His son was finally in hisbreach, and all he could do was watch from the sidelines. What's more than that, one of their best fighters, Technoblade, had been taken out of the game. Not fatally and hopefully not forever, but now someone else was going to have to take his place in the plans.

...Wasn't Schlatt only going as backup? He paused and took out his phone, sleek, black, and definitely something he would've never owned before Tubbo was born. In a way, he owed his son so much. Helping him get his life back together? Helping him end his alcoholism for good? Helping him move on from his shitty childhood?

The answer to all of his problems way back when was answered with one simple word- Tubbo.

The ram brought the phone up to his ear.

You saved me when I needed it most.

"Hey, Eret?"

It's time for me to save you.

"You were looking for someone to replace Techno in the raids, right? Yeah, I'll take his spot."

To no one's surprise, it was another day of testing.

Tommy could only be grateful that the day was going by relatively smooth, all he'd had scheduled for the next week was a surgery. He wanted to say he'd had no idea about what was going to happen, but-

("We're doing it tomorrow?" The woman queried with genuine concern. "Didn't it just have a surgery less tha-" She cut off abruptly. "No sir, I would never question your methods. Yes, send the scrapped materials of E-925 over. You said it was the correct size for Theseus?" She nodded. "Excellent, excellent. Well, I'd better get ready for a busy week ahead. Yes, I'll send in my reports form right after the procedure is completed. Goodbye, sir.")

The redhead shut her flip phone with a harsh click and hastily shoved it into her pocket. "I hope you know what you're doing, Tanaka.")

-Let's say he had a brief idea of what was going to happen.

("Yes, send the scrapped materials of E-925 over.")

He frowned and ignored why the name sounded familiar, rolling his eyes to the back of his head, and dissociating for the next few hours, something he once called sleep.

Sleep was a luxury he could no longer afford. Even [REDACTED]'s attempts at knocking him out for a few hours by dragging his consciousness to their realm was proving unsuccessful too, he was able to cling onto the plane of existence for nearly an hour before he was sucked back into the cruel, cruel world, back into his new yet old reality.

He closed his eyes for good this time, yet opened them when a sudden gasp was thrown his way.

Decked in a labcoat and a distinct lack of blaze rods, was Sapnap.

With a tiny, tiny camera on his headband, blinking red to indicate that it was filming.

Ah. Fantastic.

Chapter End Notes

So.....

Tommy's got some Big Boy surgery (or two) coming up. I wonder what that's about.....

QUESTION OF THE DAY: what is one thing you hate despite everyone else liking it?

I don't like whipped cream :/

The lies can't last forever, big man.

Chapter Summary

The lies can't last for
e
ve
(Shut up.)

Chapter Notes

YO!!! Uh v big authors note:::

I've gotten some comments saying that people are uncomfortable with me depicting cc!Techno's cancer in this story, so:

I'm sorry to the people who it made uncomfortable, I didn't realise until later that hey saddest, it might be kind of a dumbass move to give a character cancer when their creator has it, not them. I've heard Techno mention a "chemotherapy arc" in his video revealing he has cancer so I'm not actually sure if c!Techno will have some affiliation with it in the SMP. I'm gonna be rewriting the story to take that chink out, thank you all for your patience :)

If I see people commenting about something they think is wrong with the story, don't hesitate to tell me; I am not at all well with seeing what's okay with people and what isn't and unknowingly cross boundaries. If you see anything that you think "hey saddest, maybe don't out that in there, as a creator has said they're uncomfortable with it/ it's just fucking weird why would you do that what the hell" then leave a comment but also please so not phrase it like "hay saddest that's fucking weird why would you do that what the hell" because feeling hort

That's all, sincerest apologies to the people who might've thought that. Again, if you see me accidentally stepping over a boundary in the story, don't hesitate to inform me of it, if I go "yeah now in hindsight why did I do that wth" then I will fix it right away! Ty all so much for reading, and I really hope you enjoy the new chapter (actually I don't because half of it is really fucked this is not meant to be a haha fluff chapter)

WARNINGS:

gore

Fourth wall breaking

Intense panic attack

"Oh my god."

Tommy thunked his head against the glass before looking back at Sapnap. Okay, yeah, there was definitely a recording device on him.

The worst part wasn't even the feeling of his world collapsing around him, no, it was the fact that he was not covering his skin well enough to hide all the scars and patches.

All the scientists had provided him with when he was floating in his stupid tank were boxers and some shorts. His skin graphs were most definitely visible right now, and the spots where the scientists had marked for his upcoming surgery were also visible, a spot on his arm, most of his right leg, and both his feet. The dotted lines looked more like sentences that said in all caps I'M TOMMY AND I'M AN EXPERIMENT! FILM ME AND SHOW THIS TO ALL YOUR FUNKY EMPLOYEES!

Yeah, no. He curled up.

"Fuck, it really is you." Sapnap marvelled. Tommy slowly signed something out. *Please stop filming me.*

"I have no idea what you're saying, but I'm gonna assume that means hello."

'Americans. Hey, if anyone's watching this, just turn the screen off.'

"Dude, I already told you I don't know what that means! Here, lemme just make it easy for you, hold it-" Sapnap grinned. "Point left for no and right for yes. Sound good?"

'I fucking- okay. Can't you just switch communicators back home, dude?'

"That's not a right or a left." The blaze hybrid sang, completely unknowing of the younger's turmoil.

Tommy stared at him with the most deadpan look on his face before pinching his nosebridge and pointing right. The older gave a thumbs up. "There you go!"

'I hate you with every inch of my scientifically-altered body, Sapnap.'

"I still don't know what that means! I hope you're saying nice things about me, though."

'Hero HQ, I am barely holding it together and you send this idiot of a man to infiltrate the facility? That's just the opposite of a big brain move, come on. That's a no-IQ move.'

"What are you saying?"

'Things beyond your comprehension, Samsung Refrigerator. Oh, by the way, alarms set off if you break the glass. Trust me, I've tried. Got sedated so fast, it was wild bonkers crazy. So, are you just going to stare at me, or...?'

"Dude- stop rapping with your hands, it's weird. Anyways, I just need to ask you a few questions, just givin' you a quick check up."

'Does it look like I'm genuinely okay at the moment? Because I have no idea.' Tommy pretended to snicker. *'Get my good side with your little industry camera, Sappitus Nappitus. Or... Do I have a good side? Let's be honest here, my body is fucked sideways in every angle you look at it.'*

"Is this your way of coping? Doing weird hand gestures at me?"

Tommy blinked. *'Do... Do you actually not know what sign language is?'*

A confused pause.

'Oh god, this is much worse than I'd thought. Hero HQ, why did you send this man?'

At Sapnap's silence he pursed his lips and pointed right again. The hero brightened. "Great! Can you tell me why you have huge wings on your back? Are you an elytrian?"

'Among other things, but yes.' He pointed right.

"But we heard you were an enderman?"

'I heard you were a little bitch, but we don't talk about it, now do we? If I weren't drugged to hell and back and also not having the worst months of my life then yeah. Hey, little fun fact, do you know that they don't give me painkillers or numbing agents or sleeping gas? They can afford them because they rummaged around my body and sold my organs, they just don't want to.' He pointed right again.

"Oh, so you're an enderman and an elytrian?"

A point left this time.

"There's more?"

Right.

"Shit. Do you just want me to say names out until I can guess them?"

'This is a trainwreck. Do you know anyone who knows British sign back at the headquarters? Literally anyone?'

"Is that a yes...?"

A pont left.

"Right, that'd probably waste your time. So, uh, this might sound like a personal question, but do you know who the girl in the tank next to you is?"

Tommy froze. *'Get out.'*

"You know I can't understand that-"

'Shut up, shut up. Oh god, don't bring them into this, they- fuck, okay, Sapnap doesn't understand BSL. Why would he, he's american! Uh...' He shared at Sapnap desperately. *'Sorry to do this to you, big man. You're pretty alright when you're not being a total airhead.'*

"Tommy? You look like you're ab- out..t... Ab... o..." Sapnap trailed off, shaking. What was this sudden aura in the room? What was this *bloodlust*? Was it Tommy's power? It must've been. Everything urged him to run, to sprint out of there, but when he tried, his legs stayed solidly to the ground.

He wasn't scared. This was the primordial, ancient terror, back when species extinct roamed the earth and people didn't know about the horrors in the ocean, this is what went bump in the night.

This was the pure, unfiltered terror that children felt that made them go crying to their parents, this emotion was so strong that it was more than enough to make any hardened criminal cower.

This wasn't even fear. It was evil itself, practically bottled up and shoved down his throat, closing it up, making it impossible to breathe. The ravenette wasn't one for theatrics, but at the moment, Tommy wasn't even a person in that second, he was something *more*. At this moment, he was the raw emotion of everything and nothing, he wasn't Tommy- that couldn't possibly be Tommy.

This wasn't fear. Sapnap was staring death directly in the eyes, cold and dead and welcoming him in. Every bit of Tommy that was supposed to be normal jumped out at him. His arms were too long, his body was too sharp and angry and pale, and his eyes were glazed over and *dead*. He was staring at a corpse, and it wanted him to join him in hell.

Before he knew it, Sapnap was sprinting away in unadulterated horror. His mind screamed a mantra of *RUN RUN RUN RUN GET AWAY RUN* as rapid fire as possible, he collapsed after a solid ten minutes of running, clutching his chest and wheezing, fat tears and sweat rolling down his face, snot dribbling out of his nose.

"Whu-whaa- huh?" He wasn't even able to form a coherent sentence.

The ground was cold and wet, and the winds whipped the hero's hair in a way that felt less pleasant and more like thousands of wet whips slapping his cheeks. The kind of feeling that simultaneously grounded him and felt like he was trudging towards his execution, cosmic punishment for something. Nothing. Everything, anything. He was the most wanted man alive, no one was looking for him.

He couldn't help but scream into his hand, and just then did his communicator miraculously turn back on.

"Eaudaemon? Are you okay? What happened?"

"I- I think I almost *died*." His hands clutched his hair and he let out a raspy sob. "Oh god, what the fuck, what the *fuck*?"

"*What?*" Dream's voice said worriedly. "*You're getting hysteric, breathe in and breathe out. Tell me what happened.*"

"Breathe in? Breathe out? Dream, I can't- I don't even think I breathe properly now, *fuck!*" He scrabbled for some sense, some purpose, to not scrub his mind of whatever happened. Another raspy, broken sob, and he couldn't hold it together anymore. "It was Tommy- it was Tommy!"

"You found him? Holy shit, that's fantastic news-"

"*No!*" He shrieked, because it was *not* good news, that was his friend who was the devil in disguise and he'd upset it. He'd upset *Tommy*, and he wasn't sure if his body would even be able to replicate such bone-chilling terror in the nightmares he'd nine hundred percent be getting from this. "Don't upset him, don't *fucking* upset Tommy, it-" He held his arms so tightly that burns started appearing. "Dream, I think I'm about to have a heart attack, please send someone to pick me up, please man, please, I think I'm going to *die I'm not even joking this time, please, please, please-*" He couldn't support his body anymore and collapsed on the side of the road, curled up in a fetal position and rocking back and forth.

He was deaf to his friend's hasty reassurances and muttered over and over a single phrase brokenly.

"Sap? You still there?"

The clementines obviously died a long time ago.

The clementines were dead for so, so long. Why do you keep eating them, trying to convince yourself they're still ripe?

These clementines must've been carried around for a long while, if people still beloved them to be alive.

(Tommy's "pu-)

"Hey." He says suddenly. "What's up with the tower? It's supposed to..." The albino looks infinitely more upset, yet confused. "Sorry, reader. This is just throwing me for a loop, as he used to say."

A life lived, a cou-

Hm.

Tommy looks at you with what is hopefully a normal amount of eyes. He is

He

H

[WILBUR: Tommy, please, you can't do this fore

-

-

-

]

[PHILZA: Theseus.]

[TECHNOBLADE: Theseus.]

[CLEMENTINE: Theseus.]

[xxxx: oh god tommy im so sorry]

That is not a normal amount of eyes.

"Hey."

"Hey."

"Hey."

"Hey."

"We can't keep doing this forever, Ranboo."

"That was..." The black and white man trailed off, laughing nervously. "Strangely ominous? Tubbo, you okay?"

"Are you?" Tubbo (Is that his name? He has so many now.) questions back- almost pained.
"Ranboo, you know we can't keep doing this."

"We can." Ranboo answers immediately. "We have to."

"We can't." The ram hybrid shakes his head. "They're here. I know Tommy's trying to keep them away, isn't he?"

"The timelines keep getting closer."

"That's what's supposed to happen, Boo." Tubbo (Toby? Tulip?) smiles tiredly. "I'm so tired. How many reruns have we done by now?"

"We can keep doing it." Ranboo replies brokenly. "We *have to*."

"I can't let you live this forever, Ranboo." Tubbo- yeah, his name is Tubbo right now. It's supposed to be Tubbo. shakes his head. "You're my best friend- well, my second best friend, but it still stands."

"Tommy's gonna stay number one forever, huh?" He tries for a joke, even though it's no time to be joking. It's never anytime for joking, not anymore.

Not since-

Ranboo shuts his eyes. He hears dripping. He smells blood. He knows what's coming.

"Boo." Ranboo doesn't open his eyes. He knows what he'll see. "Boo, look at me."

He doesn't want to. He's wanted nothing less than to look at Tubbo because he *knows* what he's going to *see*-

He opens them and Tubbo's horns are ingrown, puncturing his skull and skewering his eyes. The corner of his lip is being pulled up by one of the horns, and the other isn't there. Spit hits his shoes; there is no floor for them to fall on and Tubbo doesn't have a cheek to keep the fluid in his mouth anymore. "Boo. There you are." Tubbo smiles with his horrible, grizzled face, and Ranboo thinks it

might be the worst thing he's ever witnessed. "There are those pretty eyes."

Ranboo turns around. Tubbo's head pops like a balloon, and confetti goes everywhere. Confetti isn't supposed to go in someone's head. Confetti rhymes with spaghetti. Ranboo likes spaghetti.

He meets his eyes in the mirror and they are violet.

His reflection is smiling.

He is not.

They shrilly scream for Tubbo's help, but Tubbo is dead, so they've run out of options fast. [x] crawls out of the mirror and holds Ranboo's head gently, like it's going to burst too.

"Ranboo." [x] smiles in a way that makes their heart kind of maybe ache with loneliness. "You have to remember."

"I do remember." He vows. "I just don't want to."

"I don't think either of us want to remember." [x] frowns. "But we have to."

"Why?" He whispers. "Can't I just die instead?"

"You won't see him again." [x] grins again and taps his forehead to Ranboo's. "You have a good friend. He's almost here."

"Tubbo's dead." The confetti that burst from his head is soggy. Ranboo could recognize the smell from anywhere- it's motor oil. All of the little slips of paper are drenched, but that didn't stop them from being vibrant, as vibrant as a firework.

"I'm not talking about Tubbo, crystal brain." [x] snorts in a way that reminds the man across from him that things aren't as they seem (He turns to you, for he knows you see it.) and yet Tubbo is still irreversibly dead. "I'm talking about Theseus."

"It's b-" Ranboo's voice cuts off into static for a good thirty seconds before reverting back to English. "You can stop calling him Theseus."

"But what of the scientists?" His counterpart teases. "What if they hear?"

Ranboo lets out a hearty laugh and stops hugging his reflection (When did he hug them?)

A mirror, shattered, leaves his grip where a warm body was. Tommy's voice echoes throughout the landscape, and everything is colorful.

But everything is also not as it seems.

He leaps for Tommy, the teen is several thousand feet in the air but gravity and memories and other non-important things are only concepts, and the enderman can hear [x] cheering him on. The winged teen holds out a hand, and Ranboo catches it, just barely. He hangs off of his friend whilst they are thousands of feet up, oxygen is so thin here but neither have felt alive in so long, so it doesn't matter either way.

"This is awesome!" Ranboo calls, legs dangling as they pass planets. "Woo!"

"I know!" Tommy calls back. "Do you ever tire of when I take you out to fly?"

"Nope!"

His friend bursts into giggles, and his head bursts into confetti. Tommy smiles and laughs again. "Oh, you *bastard*, wait for me!" Tommy's head explodes, and several bloody eyeballs fall out.

That is not a normal amount of ey-

They both wake up.

"What's wrong, Ranboo?" Tubbo questions. "Weird dream?"

"Yeah." His friend agrees easily. "My dreams have just been a little weird lately."

"Wanna explain what that means, or...?"

"Nah." His friend shakes his head, like it's about to pop. "Don't worry about it."

"...Alright." The ram hybrid sighs. "You know, you have the most captivating eyes." His friend seems to pale at this revelation.

"Y-Yeah?"

"Yup." Tubbo agrees, before blinking confusedly. "Uh... Ranboo? You alright?"

"Never better." They hastily agree. "On a different note, have you heard?"

"Heard about what?"

"I'm going into surgery tomorrow. Something about more limbs."

"Big yikes, hope that goes well."

"Me too, big guy." He leans up against the wall and has only two arms at the moment. "Me too."

Chapter End Notes

Friends amigos

Read back to the reality break stage.

This story has three endings- the good, the bad, and the true ending.

Just felt y'all needed to know :D

Tommy: oh man this card is really cool I sure hope it doesn-

Sapnap: has to go to a mental hospital and get therapy after

Tommy: ah

Tommy, two seconds later: so I can use it as a weapon then good to know

Tommy NO

QUESTION OF THE DAY: so what's going on with ranboo? Lil sus ngl

Mmmm... Monkey....

Chapter Summary

Tommy u good bro part 8/4738927492973

Also the title has nothing to do w the chapter lmao I just thought it was funny

Chapter Notes

TRIGGER WARNINGS:

Matrix-level shit

Surgeries

Slightly graphic description of skinning

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo meets Tommy's eyes as he is dragged towards his surgery. *Getting a surgery as well?* Tommy mouths. The taller nods grimly. *I'm assuming you're getting one too?*

Tommy nods.

They are staring each other in the eyes.

(Reality pauses. The two need to talk.)

"We can't keep doing this, can we?"

His companion frowned, and Tommy was struck with how much older Ranboo looked. He was seventeen, he'd always stay seventeen ever since (十七歲以後就永遠是十七歲了) but his face, he looked like he knew too much. "We're close to ending this one anyways."

Tommy stared at them with what was probably a normal amount of eyes. They stared back, eyes not yet violet. "Okay." Ranboo sighed, face falling back into what Tommy had to call his blissful-ignorance look, even though he was only avoiding the inevitable. "Okay. Let's finish this one."

"I'll stop running away." Tommy promised suddenly. The half and half teen looked back up in hopeful surprise. "What?"

"I'll stop doing this." He smiled weakly. "But it's just unsatisfying to finish right here. I promise that as soon as we're done we can go- for good this time."

"You promise?"

Tommy snorted. "Promise? What are we, five?" A pause. "I, Theseus, Promise you, Ranboo, that I will stop after this."

"Good." Ranboo reached out to embrace his friend; it looked like they had been companions for years. Maybe they were. "I don't want to sound whiney, but I was starting to get bored."

"Oh, suck it up." The albino chuckled, ancient was the glint in his hopefully normal amount of eyes. "But yeah." He frowned and looked out the window. "I think... You're right. I've been pushing this for far too long, haven't I?"

"You really have, but you're my only friend, so I'll let it slide."

"Aw, Ranboo!" His only friend cooed. "You're my only friend too. Well, not right now, but like-yeah. You get my point. I suggest you start saying' you goodbyes, big guy. We won't be able to go back after this."

"I know, I know. You're a mess, Mister Tommyinnit."

"You wouldn't have me any other way."

(Reality continues, and the boys get dragged to their next surgeries.

These surgeries, will in short, change their lives.)

"Let's get started, ladies and gentleman." A woman with her hair tied back impossibly tight snapped on gloves. Tommy was heavily sedated, and he felt absolutely delirious. His legs refused to cooperate, and his arms could only wobble around, useless in the face of the thick, leather straps used to tie him down. Seven different tubes, all with seven different liquids, fed into his veins.

"Hmm." He made a noncommittal noise, mouth also restricted by a leather cuff. The teen's eyes were completely glazed over; full of singsong nonsense, not unlike how an alcoholic's would look after a heavy night of drinking.

Everything was so blurry. Was there blood in his eyes? Why would he have blood in his eyes?

Tommy faded, unable to scream as he felt everything halfway to his knee get sliced off cleanly.

He could feel every blade touching his open wound, and the sting hadn't ever hurt this bad.

It wasn't unbearable though. It wasn't-

His left leg started getting skinned in it's entirety.

The seventeen year old quaked. They... They weren't stopping.

Past his knee, past his hip, all the way to halfway up his torso.

And then they started carving *down*. They took almost all of the skin on his leg and after a moment, replaced it with a much colder feeling material. His right arm, far more sensitive, began getting the same treatment as a chunk of flesh was methodically carved out, leaving most of the limb to sluggishly bleed out. It was replaced with a new material too.

He knew this was the new flesh he'd be receiving.

Then, the most fucked thing happened, they began slicing up his crotch- what the *shit*. He faintly hoped that he wasn't getting neutered or some shit.

They were still doing something with his feet though. He didn't know what. They were both still missing.

Minutes later, he felt something touch the stumps of what used to be his bottom legs, and he quietly hissed in pain because *reconnecting the nerves fucking hurts fuck fuck fuck-*

And then it was over.

And then it was time for the stitches.

Tiny little needles poked him over and over, binding his skin with whoever's skin they just took. He couldn't look down, but he felt something different with his feet. It felt different.

He was taken back to a cell, empty and cold. Apparently they didn't want his strange goop in the tube getting inside of his cuts.

"Mmh." He hummed quietly, refusing to look down.

I already know what's gonna be there. I just don't want to check.

He looked down anyways.

His body was finally where it was supposed to be, apparently. His feet had been replaced, no longer humanoid but instead the scaly reptilian feet of an enderman stared back at him. The replacements were all enderman bits, he traced over the black scales absentmindedly before stopping.

They were definitely doing something to his nether areas. He was getting replacement parts from and enderman.

The elytrian hesitantly peeked before moaning out, "*Oh my god, they stole my dick.*"

"What?" A new voice joined him and he turned around to face Ranboo who had a few more arms on the white side of his body than before. He whined. "Boob-man, they fucking neutered me. No dick. No balls. How will I go on to have a family now?"

"Oh my god, that's so gross, why are you telling me this-"

"Now if boomers ever wanna ask me what's in my pants, I can say nothing and leave."

His friend stared at him.

"Yeah, I can see why that's a bad idea now. I'll still do it, but I see why it's a bad idea."

"Did they give you gender reassignment surgery?"

"No, that's the worst part!" Tommy put his face in his hands. "Not only did they fuckin' take it, but they straight-up chopped everything off and sewed up the wound. There is quite literally only smooth skin there now."

"Ah." Ranboo said awkwardly. "Why are we still talking about this?"

"Dunno. How the fuck did you get so many arms?"

"Surgery, stupid."

"Well yeah, I gleaned that much, *stupid*." He shot back. "Why you gotta be a bitch all the time, damn."

"Y-" Ranboo paused, face defending into something akin to horror. "Ugh, my stomach hurts."

"Do you think it's happening?"

"Soon, but not yet." The taller creature held up his hand in a sort of stop motion. His companion nodded. "Alright. Sorry, it's hard to stick to what we're supposed to say, sometimes."

"Ah, don't worry, I forget too sometimes."

"Of course you forget, that's your thing." His friend wheezed. "That's enough out of you, Tommy."

"You can't get enough of my wit, half-n-half."

"Half and half?" Ranboo wheezed out a bout of laughter. "That's a new one. Wasn't last time something like cookies 'n cream because I'm black and white?"

"Better stop running your mouth or else you're going to get demoted to rocky road."

"But that doesn't even *fit* me." The other bemoaned as his comrade cocked his head up proudly.

"Oh, I know. That's what's gonna make it so bad."

"Jerk." Ranboo shot back. "I wish I was assigned a different cell."

"Nah, you're stuck with me." The albino dismissed. "I'm like a parasite- once I latch onto you, you'll never get rid of me until you die."

"Parasite, huh-" The avian punched them in the gut. "Ow. Okay, yeah, guess I deserved that-"

"*Parasite, huh?*" Tommy mocked him. "Bold words coming from you."

"Enough, enough." The other muttered. "I'm tired."

"That sounds an awful lot like " you are so right Tommy, I am so glad you're my friend so you can give me all of your fantastic opinions-""

"Literally *how*-"

""-And I want to be besties with you forever and also give you all my money and Rob people with you-""

"Oh my gosh, stop." The older bemoaned. "Just let me sleep. I got two whole new arms today."

"I got two whole new feet today, but you don't see me complaining about to." The other responded. "Anyways. Get some rest, bitch boy. It's happening soon, and you'll need as much rest as possible."

"Oh, awesome." Was his answer. "Now come here, I don't want to sleep on the cement again."

"You're a bastard."

"You always say that, but you never seem to mean it."

Tommy went silent after that.

Niether talked.

They didn't have to, for this moment was in a kinder world.

(How long are you going to lie, Theseus?)

Chapter End Notes

So

Hey tommy u good???? Like I feel we ask this too much but I know for a fact he is
Defknetely Not Alrighteo
All I hope is that he's moved on from denial after the first
Thr
T
(three three three)

QUESTION OF THE DAY: Do you believe in the supernatural? If so, what legends/superstitions?

Chapter 30

Chapter Summary

There's a special sort of melancholy when you know you aren't getting out as whole as you came in.
Tubbo, Wilbur, and Fundy can't suffer anymore.
(He's exhausted.)

Chapter Notes

Oh man big trigger warning:
Just a rad bit of gore (if you get queasy easily, don't read this chap...)
Teens in distress
Possible corpses
Descriptions of the inside of a human body
Skin stealing/wearing?
Weird pedo old man ew

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The tank is full again.

Full of the weird goop, full of blood, full of him.

Sometimes all of him isn't where it should be-

It's concerning constant these days. Tommy wanted to talk about how his life was only repetition at this point, but he didn't think he could point any clearer. This was his hell, and despite it all, he was waiting.

For something.

Someone.

A sign, the sign.

He waits.

The albino thinks that he should really get out of there, he should really leave the tube and do something, but unsurprisingly, he can't move as well he used to.

He feels weighed down by something. Is it his mortality? Is it his guilt?

Maybe something else. Probably guilt.

Why is he guilty? Why is he guilty? Why is he-

His arm moves faster than it's ever moved before, and before he knows it, the glass on the containment tube has cracked.

It's *cracked*.

Tommy's eyes widen, because if he can break it, then that means-

Ah, he thinks eloquently. *Shit*.

"Hey." Tubbo says gently looking at the smaller hybrid in the cage across from him. "Hello there, little guy. What's your name?" His voice softens in a way he thought impossible in this hellhole.

The tiny piglin (zombie? He isn't sure if that's a pihlin or a zombie, maybe both?) snorts in fear.

Definitely a piglin- but piglin can't get zombified? That... makes no sense? It wasn't logical in the slightest.

Oh yeah, he was in a place where logic was placed on the back burner in favor of outlandish yet somehow real modifications and surgeries.

(They remember the first time they saw the slugs. The fleshy abominations, fat leaked out of the crudely stitched together patches of skin. The ram had seen one fall apart in it's entirety, organs and fats and other fleshy bits he didn't bother to name came out with what might've been a repulsive *slosh* if they hadn't covered his ears and closed his eyes.

He could smell it though.

God, he could *smell* it. If he moved his hoof enough, he felt blood lapping at it gently.

As if the scene he'd thankfully only barely missed was *gentle*. As if it was anything but needlessly gruesome.

They sent two people to clean it up the next day. Tubbo was privately thankful that they couldn't tell where his vomit ended and the carnage started.

Thankful was one word for it, at least.

The teen sniffled and curled up closer into himself. "I want dad." He whispered. "I want my dad."

The smell of gore didn't leave, it haunted him like a bad memory. He'd closed his eyes a bit late, and the last thing he'd seen of the monster was its eyes. Its too human eyes; it was almost like a nightmare. Those eyes were still alive, they were still sentient, they were full of pain-

Schlatt wasn't coming for them, was he?)

Tubbo snaps out of his thoughts when a worried oink greets him. The unnamed child has reached through the bars slightly, grasping for the older.

His heart warms a little bit at the sight. "Hey. I'm alright, no need to worry. Why don't you put your arm back through the bars?"

To his displeasure, the piglin does the exact opposite thing and grasps for him more. "No, no-" He coos. "If you do that, they might take it, okay? Let's put that arm back through the bars." This time, the skinny creature retracted his too-small arm.

Baby piglins were supposed to be rather pudgy, right? All piglins were rather on the bulky side (besides Wilbur, the older man had slimmed down considerably ever since he'd fallen, and eventually gotten back out of his coma. Tubbo had to feel that the other was exempt from this because of that.) so what was this child doing, all boney and shaking?

A foreign feeling washed over him, and he hesitantly looked back at the child.

They looked back, their one eye shining with what might've been tears.

"I'm gonna name you Michael." The ram stated quietly. "And you're gonna get out of here with me, okay?"

For the first time in what seemed to be forever, Tubbo felt a sliver of determination to escape.

They had something to protect, and if they'd rather fucking die than leave Michael for his lonesome.

"I'll get you out." He swore. "I will."

And he meant it.

It was so tiring.

Every day, every moment, every second.

If this was how Tommy felt, then Wilbur felt *sincerely* sorry for the boy. He felt like his limbs were made of stone, and tried to ignore the whispers of the scientists about a man coming over to talk to him.

He also heard that it's the same man who hurt Tommy.

He's curious, but in a more gruesome sense. Not so much curious about the man, but instead about how many ways he was going to maul the monster to death. There are so many tempting ways, and Wilbur's not sure if Tommy would be up to the idea of murdering someone.

Surely not, he reminds himself. The boy is a well rounded lad, he wouldn't do something so morbid. Maybe if the others forced him to, but he'd feel bad about it for years, *surely*.

Tommy has just killed six people, and he could *not* give less of a shit.

The teen hums the tune of melohi, a disc he isn't sure how he got, but has regardless.

("What is this?" The blonde blinks tiredly, his pulse in his ears lulling him nearly to sleep.

S, ~~ap, him~~ snorts out a bout of laughter, quick and choppy. " They're ~~music~~ disc's. You ~~like~~ music, right?"

"Yeah?" He perks up after a moment. "You got me vinyls? That's so outdated, Jesus."

"Cat me ~~señal~~ mental."

"Broody is what you are." The younger yelped in surprise at the pillow that hit him, S, ~~ap, him~~s

smirking face.

"Bastard."

"Only if you sweat y pie."

"That sounds so gross." The blonde's tail flicked behind him. "Sweaty pie. Where'd you even get it?"

" My overwhelming wit, your honor."

"Wit's one word for it, stinky rat man." He dismissed, chuckling before looking back at the discs. His face, smooth and feather free, stared back. "But... Thanks, S, ~~ap~~ ~~imp~~ it means a lot."

"Fkn ~~ov~~:-I'm glad you like them, I ommy!").")

His head hurt.

Tommy went back to his cell willingly today.

Step.

Step.

Step.

(It's almost time.)

Step.

Step.

Step.

The cell was very cold.

Wilbur did not like his cell.

He didn't like a lot of things, but being held captive was probably one of the worst. Calling it minimalistic was a gracious compliment to it, and a deadly insult to all minimalists.

Someone was coming closer. He scooted back further, into his *minimalistic* cell.

The man- could he call this person a man- didn't look the same. Not the same as when the brunette had first seen the madman in all his glory. The maniac had patched himself with flesh that was not his own, instead taking on the hues that ranged from a pale, familiar color, to something similar to Tommy's skin- grey alabaster.

Moreover, it looked familiar. Uncannily familiar. Wilbur stared, trying to make sense of it all when it hit him.

("Tommy, your pants." He pointed lazily. "Just wanted to let you know they've ridden up slightly, since you freak out like a woman from the eighteen hundreds whenever an inch of skin is exposed; god forbid anyone see your ankle.")

"Wh- ah, thanks, Wil." He pulled the folding material up, when Wilbur noticed it. "What's that?"

"Huh?"

"That." He pointed to a small scuff on Tommy. The teen looked similarly surprised. "It should've- uh, nevermind. I got it when I was lugging your fatass to the hospital when you were on the brink of death, like the absolute beast I am." The teen grinned teasingly, flexing his twig-like arms. "I know, I know, save the applause; I'm single ladies." The brunette let out a snort. "How humble."

"Of course! It's my best quality, along with how sexy and awesome I am."

"Of course, of course.")

It couldn't be true. He begged that it wasn't true.

Don't tell me...

"Hello there," The monster's eyes shined with a particularly amused(?) gleam. Each patch of skin had faint marks on them- small freckles, tiny scuffs. All so irrevocably *Tommy* that it threw Wilbur for a loop because this was not Tommy.

This was a thief, he realised with dawning horror. The storm was here, the nightmare was happening.

(Wilbur was so curious to know, morbid as it was- what happened to Tommy's skin after it had been taken off? Did they discard it? Save it for later?

Never had it crossed his mind that someone else wanted to *wear it*.)

"I hear you were the vermin *stole* my precious Theseus away from me."

Ah. He wasn't amused.

He was *furious*.

Shit.

Chapter End Notes

AAAAAANNNNND THE REVEAL YOU'VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR, THE MADMAN HIMSELF: TANAKA!! Not sure if this point will ever come up in the story, but yes, the reason why Tommy is missing so much skin is because Tanaka wanted to wear it. The man has a warped sense of Tommy, believing the teen to be some sort of holy being, and wanted a taste of that "holiness" for himself. So, uh, he skinned Tommy. It started off as "replacing" the skin that was damaged, but then Tommy got his hyperregen, and, well, Tanaka just wanted his skin. He dreams of fully being able to wear Tommy's skin one day, hair adorning it and everything.

So...

I've got quite a few fucked up things planned for later aha

QUESTION OF THE DAY: what rule for something do you think is completely unnecessary? I think the fact that we have to use cords when we go bungee jumping is completely ridiculous

I'm afraid this is a serious chapter.

Chapter Summary

Regarding the entirety of the "We, the Wretched" series. Please read.

Right, it's *serious talk time*.

For a multitude of reasons, this series is going to be deleted and rewritten.

I know, I know! No more funny author talk, I have to be real with y'all. I feel like this series doesn't have an accurate representation of a lot of things (Tommy's PTSD, that kind of stuff) and I really do apologize for that. I started this series without any research into that stuff, or without research into really anything, because I had no idea that people would actually *like* it.

I wrote this story with myself as the target audience, and it just hasn't stayed that way. Updating feels more like a chore, or something I'm forced to do. I don't get enjoyment from it anymore. You guys remember when I used to do daily updates?

Now look at this, it hasn't been updated since October second.

My health has also taken a nosedive, recently. Both mental and physical. My schoolwork is pretty much overwhelming me, and my current guardians aren't helping with that in the slightest. I can't take meds, and I can't get help. I'm sorry if this upsets you and I know it's not an excuse to start from scratch, but it's all I have for you, I'm afraid.

This plotline has also just blown itself wildy out of what it used to be- nice, smooth, and cohesive. Half of the comments I think I get are something along the lines of not even understanding what's happening in the story, but there's too many chapters for me to go back and edit.

What I plan to do is start completely over from scratch, and write this story over again. New plotline, possibly different character designs, and all that stuff. A lot is going to be edited, but the main concept that caused me to post the first story is going to stay with the new one. It's still going to be a series, and I'm not saying that I'm going to drop this completely, just that it's getting an overhaul.

Thank you all so much. Feel free to go back and read any chapter you want on either story, as I will be deleting them after I post the new one. I'll try to get it out in at least a week and a half at most.

Love you all, and thanks for sticking around.

Chapter 32

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Oh boy!!!! Oh man

New story????? It's out!!!!

Rewrite of wildcard o u t

I am very tired so you can imagine how exciting this is for me lmao. Have a poggers time reading the new shit and I've got a lot of comments saying that they want this vers. of the story to stay up, to which I say that you can download it (:0)

If that doesn't tickle your fancy, then I've been contemplating leaving this version of the story up, just know that this storyline (yeehaw) will be completely discarded, and no more updates will show up on this story

Anyways, if you like this or have nothing better to do go check out the rewrite, it has child friendly themes such as cannibalism, mass murder, and what I personally think is the scariest- small British children.

Thank y'all, I'm going to delete this two versions of the story when I'm completely finished with the rewrite.

New version:

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/34615231>

Never gonna give you up~

Never gonna let you down~

Never gonna run around and desert you~~~

Never gonna make you cry; never gonna say goodbye~

Never gonna push you down or hurt you~~~~

Chapter End Notes

I love you all this is why I'm rickrolling

Out of love

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!